This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Digitized by Google

*DA
United

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

COLBURN'S

UNITED SERVICE MAGAZINE,

AND

NAVAL AND MILITARY JOURNAL.

v. 154

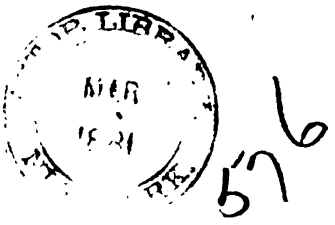
1880, PART III.

LONDON: DAVID BOGUE,
3, ST. MARTIN'S PLACE, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, W.C.
PHILADELPHIA:
L. R. HAMERSLY & Co., 1510, Chestnut St.
New York: Brentano, 37, Union Square.

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

8147

Digitized by Google



LONDON
Printed by A. Schulze, 13, Poland Street.

Digitized by Google

CONTENTS

TO THE

THIRD PART FOR 1880.

		Page
Lord Oakhampton, or the Half-Brothers . .	*Sept.*	1
The Austrian Field Artillery. By Lieut. Grierson, R.A.	„	21
How Mr. Robinson Captured the Sultan's Troops .	„	27
The Progress of Torpedo Warfare. By Lieut.-Commander F. M. Barber U.S.N.	*Sept., Oct.*	40, 171
More Military Changes. By Lieut.-Col. W. W. Knollys	*Sept.*	52
The Edinburgh Graduates Club . . .	„	61
Field Marshal the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway. By Captain Salusbury .	*Sept., Oct., Nov., Dec.*	66, 205, 353, 401
Military Anomalies	*Sept.*	76
Our Blunders in Afghanistan. By Mr. Laing Meason	„	79
The Battle of Wilton. By a Survivor . .	„	93
Our Non-Commissioned Officers. By One of Them	„	98
Notes on the History and Services of the Thirty-Second Regiment of Foot (Light Infantry) .	*Sept., Oct, Nov.*	114, 218, 299
Army and Navy Literature . . .	*Sept.*	125
Jean de Vienne. By E. K. Laughton . .	*Oct.*	127
French Galleys of the Eighteenth Century. By E. Shippen, Medical Director, U.S.N.	*Oct.*	148
Mr. Childers and the Purchase and Superseded Captains	„	167
The Recall of Sir Bartle Frere, and the Situation in South Africa	*Oct.*	184
With the Roumanians in the '77th Campaign. By Captain Salusbury	*Oct., Nov.,*	189, 329

Digitized by Google

		Page
Duelling Days in the Army	*Oct., Nov.*, 197,	291
The Hoile Valise Equipment	*Oct.*	234
Should we Retain Kandahar and the Passes. By Lieut.-Colonel A. M. Arthur	*Nov.*	253
Wellington College	„	262
The Duties of Regimental Quartermasters Particularised. By One of Themselves	*Nov.*	267
Martyrs, An Episode in the Indian Mutiny. By Major Picton Warlow	*Nov.*	278
Curiosites of Navel Literature	„	305
Bombay Generals	„	310
The Naval War of 1812 with the United States	*Nov., Dec.* 339,	418
The Position and Condition of the British Soldier. By Lieut.-Colonel Knollys	*Nov.*	344
Captain B. Pim, R.N. and Sir E. J. Reed, K.C.B., M.P.	*Dec.*	375
An Ex-Zouaves Recollections of the War of 1870-71. Translated by Major-General Knox, C.B.	*Dec.*	425
A Terrible Ass	„	440
The French Artillery. By Lieut. Grierson, R.A.	„	454
Maiwand	„	461
The Duke at the Mansion House. By a Retired Field Officer	„	466
Editorial Notes	*Sept., Oct., Nov., Dec.*, 114,	238, 363, 473
Critical Notices	„ „ „	243, 370, 484
Obituary	„ „ „ „	122, 247, 371, 492

Digitized by Google

COLBURN'S
UNITED SERVICE MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1880.

Lord Oakhampton; or, the Half-Brothers.

Chapter I.

"Playing with shells upon the shore of time."

"I wonder why Heaven sent us into this world to face the mortifications we have to endure?"

"Do not say this, Greville, dearest; it is not for us to judge; we have but to suffer and endure, and be thankful for life, for health, and that we are not worse off than we are."

"Thankful for life!" exclaimed the man, bitterly. "Why should I be thankful for a life of poverty, obscurity and trouble?"

"Trouble is sent, as the preacher tells us, to make us better and draw us closer to God. It is 'not my will, but Thine be done;' so we ought not to question the mystery of life; and then, husband dear, we have our little boy!"

As she said this, something of a soft smile replaced the angry and far-away expression that filled her husband's dark eyes.

Greville Hampton and his wife Mary—her hands busy with work—were seated in the ivy-clad porch of their little cottage on a bright evening in summer. Before them, at the end of the vista down the dell in which it stood, lay the waters of the British Channel glittering in sunlight, as it rolled away from Rockham Bay to craggy Hartland Point, a sheer precipice three hundred feet in height. If humble and small in accommodation

Digitized by Google

the cottage of Finglecombe was pretty externally, with its wealth of creeping plants, and kept scrupulously neat and clean within, though destitute of every luxury.

Before the cottage lay the pretty garden which Greville Hampton tended with his own hands, and where Mary reared and twined her flowers. There were the ripening strawberries, their fresh green leaves lying lightly on beds of yellow straw, the late asparagus and wonderful cucumbers under glass-shades, mellow flavoured peas in borders and wonderful nectarines climbing up the wall. Behind the cottage, on the south, lay Finglecombe, (in old Devonian) "The dell with the hazel boundary," and a lovely dell it was, bordered by gentle slopes, covered with those "apple bowers," for which the district is so famous, in all their luxuriance and greenery. Yet, all this brought no pleasure to the eye or mind of Greville Hampton, a moody and discontented man, one on whom the world and society had smiled in other days, and thus he was ever comparing the present with the irrecoverable past.

There was an air of great refinement in both husband and wife, an air that contrasted strongly and strangely with their plain attire and circumscribed dwelling. Greville Hampton's face was dark in complexion, aquiline in feature, a very handsome face, one quite warranted to claim the unmistakable admiration his wife had of it, and yet it was not a pleasing one. His brow was indicative of intellect and courage; his lip, shaded by a black moustache, was indicative of a resolute will and firm purpose; and his dark hazel eyes, if stern and even gloomy in their normal expression, could soften with a depth of affection when they dwelt on the face of Mary, on the child that was playing at their feet, or at the approach of a friend, that showed he had a warm heart under the crust in which he was wont to hide it.

Early disappointment, great monetary losses, and a wrong more real than fancied, the loss of a title and patrimony, had much to do with the latter, and hence came the bitter expression that at times stole over his well-formed mouth, and the shadow that clouded a really handsome face.

Mary was indeed a lovely woman, but her slight girlish figure, and the slight tint of colour on her soft, Madonna-like cheek, seemed to speak of a delicacy of constitution, not quite suited for the hardships and trials consequent upon the loss of all to which

Digitized by Google

she had been at one time accustomed. Her dress was coarse and plain, yet arranged so tastefully, that her figure made it look graceful, and it seemed—humble though the material—to repose on her rounded bust and limbs with something suggestive of distinction and placid elegance.

Mary was a brunette, yet with a wonderfully pure complexion, with small hands and feet, large dark eyes, and dark silky braided hair. Like Annie Laurie, of the tender old Scottish song, "her voice was low and sweet,"—soft as the low notes of the stock-dove, and yet men always spoke to her with a strange sensation of timidity. Often did the touch of her cool soft hand soothe Greville Hampton in his times of dejection, and he found hope and sympathy in the earnest light of her unreproaching eyes.

She was fond of dress, as what pretty woman is not? and a time there was when she had indulged to the full in stylish things, and always wore silks of the most delicate colours in the carriage, or in the evening; but she had to content herself with dresses of other material and more sombre tints, that were turned more than once, as she had to do much of her own economical millinery, and darn her gloves again and again; but Mary was always content, and would smile happily when Greville would say, with something of his old lover-like gallantry, "Dearest Mary, it is you who will make any dress seem charming; and not dress that enhances you."

Between them, and at their feet, sat their only child, little Derval, a pretty golden-haired boy of six, intent on playing alternately with a toy ship and building a house of little wooden blocks, which he would rear and carefully construct again and again, each time that the tiny edifice was finished, demolishing it with a shout of laughter, to begin his labour anew.

"Come, Derval," said his mamma, after they had been watching him, fondly and silently, for nearly half-an-hour, while the sun sank beyond the sea, "it is time for bed, so put away your toys, darling."

"Oh, I wish the sun wouldn't go down just yet," the little fellow exclaimed; "do let me make one more Pixies house, mamma."

"Pixies!" said Greville, with one of his bitter laughs. "By Jove! I wish that the Pixies, be they fairies or fiends, would show

Digitized by Google

us where some treasure is buried, or teach me the art of growing rich!"

"God grant, Greville dearest," said Mary, meekly, "that the child may always be as happy and innocent as he is now!"

"God grant, I say, that he may be rich—rich—as we once were—richer, at least than we are to-night."

"Wealth does not bring happiness, Greville."

"It brings the nearest approach to it, Mary; a light heart generally goes with a heavy purse. It is not so much for myself, as for the child and you, Mary, that I wish the past could come again—but the past with its experience. 'Twere useless else. You are lost here, with your perfect manner, your sweetness, your talents and high accomplishments."

"Lost when I am with you?"

"Yes—lost, who and what are our immediate neighbours?"

Mary smiled silently, for she knew well that the occupants of Finglecombe village—a village as red as the soil consisting only of rude cob cottages as they are called, were only weavers of pillow-lace; and that the homely manners and slip-shod conversation of these and of the adjacent farmers, with their incessant talk of short horns and the merits of the Devonshire breed, their cows and "yowes," the weather and the turnip-fly, worried and bored her husband at times, though he was too well-bred to let them see that it did so; and they, on their part, were perfectly aware that there was a vast difference and distance between themselves and the mysterious and lonely gentlefolks who vegetated in the sequestered little cottage of Finglecombe.

And yet, how Greville Hampton envied the contentment of the dwellers in those cob-cottages—people with whom the world seemed to go precisely as they wished it to do; and who deemed that human life out of Finglecombe and beyond the circuit of its interests and apple-orchards, must be a dull affair indeed for the greatest portion of mankind.

"Poor Derval!" he sighed, as he saw the reluctance with which the child at last gathered up his toys; "Dryden was right—'men are but children of a larger growth;' children who often toil a lifetime in rearing fabrics unstable as yours. Kiss papa, darling, and now to bed."

So while Mary bore away her darling, undressed him, smoothed all his golden curls and tucked him tenderly into his little crib;

Digitized by Google

while she knelt beside it, folded his little pink hands devoutly, and made him repeat after her a simple childish prayer, of love and faith, and that God might bless papa and mamma, and give Derval a good night's rest; while after this, she had to tell him stories of the flowers in the garden, the birds and the little lambs, and especially of the Pixies those wonderful Devonshire fairies, who, though invisibly small, ride the farmers horses nearly to death, steal the fruit and pound their own cider in holes and corners; and while she covered his rosy cheeks with the tenderest kisses ere he coaxed himself to sleep, her moody husband lost in his own thoughts, his briar-root pipe grown cold, had been gazing on the sea, and the wide expanse of Barnstaple Bay shining in the last glow of the set sun.

The beauty of the Devonshire coast, with all its bluffs and rocks, its wonderful verdure and glorious "apple-bowers now mellowing in the moon," had no charms for the soul of Greville Hampton, whose mind at that time was running on the London life from which he was a hopeless exile now, the life in which he once bore a brilliant part.

Well did he know all that was passing, and on the tapis at that identical season! That the club at Sandown was flourishing as it never flourished before; that Princes was in all its glory; that the meetings of the coaching clubs and four-in-hands had all been arranged, without *his* team of roans being expected at the Serpentine; that Richmond, Hurlingham and the Orleans club, were all extant, although they knew not him, and that even his name was recalled at none of them now. Already had the attractions of Epsom and Ascot begun, combining those of hospitable country-house life with wild excitement of the race-course and betting-ring; and he knew that the sons and daughters of Pleasure were striving to crush as much brilliant amusement as was possible, into the interval between flowery Whitsuntide and the epoch of Goodwood in its glory, and the yacht regattas at Cowes.

His mind, we say, was full of all these things—fierce, high, bitter and regretful thoughts all mingling together—when Mary, full only of the sleeping face of her child, gentle and unrepining, content and hopeful, crept back to resume her knitting by his side.

Her knitting! How the proud man winced, as he saw her white hands so humbly employed.

Digitized by Google

"Derval is asleep?" said he.

"Yes—and the dear pet lamb, how sweetly he does sleep!" replied Mary, her soft voice almost tremulous with the pleasure of her maternal love; "I remained watching him for a time, and wondering—wondering in my heart—"

"What, Mary?"

"What awaited him in the unseen future," she replied, as she fixed her eyes, not upon the face of her husband, but on the far horizon of the sea, yet tinted with ruddy gold by the sun that had set.

"Was the book of his destiny laid before you, Mary, would you have the courage to turn a leaf?" asked her husband in a strange and hard voice.

"I fear, Greville, dear, I should lack the courage," said Mary, as she ceased to knit, and her white hands lay idle in her lap.

"If wealth—if riches, be not written there, I care not what the leaf contains! Not that I entirely believe in destiny; in many instances we make our own, as I, to a certain extent, made ours, by becoming the victim of others; but, a destiny over which I have no control deprives me of my birthright; and I, who ought now to be twelfth Lord Oakhampton, and tenth Lord of Wistmanswood, am a poor and needy man. So I say again, Mary, if *wealth* be not before our little Derval, in the years to come, I care not what may be, with all my love of him!"

"Oh, Greville, do not—do not talk thus!" said Mary, imploringly; "suppose death were to come, and our child, the sole bright star, in our otherwise cloudy sky, went out, leaving us in utter darkness!" Her voice broke at the idea of the hopeless desolution she conjured up, and her eyes filled with tears, for she was a sensitive creature; "suppose this were to happen," she continued, "and you saw me, with fond and lingering hands, folding and putting past, as priceless treasures, the little garments they had made, the tiny socks they had knitted, and the broken toys that would be required no more, while turning away heart-sick from the sight of happy parents, whose little ones were spared to them, and striving to console ourselves with the conviction that all things come from Heaven. I share your hope and wish, Greville, that Derval may be rich, and great too, but I would rather that he were good than either!"

Digitized by Google

"Rich he shall be, I hope, before I die," exclaimed Greville Hampton; "and I have strange dreams at times, Mary, that seem the harbingers of something to come," he added, gravely, and in a lower tone, "Wealth——"

"What need of wealth, dearest? we can save, out of our little pittance, for Derval; he is the only chick we have to scrape for," she interrupted him, and took his passive hands caressingly within her own.

"Oh, Mary," he replied, bitterly, without heeding her question, "I have in my time feasted at the table of Dives while Lazarus stood without the gate, and now I seem, in turn, to have taken his place."

"How *can* you talk thus wildly, dear Greville; have we not every necessary that life requires?"

"True—but not the position and the luxuries to which we were accustomed."

This was but one of many such conversations to which she was accustomed, and Mary sighed wearily at her husband's incessant repining, as she said, while glancing furtively at her plain dress,

"Luxuries can be done without; but you have been having some of your tantalising dreams again."

"I have indeed, Mary," said he, with his eyes fixed on vacancy, for the visions that haunted his mind in the hours of sleep by night, or when his thoughts were drifting back to the material world in the early hours of morning, showed the tenor of those other dreams that haunted him in the hours of wakefulness by day.

"Was it again of the mysterious treasure ship—the quaint old argosy stranded in yonder Barnstaple Bay, deserted by her crew and left high and dry by the ebbing sea, with the great golden doubloons flowing in torrents through her gaping seams, and piled like glittering oystershells in heaps upon the sand, where you and I were gathering them up in handfuls—for you often have such fancies in your sleep, Greville?" she added, nestling her sweet face lovingly and laughingly in his neck, anxious to soothe and humour him.

"It was not of ships, Mary," he replied with an arm caressingly around her; "but of a strange and wondrous land—a scene amid stupendous mountain ranges, like what we have heard of, or read of, as being in the Great Basin of California, or the

Digitized by Google

Cordilleras, hemmed in on every side by mighty steeps. It was indeed a strange dream, Mary, and most vivid, distinct and coherent in all its details—painfully so, when the moment of waking came. Falling aslant the mountains, the sun's rays struck upon a streak in a mass of volcanic rock, which gave back a yellow gleam. I struck the mass with a hammer—a fragment fell at my feet—it was gold—pure gold! Again and again I struck and huge nuggets of the precious metal fell down before me, while at every stroke my heart beat painfully yet exultingly, and my breath came thick and fast. I was then, I thought, alone; the land around me was my own, with the conviction that far in the bosom of the mighty mountains rose the strata of precious metal—a wondrous land, where the teeth of the black cattle, of the mules and goats that grazed upon their grassy sides, were tinted yellow by the gold with which the soil abounded. Could my dream-land have been in California?" he asked, as if talking to himself. "What visions of boundless wealth came before me; and what mighty power would that wealth command? Again and again I wielded my hammer, and the heap before me seemed to increase, till my brain become giddy with the thoughts that swept athwart it. Could my vision have been of California?" he continued dreamily to himself, rather than to Mary; "it must have been—it must have been among the Rocky Mountains that my soul was wandering while my body slept."

"Oh, Greville darling, don't talk in this wild way."

"I should like to search for that place, Mary; it exists somewhere, and I am sure I should know it again."

"Heavens, Greville, you would not think of going there, and on the strength only of a dream?"

"No, Mary; you are not adapted to the life of a digger's wife," said he, with a tender smile.

"As little as you are to be a digger," she replied, while caressing his hand, which, though manly, was a white one.

"The dream seemed a long, long one, Mary, though doubtless short enough in reality, so true it is, a writer tells us, that there is a drowsy state between sleeping and waking, when you dream more in five minutes with your eyes half open and yourself half conscious of everything passing around you, than you would do in five nights with your eyes fast closed and your senses wrapt in perfect unconsciousness! So it was with me, Mary; but the

Digitized by Google

mountains seemed to sink; the scene to change and resolve itself into sweet and peaceful Finglecombe, with all its orchards and the Bay shining in the rising moon, even as it is doing now; but the heap of golden ore was *still before me*—till I awoke with a a start, to find myself again—a beggar!"

"But beside *me*," said Mary, with a little laugh that ended in a sigh; "and if your dream will bear reading at all, Greville, it must be that your riches lie, not in California, but here in Finglecombe; though what they are, or where they are, unless they be Derval and me," she added, kissing him, "goodness only knows."

But full of his vivid dream, Greville Hampton made no response immediately. He sat lost in thought, passively gazing on the Bay, glittering and rippling beyond the boundary of his garden where a fallen beech of vast dimensions lay, with its end half hidden in a rose-tree that was a mass of bloom. There was silence in the place—a drowsy summer silence; the sounds of the distant cob-village came faintly mingled with the lap, lap, lapping of the waves upon the shore.

"Supper waits, ma'am," said Patty Fripp, suddenly appearing in the porch, which was a veritable bower of roses and Virginia-creeper, for Patty—a robust and honest countrywoman—who was nurse to Master Derval, cook and housemaid by turns, and all together at times, and had come as a retainer to his father's house in better days, when she was a blooming lass of eighteen—was close on the wrong side of fifty now, but true as steel in their altered fortunes to Greville Hampton and her mistress.

He allowed himself to be led by Mary indoors, where in their snug little parlour, a room made pretty by many a nick-nack, the work of her industrious hands, a plain repast awaited them; the home-brewed ale frothed creamily in a great antique silver tankard, that had served his sire and grandsire before him, and which, nearly the sole family relic, bore the heraldic choughs borne by so many Cornish and Devonshire families; and there were ruddy cheese, snow-white bread and dainty butter, all prepared by Mary's pretty hands; but there was a shadow upon Greville's brow to-night that even she could not dispel; for while he regretted very bitterly—half savagely, almost—the luxuries to which he had once been accustomed in Belgravian dining-rooms and Pall Mall clubs, the rich *entrées* and rare wines, Mary—who had also been accustomed to luxury—took her food contentedly,

Digitized by Google

and thought the while of the many men and women and little children—children like her own golden-haired Derval—who had neither dinner nor supper to sit down to.

Her perfect and sublime trust in the conviction that all things were ordered for the best, and her sweet yet strong reliance on God in every way was certainly touching to Greville; but he failed utterly in falling in with her views, or sharing her content and trustfulness, and when assured by her that thousands and thousands more of others were not so well off in worldly matters as themselves, he failed also to find any ground for complacency in such statistics; and so, whether it was the influence of his golden dream, or of his general discontent, on this night, his broad open brow, his firm lips and dark eyes, wore that peculiar expression which they did at times, and which we have said was certainly not a pleasing one, when he deemed himself to be haunted by his evil destiny—the Demon of Impecuniosity.

Mary left nothing undone or untried to add to his comforts, and he knew that her beautiful and delicate hands had often done, and had yet to do, rougher work than they were ever intended for, though it was often done in secret, to prevent him from seeing it; but Patty Fripp knew of it well.

"Yes," said Greville Hampton, as if assenting to his own thoughts, after he had drained the antique silver tankard, and fixed his eyes for a moment upon the shield *argent*, with three choughs, *gules*, engraved thereon, and the crested chough that surmounted a coronet, with the motto *Clarior e Tenebris*, (Brighter from Obscurity,) "yes, may the words be ominous of good! If I could but think that Derval would certainly be rich, and should never know the privations we have suffered and the deprivations to which we have been subjected, I think, Mary, I could die happy."

"The same repining thoughts still, Greville!" said Mary, softly and entreatingly.

"Yes, still, Mary."

"Derval," said she, as she resumed her knitting, "has his youth and all his life before him."

"But without some effort on my part it will be a life of half penury and whole obscurity in Finglecombe. But how is that effort to be made? You would not have our boy grow up the associate and companion of these villagers and lace-makers!

Digitized by Google

Among whom else will his lot be cast? I would rather see him in his grave, Mary."

"Do not say so. The misfortunes you have undergone have made you unreasonably bitter; but let us hope, Greville, for the best," she added, running her slender fingers caressingly through his thick dark hair.

"Bitter! unreasonable! Have I not been mulcted of my proper inheritance? Is not the position—the rank which ought to have been mine and my father's before me—now held by another? Have I not been robbed by fashionable gamesters, swindlers and false friends?"

"Yet it is for such society as these you repine!"

"It is not so, Mary; what happened once could never happen again. I know better now."

"The man who calls himself Lord Oakhampton——"

"And who holds the broad lands and stately house that should be mine, knows well—if the world at large knows it not—through a quibble, he is a usurper! Oh! my own Mary!" he exclaimed, while tears glittered in his flashing eyes, and he glanced with angry scorn round the tiny apartment, "when I wooed and won you in the happy past time, you who were reared in the lap of luxury, wealth and refinement, I little foresaw that I would ever bring you, in the end, to a home so humble as this!"

"But I am with you to share it, Greville, and I do not repine —unless perhaps for the child's sake. But why do you tell me these things again and again, darling? Is it," she added, with one of her brightest and most witching smiles, "to lure me into repeating how much and how truly I love you, as if I were a girl again in that second London season, which ended so sweetly for us both?"

She would have thrown her soft arms round him, but a spirit of anger filled his heart, and he paced to and fro the little room like a caged lion; and Mary regarded him anxiously, for she had a dread of her husband's crochets taking some active and dangerous form, especially if he were again to have that Californian dream; for when one's life, as a writer says, is a constant trial, "the moments of respite seem only to substitute the heaviness of dread for the heaviness of actual suffering;" and Mary was indeed far from strong. There was a greater delicacy in her constitution than Greville was the least aware of, a delicacy that, though it alarmed

Digitized by Google

herself, for his sake and their child's, she kept her lips sealed on the subject, lest the knowledge thereof might add to the regret of Greville for the past, and his "worry" for the present.

"If this life cannot be endured, it must be cured—to reverse a vulgar saw, Mary," said he continuing his short promenade; "if I cannot be rich, Derval shall be so, if any scheme of mine can achieve that end; and as soon as he is old enough, I shall teach him how money can make money, and how to keep it hard and fast—hard and fast—when it *is* made, and not be a fool like his father."

"Teach not the child thus, Greville, I implore you," said Mary relinquishing her knitting; "of what avail will it be, if I strive to make him virtuous, kind to the poor, prudent and industrious, if you instil precepts so stern, so cold and selfish into his young mind? If you have affection for me, Greville dearest, abandon such cruel ideas and plans, or I will begin to think you a changed man, and the Greville Hampton of to-day, is not Greville that won the love of my girlhood—yea, and of my life," she added with great tenderness.

"I am a changed man—I admit it—a sorely changed man, in all things but my love for you, Mary," he replied as he stooped and kissed her bright little upturned face, and perhaps thought for a moment—but a moment only—that no man could be unhappy who had the smile and love of such a woman as Mary to brighten the path and lighten the burden of his life.

"Riches are good and a Godsend," said she, "if employed aright and not as a means of pleasure only."

"Aright?" repeated Greville, who was thinking of the clubs he once frequented, his whilom team of roans, and Ascot perhaps.

"Pleasure as a means of doing good and protecting the poor, assisting merit and rewarding ingenuity. The rich man who presumes on his wealth, and the poor man who desponds on his poverty are—"

"Oh, don't preach, Mary darling, leave that to our friend Asperges Laud. You are a duck and an angel, but I can't quite agree with you," he added with a sigh as he filled his briar-root with tobacco of a kind he would have disdained to smoke once.

Many emotions combined to fill Mary's eyes with tears, but to conceal them she turned away to seek Patty's aid, in the prepa-

Digitized by Google

ration of some jellies for one of her pensioners—for though so poor herself she had several—a deformed girl who was dying of consumption; and in spare times she was wont to read good and amusing books by the bedsides of the old and blind, who were ailing or unable to be abroad. She had even pensioners among the little birds, for whom she daily spread out crumbs, especially in winter, upon her doorstep, whither they would come without fear of Mary's pet cat, which was too well fed to meddle with them.

Greville Hampton was in an unusually bitter mood that night, and long, long he sat abandoned to it, after Mary had given a final but lingering look at the little subject of their anxieties, folded in his pretty cot, "like the callow cygnet in its nest," and then sought her pillow.

Evil spirits—envy, anger, and avarice were struggling in the man's heart, with a keen sense of unmerited wrong inflicted on him, of injustice he had suffered, the black ingratitude of friends, and of his own extravagance and reckless folly in the past; and had there been a close observer present to watch his handsome features, they would have read by the working of these how each passion prevailed in turn.

Finally, he emptied his cherished briar-root by tapping it on the hearth, put it in its case with an emphatic snap, and muttering, as he sought the side of his sleeping wife,

"Surely God will hear Mary's prayers, if not mine, that Derval may be rich—but never the luckless creature I am to-night."

Derval, a chubby child of six, with rosy dimpled cheeks, his mother's snowy skin and father's deep dark eyes, with a wealth of golden curls that rose crisp and in upward spouts from his forehead, grew fast, while the care of his boyish education devolved wholly on the delicate Mary, for Greville, though educated at Eton and finished off at Oxford, was too erratic by nature, and with all his love of their offspring, too impatient to share in the task of tutelage; in which, eventually she was fully and powerfully, to her great gratitude, assisted by the Reverend Asperges Laud, the only visitor who shed a little light on their humble dwelling, and who was also the only link, as it seemed, that they cared to preserve between their past life and the present.

In his fortieth year, the Curate of Finglecombe—a place in

Digitized by Google

which he was utterly lost, because of its obscurity, and where he subsisted on a mere pittance—was a man of considerable talent, and no small accomplishments, and had gained high academic honours in philosophy and theology, and was already known as author of several celebrated prize essays, so he proved a valuable friend to Mary and her little boy.

The Reverend Asperges Laud, M.A., Oxon., belonged not to the days of "nasal clerks and top-booted parsons." He was a man of broad and advanced views, with somewhat stately, yet very soft and gentle manners, who intoned his services, had matins and evensong, wore a coat with remarkably long tails, a Roman collarino and a broad hat of soft felt garnished with a black silk rosette, and was, furtively addicted to the flute.

He had little choir boys in white collars and black surplices; called his altar table "the sanctuary," and had four candles thereon which, in wholesome fear of the Court of Arches and His Grace of Canterbury, he dared not light as yet; and there was much about him that—according to the Methodists in the district—savoured of the City of the Seven Hills, yet, "a man he was to all the country dear."

All the neighbours about Finglecombe, but none more than Mr. Asperges Laud, were delighted with Mary's grave, sweet eyes, her softness of manner, her goodness of heart, her refined and cultivated mind, all of which lent additional charms of a certainly very statuesque little face.

And Grenville had won the hearts of the farmers, by riding, controlling and breaking in, for one of them, a dare-devil horse, that no jockey in Devonshire could ride, and had thereby won himself emphatically the reputation of being "a man every inch of him."

But both husband and wife were very reserved, and the few who ventured to call on them, when they first dropped from the clouds as it were, into Finglecombe, could not truthfully assert that though politely welcomed, they were urged to come again. Whether this came of a sense of shyness, or of haughty exclusiveness, none could precisely decide. Some averred it was the former in the wife and the latter in the husband, and perhaps they were right.

"Both seem only to live for each other and their little boy,"

Digitized by Google

said Mr. Asperges Laud, their only, and regular, visitor in the end, and he was right certainly.

Thanks to the tutelage of the worthy curate, the childish mind of little Derval Hampton began to expand, and he ceased to wonder if the sea he saw rolling in Barnstaple Bay, between craggy Hartland Point and sandy Brounton Barrows, and the uplands that bordered Finglecombe, were all the world contained; for dreams, visions and a distant knowledge of other seas and shores come upon him, and with the knowledge there came in time, the usual boyish crave to see and know them.

In Finglecombe, a lonely dell, where the apple groves grew entangled and a brawling stream, concealed by their foliage from the sunshine, ran between banks of moss-grown stones towards the Bay, was an excavation or cavern in a wooded hill, known as the Pixies Parlour, a place he was wont to explore with fear and excitement, but in the day time of course; and near it on the shore was a place, never to be visited at any time, for therein were sights to be seen that none could look upon and live—the Horses Hole, a cavern dark as night, full of pools of water, and running an unknown distance under ground, wherein a horse black as jet, had found its way, and came forth with its coat changed to snowy white; but, as he grew older the place of deepest interest for him was the ruined Castle of Oakhampton, and the place named Wistmanswood, whence come the titles of that peerage, the former deemed his right.

The wood always impressed him with fear and haunted him in his dreams—for it is one of the wonders of Devonshire, and is said to have been unchanged in aspect since the days of the Norman Conquest—a vast grove of dwarf oaks, interspersed with mountain ashes, everywhere covered by masses of fern and parasitical plants, growing amid gigantic blocks of stone,—the clefts of which, and the thorny undergrowth, are swarming with poisonous adders, and form the shelter of innumerable foxes—a strange and wierd place, amid the desolation of which the scream of the bittern is yet heard, and the whole appearance of which conveys the idea of the hoary age in the vegetable world of creation; yet, here on more than one occasion did the somewhat gloomy Greville Hampton, lead his impressionable and shrinking boy by the hand, for to him—the old Druid wood in its waste and decay seemed sympathetic with his own fallen condition and impoverished state.

Digitized by Google

And but for the sake of the future of that dear child whose hand he held, and unconsciously almost crushed in the bitter energy of his thoughts at such times, he would have wished himself as dead as one of those hoary trees, for to Greville Hampton often came a strange feeling of weariness of life, and when he longed for that day to come, when failure or success in aught, would matter nothing; when the sun would rise, but not for him, and all the world go on as usual, while he should be at rest and beyond all care and trouble.

And little Derval in the golden morning of his life, often wondered already, what it was clouded his father's brow and made his manner so *triste* and pre-occupied.

"It is not given to man to choose his own position in this world," said Mr. Asperges Laud gently, to Hampton, on one occasion; "but it is given to him to feel honestly content, and without useless repining, in the place so assigned.

"Another and better place in the world than that I now occupy, *was* assigned to me; but—" and Greville Hampton paused, as something very like an imprecation rose to his quivering lips.

Meanwhile Derval, save for his mother's care and Mr. Laud's tuition, would have grown up in rather a rough and scrambling manner; as it was he was a little undisciplined; prone to bird-nesting, seeking the eggs of the choughs and cormorants among the rocks; helping himself to apples in any one's orchard, and rambling far afield, and clambering up eminences where he could see the variously tinted groves that bordered on the deep blue bay, the distant sea itself—glorious, glittering and far stretching; the brown boats drawn up on the golden sands; the passing ships under white canvas, or the steamers with volumes of dusky smoke curling far on the ambient air. He was rather addicted, we fear, to playing the truant, and especially of skipping if he could, the afternoon class for catechism held by Mr. Laud in his church at Finglecombe, a quaint old fane, concerning which there is a terrible old legend well-known in Devonshire. In 1638, a ball of fire burst into it during time of service, killing and wounding, or scorching sixty-six persons, and this event took in time a wild form, and are told how the devil dressed in black, inquired his way, on that identical Sunday, of a woman who kept a little ale-house at the end of the Combe, and offered her money to become his guide.

Digitized by Google

But she, distrusting him, offered him a tankard of good Devonshire cyder, which went hissing and steaming down his throat; and her suspicions were confirmed, when, as he rode off towards the church, she saw his cloven foot, and a few minutes after the terrible catastrophe occurred, and Finglecombe church was strewn with dead and dying—a story that often made little Derval cower in his crib in the gusty nights of winter.

What was to be his future, some twelve years hence, was the ever recurring thought of his parents.

Greville feared he would inevitably grow up a rough country lad, and already, man-like, he shivered at the idea of Derval—*his* son—becoming such, and in the time to come, getting up "a copse and hedgerow flirtation" with a daughter of some cob-cottager—marrying her it might be, and being thus inevitably dragged down into the mire. At such thoughts his heart used to die within him.

We have said that Mary Hampton's constitution was a peculiarly delicate one, and now an illness fell upon her, which was to prove only the beginning of the end.

Mr. Laud averred that at Christmas time none could decorate his little church, especially "the sanctuary" thereof, so tastefully as Mary, with scarlet hollyberries and green glistening leaves, and so, on one occasion having prolonged her labours in the cold, damp edifice far into the late hours of a winter night, she caught cold, fevered, and became hopelessly consumptive. Her cheeks grew hollow, her lips pale, and there came into her sweet, sad eyes a pathetic and settled intensity of expression.

She was desired by the doctor to cease from exertion, to abstain from all household work, and to drink plenty of good wine, to procure which Greville Hampton deprived himself of many little things to which in his reduced position he had been accustomed—an occasional cigar, or a glass of cheap Marsala; and when he thought of the past, the strong man's tender and loving heart was wrung, when heard her hacking cough, and he saw her seated, pale and feeble, her delicate hands unable to persevere even in sewing a little jacket for Dervil that lay on the table before her.

And now the kind curate, whose thread-bare coat covered a noble heart, brought her many a bunch of luxurious grapes, and many a bottle of good wine—Port of fabulous antiquity—which had been sent to himself from the Hall—the abode of the Squire,

Digitized by Google

whom Greville had known in other days, but who now knew *him* not.

To procure comforts for Mary in his desperation he appealed to his remote kinsman, Lord Oakhamptom; but the application was ignored—no answer ever came, and for some time black fury filled the heart of the proud and fiery, but powerless and impovished man.

Anon he thought, what other treatment could he expect?

Did not Lord Oakhampton know well that in society, on every occasion, he, Greville Hampton, had denounced him as the usurper of his property and title—a denunciation the truth of which, legally, as yet, he could not prove.

"Oh," he would exclaim, "for a little of the wealth I have wasted in the foolish past time—for Mary's sake—for Mary's sake!"

How bitter it was to look back in the light of experience and think of what might be now, had he been wiser than he was! And his whole soul recoiled at the contemplation of the awful loneliness of life without her, if Mary were taken from him.

Her fast failing health drew him from his usual selfish and useless repining over the past, or if he did so, it was for her sake alone now; for that she *was* failing and passing away from him day by day, became painfully apparent; a cough shook her delicate form, and again and again was her handkerchief soaked in blood; and he could only groan over the poverty that precluded all change of air, or scene, and the employment of greater medical skill than that possessed by the country practitioner; but no skill could have availed Mary; and the frail tenure of her life, despite all his love and anxiety, was only a thing of time.

The consumption that was wasting her delicate form only seemed to make her beauty seem more tender, alluring and pathetic to the eyes of her sorrow-stricken husband, to whom she said more than once, with her head reclined on his breast—

"If I am taken from you, Greville darling, I trust you will think of the past less regretfully, of the futnre more hopefully, and remember that we are, while here, but as 'little children playing with shells upon the shore of time.'"

"You are too good for this rough and bitter world," said he, as his tears fell hotly on her soft and rippling hair, and thought in his heart, "Oh, why does God take her and leave *me?*"

Digitized by Google

And he clasped her to his heart, as if by the mere strength, his love and strength of his arms too, he might protect and keep her with him, and kissed her more tenderly than he had ever done in his lover days, for a holier emotion was in his bosom now, and to him it seemed that touches of great sweetness came and went about her lips and into her unusually luminous eyes, though their expression grew more weary day by day, and there came into them also that strange, weird and far-off look that belongs, not to this world, but to the life that is gradually ebbing from it and this expression Greville Hampton saw and read with acute mental agony.

"God is taking me away from you darlings," she said softly, one evening; "but you will always be true and loving to each other for my sake."

Little Derval clung to his father, unable yet to realise the great sorrow that had come upon both.

Why prolong this part of our story? At last all was over, and Greville, worn out with grief and long watching, was led away like a child by the Curate from the chamber of death, where his Mary lay, still rarely beautiful, as a piece of sculpture, in her last repose. All seemed terribly silent in the little cottage now; the buzzing of the flies in the sunshine, and the ticking of a clock alone were heard, unless it might be a sob from old Patty Fripp in the kitchen, where she sat rocking herself to and fro, with her apron over her head, or if she moved about it was with soft and stealthy tread, as if she feared to wake some one.

"Dead—gone—left him—his other self—it could not be!" he whispered in his soul, for he could not believe in his great sorrow, or that it was all happening to *him*. Surely it was some horrible nightmare, from which he would awake to find his little world going on as before!

But day followed day, each adding fresh details to the calamity, and that of the funeral came inexorably, the closing scene of all.

As one in a dream, Greville Hampton saw the episode as a grim phantasmagoria. He heard the bell tolling, and heard Mr. Laud sob, as he met the few mourners at the churchyard gate, and led the way to the grave, repeating the fine words of the burial service.

Grasping his father's hand, little Derval, with a stunned look

Digitized by Google

and dry eyes, dry with wonder and a great fear, saw the coffin going down—down—till it disappeared, and then a cry burst from him, for he knew that mamma was there—there in that cruel coffin which had left his sight for ever, and he began, childlike, to understand the dire and dreadful reality!

At last the scene closed; the horrible jarring of shovels, gravel and earth had ceased, and Greville Hampton came back to his broken and desolate home, where he sat like a man turned to stone, twisting fatuously, yet caressingly, a tress of shining dark brown hair, all that remained to him now of Mary, save the little boy, who nestled, with scared and wistful eyes, beside his knee.

The drawn blinds had for some days told all the passers-by that there was death in the cottage at Finglecombe. Strangers hurried past with a momentary glance, and thought no more of it, in the bright sunshine and business of life; but some there were who looked sorrowfully and went by with slower step, and there were the poor who missed the ministering hand of Mary Hampton. Even now the little birds, for whom she was wont to spread out crumbs, were tapping with their beaks at the window.

The blinds were drawn up now, and an unnatural flood of sunny light seemed to fill the place. Everything Greville's haggard glance fell on seemed to have a history of its own, a tender association, connected with her who had passed away. The little womanly trifles her hands had made to brighten this, their latter, humble home, were all there still; the cheap but artistic-looking cretonne with which her pretty and industrious fingers had deftly covered the furniture, brought back to memory the song she sang while doing so; the water-colours on the wall were her work too, scenes associated with the past years and long vanished happiness; and no comfort could be gathered from Tennyson's hackneyed couplet,

> "'Tis better to have loved and lost,
> Than never to have loved at all."

The terrible distinctness with which the first clod of earth fell—as it seemed to him—on Mary's tender breast was yet ringing in Greville's ears, together with the cry that escaped from Derval.

So Mary was gone, and for her the long, long night of the grave had begun!

Digitized by Google

The Austrian Field Artillery.

By Lieut. J. M. Grierson, R.A.

In his essay on "The Mobility of Field Artillery" Captain Hime says:—"At the breaking out of the Seven Years' War, Austria could boast of possessing, what she probably possesses still, the finest artillery in the world," and this remark we quote as an example of how high the Austrian Field Artillery has always stood in the opinion of the military world. And of late years they have still further deserved their good name. In the disastrous campaigns of 1859 and 1866 the Austrian artillery has been spoken of by competent critics as superior to that of its victorious opponents, and the devotion of the Austrian gunners on the field of Königgrats has become a matter of history. Proceeding as in former papers, we shall consider first its organization in the war of 1866, and then that of the present time. At the outbreak of the war of 1866 Austria possessed twelve regiments of field-artillery. Of these, nine were intended to be attached to the army corps, and had each in peace four 4-pounder batteries of eight guns, two 4-pounder batteries of four guns, two 8-pounder batteries of eight guns, two horse 4-pounder batteries of eight guns, and a rocket battery of eight rocket stands, or in all eleven batteries with seventy-two guns, and eight rocket stands. In addition, one park and four garrison companies were attached to each regiment, and furnished in war a heavy battery of eight guns, besides which on a war footing the two 4-gun batteries were combined into one, giving for each regiment eleven batteries with eighty-eight pieces. An army corps had four brigades of seven battalions, and to each of those a 4-pounder battery was attached, the remaining batteries forming the Corps artillery.* The other three regiments were destined to furnish the Army Artillery Reserve, and the batteries for the cavalry divisions, and consisted each of four 8-pounder field and four 4-pounder horse of eight guns, one 4-pounder horse and one heavy battery of four

* Hozier's "Seven Weeks' War."

Digitized by Google

guns (the latter furnished by the one park and four garrison companies attached to each regiment), in all in peace seventy-two, in war eighty guns. Those three last regiments were the 6th, 11th and 12th,* the others were numbered from one to five and from seven to ten. The Court Artillery Regiment furnished two mountain batteries of eight guns. Thus the war strength of the field artillery in 1866, was,

9 Regiments of 80 guns	= 720	guns and 72 rocket tubes
3 „ 80 guns	= 240	„
2 mountain batteries	= 16	„
	976	

The guns were all rifled muzzle-loaders.

The war of 1866 brought its lessons home to Austria, and in 1868 a new organization of the Army was introduced.† By it a new field-artillery regiment was formed and all regiments were given four 4-pounder field (1st to 4th), three 4-pounder horse (5th to 7th), and five 8-pounder field batteries (8th to 12th). In addition, each regiment had the cadres for a 13th and 14th 8-pounder battery, for a depôt battery, and for five or six ammunition columns. The 9th Fortress Artillery Battalion provided three (six in war), and the 11th and 12th each one (two in war) mountain batteries.

The adoption of the new Uchatius *matériel* in 1876, was followed by a change in organization of the field artillery, to bring it more into harmony with the general formation of the Army, by grouping the batteries into divisions in peace, as they would be attached to the various units of the other arms in war. The artillery is placed, like the other branches of the Service, under the War Minister, who is assisted by the Inspector-General of Artillery, and the Technical and Administrative Committee. The entire artillery staff comprehends ninety officers.

The field artillery is composed of thirteen regiments,‡ each organized in four divisions. The headquarters of the regiments are, 1st, Prague, 2nd, Olmütz, 3rd, Comorn, 4th, Josefstadt, 5th and 8th, Pesth, 6th, Gratz, 7th and 11th, Vienna, 9th, Lemberg, 10th, Wiener Neustadt, 12th, Laibach, 13th, Temesvar. At those stations are the magazines of clothing, camp equipment, and aug-

† Official History of the War of 1866. ‡ "Armed strength of Austria."

‡ "Die Kriegsmacht Oesterreichs."

Digitized by Google

mentation material for the whole regiment. The ammunition for the war establishment is kept in the artillery depôts. The staff of a regiment consists of five officers and six men. The 1st, 2nd, and 3rd divisions of each regiment have each a staff, three heavy batteries (1st to 9th), and the cadres for two ammunition columns. The 4th Division has a staff and two light batteries (10th and 11th) and, in addition, in the 3rd, 5th, 9th, 11th and 13th Regiments, two home batteries (12th and 13th), in the others two heavy batteries (12th and 13th). Each regiment has also a depôt cadre destined to form in war a depôt battery, and two heavy reserve batteries (14th and 15th). The first three divisions are commanded by majors, the fourth by a lieutenant-colonel, and their staffs number respectively each three officers and five men, and four officers and seven men. The 4th Division is always stationed at headquarters. In peace the following is the strength of the various units:—

Light Battery	4	officers	110	men	46	horses
Heavy „	4	„	110	„	46	„
Horse „	4	„	129	„	111	„
Column cadre	2	„	11	„	2	„
Depôt „	6	„	50	„	6	„

Each field-battery has in peace four guns two ammunition waggons, three forage carts, each horse battery six guns, two ammunition waggons, four forage carts; of these only the guns are horsed (six horses). The rest of the war *matériel* is kept in the battery stores. The Austrian field-artillery has therefore in peace 133 heavy, 26 light, and 10 horse batteries, in 52 divisions, 39 column and 13 depôt cadres with in all 1,066 officers, 20,223 men and 8,710 horses.

The organization of the mountain artillery dates from 1869, and is still as stated above. A battery has in peace four officers, ninety men, thirteen horses and four guns. The batteries of the 9th Battalion are stationed at Innsbrück, those of the 11th and 12th at Ragusa and Zara.

The war strength is gained by calling in the reserves who are already told off on paper to the various batteries and columns. Horses and mules are either bought or requisitioned. On mobilization the 1st Division of each regiment forms the 1st and 4th ammunition columns; the 2nd, the 2nd and 5th; and the 3rd, the

Digitized by Google

3rd and 6th. The depôt cadre forms the 14th and 15th batteries and the depôt battery. These two former become the 5th Division to which are also attached the 12th and 13th batteries of the 4th Division in eight regiments. In the five above mentioned regiments, the 12th and 13th horse batteries form a 6th Division. Each regiment furnishes the artillery for an army corps. The 1st, 2nd and 5th Divisions with the columns of the same numbers are attached each to an infantry division, the 3rd and 4th Divisions and the 3rd column furnish the corps artillery. The horse batteries are attached to the cavalry divisions, and the 4th and 6th columns go to form the Army Ammunition Park. An army corps has therefore in war thirteen to fifteen batteries with 104 to 120 guns. The regimental staff has two officers and six men, that of the 1st, 2nd and 5th Divisions five officers and fourteen men; 3rd Division six officers, fifteen men, (and in addition two officers, five men for the Army Ammunition Park staff), 4th and 6th Divisions respectively two officers, five men, and two officers, six men.

The following is the war strength of the various units:—

	Officers.	Men.	Horses.	Guns.	Ammu. Wags.	Other Carriages.
Light Battery . . .	4	187	148	8	8	6
Heavy do. . . .	4	197	148	8	8	6
Horse do. . . .	4	179	215	6	6	7
1st, 2nd and 5th Cols. (each)	3	201	200	—	32	7
3rd Column . . .	3	247	260	4	30	17
4th do. . . .	2	188	175	2	26	6
6th do. . . .	2	188	175	—	21	12
Depôt	6	234	148	—	—	—

The 6th column of the regiments having horse batteries has 190 horses, 1 gun, 26 ammunition and 7 other waggons.

In all, the Austrian field-artillery possesses on the war footing:—

159 heavy batteries	=	1,272	guns	
26 light do.	=	208	„	
10 horse do.	=	60	„	
195 do.	=	1,540	„	

78 ammunition columns.
13 depots,

with 1,467 officers, 58,261 men, 47,788 horses, 7,417 carriages.

Digitized by Google

Each heavy battery has 128 rounds per gun (85 common, 30 shrapnel, 5 incendiary shell, and 8 case), each light or horse-gun 152 rounds (102 common, 36 shrapnel, 6 incendiary shell, and 8 case).

On mobilization each mountain battery is doubled, and ten batteries are thus formed, each with 2 officers, 110 men, 52 horses and mules, and four guns. The ammunition (112 rounds per gun) is carried in 40 boxes. The total strength of the mountain artillery is, therefore, 40 guns. It is possible, however, (as was done in Bosnia in 1878) to largely augment this most useful arm.

In the divisional ammunition columns are carried 100 rounds for each 8-cm. and 110 for each 9-cm. gun; in the corps ammunition reserve 74 rounds for each 8-cm. and 82 for each 9-cm. gun of the corps artillery. With the Army Ammunition Reserve are 30 rounds for each gun in the army corps, and 100 rounds for the guns attached to independent cavalry divisions, which have no ammunition columns of their own. Counting in the second line of reserves (Army Reserve Parks, and field depôts) each 7-cm. mountain gun has 586 rounds, 8-cm. horse gun 748, 8-cm. light gun 752, and 9-in. heavy gun 662 rounds*

The guns are all of steel-bronze† on the Uchatius system, breechloading, much the same as Krupp's guns, and with Broadwell rings. The calibres for the different batteries have been stated above. The gun-carriages are of steel with steel axles and wooden wheels of the same diameter (1.37 metres) for all carriages. The 8-cm. and 9-cm. guns are rifled with 24 grooves, and the projectiles are forced to take them by four copper rings. The fuzes are percussion and time (the latter graduated by paces). The limber boxes are of iron and open to the rear. The waggon body has a single iron box opening to the front and rear, the shells being arranged in trays in all the boxes. Axletree seats are provided in all guns, and the seats on the limbers are provided with back rests.

The horses are strong and good and have a striking similarity (unlike those of most continental armies) to those of the English Artillery. For draught horses the maximum height is 1.68 metres, the minimum 1.61. For riding horses those figures are 1.58 and 1.51 metres. The annual allowance of remounts is 12 per cent. of

* "Revue Militaire de l'Etranger," 1877.

† "Zejbek Oesterreichs Feld Artillerie Material, 1875."

Digitized by Google

the riding, 10 per cent. of draught horses. Captains and subalterns are mounted by the State, other officers buy their own horses.

The uniform consists of dark brown tunics with scarlet facings, light blue knickerbockers, long boots up to the knee, black leather shacos with black horse hair plumes, grey-blue greatcoats, and brown belts. On active service, field artillery wear brown blouses, and the light blue forage cap; horse artillery retain their shacos and wear the tunic slung as a pelisse like the cavalry, and the blouse underneath. The mountain artillery (being furnished by the garrison battalions) have light blue trousers with broad scarlet stripes and Wellington boots. Officers, trumpeters, mounted non-commissioned officers, and gunners and drivers of horse artillery have sabres; officers, trumpeters, mounted non-commissioned officers and gunners of horse artillery a six-barrelled revolver, and gunners and drivers of field batteries a sword bayonet. The gunners' knapsacks are always carried on the carriages. The harness is of good pattern and blacked.

In conclusion we may state that in no service in Europe do the batteries turn out more like our own than in the Austrian. The men and horses are of the same types, and that same smartness of dress and drill is everywhere observable.

Digitized by Google

How Mr. Robinson Captured the Sultan's Troops.

We had been employed for two years in H.M.S. 'Slavecatcher,' cruising on the East Coast of Africa for the suppression of the slave trade. The suppression of the slave trade is an expression that rolls glibly enough off the tongue when rounding a period in a speech at Exeter Hall, and that looks exceeding well in print; but practically it is rather a hard nut to crack, and sometimes the nut-cracker gets the worst of it. Our first enthusiasm in the cause of freeing our black brethren had long since evaporated, and we had settled down into a dull routine of dreary, monotonous work in the ship, varied with an occasional dose of fever, and more dreary, more monotonous work in the boats, with the certainty of fever and the off chance of being drowned or murdered by the natives.

No wonder some of us broke down under the heavy strain, and poor old Jones, jovial, cheery old Jones, was, the Doctor said, certain to die before sunset; this certainty being told to the first lieutenant, the carpenters were at once set to work on a coffin, for decay speedily follows death in those regions; the sergeant-major of marines—we did not carry a subaltern—fell his detachment in on the forecastle to practise the funeral exercise, and almost as he was giving the order, "Rest on your arms reversed," poor old Jones shook off his fever and "shuffled off this mortal coil."

The funeral over, everybody began wondering what fortunate sub. in the flagship would get the death vacancy, but until the Admiral could be communicated with and the lucky man sent to us, Brown, our senior sub., got the acting appointment.

Two or three months afterwards, on dropping anchor off the Town of Zanzibar, the Consul's gig came alongside with a very young looking lieutenant seated in it, who stepped nimbly up the side and reported himself as "Mr. Robinson, come to join." The admiral had written a private letter to our skipper to inform him

Digitized by Google

that Mr. Robinson was a most intelligent officer, and had only recently passed with great credit through the College at Greenwich. "He has not kept a watch here," said the admiral, "but I have no doubt of his abilities, as he is a cousin of my own." Such reasoning was quite conclusive, and we were all prepared to accept the admiral's opinion about our new messmate until we had time to form one of our own.

Mr. Robinson was of small, not to say, insignificant figure, with a confident, not to say, impertinent manner, and an idea, as he soon let us know, that we wanted "rosening up," as he elegantly expressed himself. "We in the flagship," he said, with a candour that greatly endeared him to us," are of opinion that you fellows get very rusty down here; now, I shall begin with the men of my watch, and wake them up a bit, and I daresay by the time the admiral comes down to inspect you, you'll be a little more ship-shape."

Mr. Robinson dined with the skipper that evening, and told him that his, the captain's, prospects of ever flying his flag as an admiral were hopeless; he confided to the first lieutenant the important discovery that lime was the principal ingredient of good white-wash; he told the navigating-lieutenant that his manner of holding a sextant was clumsy, and his calculations for ascertaining the ship's position laborious and inaccurate; he laid down the law as to the rules of whist, and was not in the least disconcerted when discovered revoking. Mr. Robinson turned in at about eleven o'clock, and we discussed him over our last pipe. "It's dommed hard lines," quoth our chief engineer, a rough old Scotchman, "that Brown, who has borne the heat and burden of the commission, should be superseded by a boomptious braggart whae's only merit is that he's the cousin of a bigger fool than himself."

The next day we went to sea; the men had been working hard all day under a hot sun getting stores and coaling ship; we steamed away to the southward against the wind, and with no sail set.

"I'm glad," said Number One, (the first lieutenant, that is), as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, "that the men will have a quiet night; they have worked hard and well to-day." But Number One had reckoned without Mr. Robinson, whose middle watch it was.

That zealous officer was called at ten minutes to twelve, and promptly relieved the deck as the bell struck eight. Having re-

Digitized by Google

ceived the orders from, and said good-night to, his sleepy predecessor, Mr. Robinson was ready to begin his wakening up process. It was the first watch he had ever kept, and he was swelling with importance and a sense of responsibility.

"Watch to muster."

"All present, Sir."

"Life-boat crew and reliefs fall in." The boat being reported clear and the reliefs present, Mr. Robinson paced the deck, and in ten minutes time, when the men of the watch, who were allowed to sleep about the deck when there was no sail set and no work going on, had settled themselves for a snooze, he piped, "Watch fall in," and kept ten men, who were a trifle slack, on deck for the rest of the four hours watch. In half-an-hour's time he piped, "Man overboard, away life-boat's crew," and almost every man and officer in the ship was on deck in thirty seconds. Mr. Robinson smilingly told us that there was no man overboard, but that he was "wakening up" the watch.

"And all the ship's company too, Mr. Robinson," said the first lieutenant.

"When you wish to exercise the life-boat's crew, pipe them to fall in," angrily said our captain, fresh roused from his first sleep, "and never, Mr. Robinson, never, as long as you are in my ship, give the alarm 'man overboard' unless there is a man overboard, or I'll try you by a court-martial, Sir, I will try——" here, remembering how exceedingly unlikely the admiral would be to try his own cousin, Captain Smith strode angrily into his cabin, fuming with suppressed rage.

We soon discovered that it was impossible, however tired one might be, to get any sleep during Mr. Robinson's night watches; as sure as we dozed off it would be only to awaken with a start and hear the discordant voice of our new messmate "rosening up the watch;" if there was any sail set he took it all in, piece-meal, and then set it again; if there was no sail set, he fell the watch in and read stations for all sorts of manœuvres. The first lieutenant and captain were quite annoyed at the swollen dimensions of the defaulters list, and one day Captain Smith announced to Number One his intention of sending that irrepressible Robinson away cruising directly the other boats returned.

"Nobody will have a night's rest till you do, Sir," replied Number One; "but I doubt whether he won't be up to some tomfoolery with the boats."

Digitized by Google

"I must risk that," said the skipper, "I haven't slept a wink at night for three weeks."

It about a fortnight's time the boats returned, were unloaded and hoisted up, and the captain sent for Mr. Robinson.

"You will be ready," said the skipper, "to go away cruising in half-an-hour's time, fill up with provisions as much as the cutter and gig will carry with safety. Mr. Brown will go in the gig; I will give you your orders in writing. Tell the first lieutenant to call the cutter's and gig's cruising crews away."

Mr. Robinson passed the word for his servant, and that domestic soon appeared on deck, staggering under the weight of a large bath, a sword, gun, revolver, mattrass and bedding; he deposited these and re-appeared with two portmanteaus, then a tin case and a cocked hat. These were soon followed by cases of brandy, gin, claret, bottled beer, vermouth, potted meats and sardines. In the meantime the boats had been lowered, armed and provisioned, masts got up and sails ready.

Brown appeared with one small tin case, which contained his outfit for a month's cruise; he started in amazement as he saw the pile of gear on the quarter-deck.

"What's all this, quartermaster?"

"Mr. Robinson's things for boat-cruising," said the old sailor, with his face on the broad grin.

"Good heavens! and a cocked hat too!"

"Cocked hat! yes," exclaimed the squeaky voice of our now detested messmate; "I thought a cocked hat might over-awe the natives, and impress them with a sense of—ah—with a sense of our——"

"I think, Mr. Robinson, that you want a little 'rosening up,'" quietly remarked the skipper, who had come out of his cabin unperceived, "it is more than an hour since I gave you your orders, and you are not ready yet; and what the deuce is all this?"

"My things, Sir."

"Your things, for boat-cruising! and a bath!"

"Yes, Sir; I am very particular about my bath, Sir. In a lecture on Hygiene, at the Royal Naval College at Greenwich, cleanliness in tropical climates was——"

"But, Mr. Robinson, did you seriously suppose that you could take away a bath, a fresh water bath in your boat?"

"I did, Sir."

Digitized by Google

The skipper exploded.

"Help him, Brown, tell him what to take," he cried, and fairly crying with laughter, as he took a mental inventory of Mr. Robinson's things for boat-cruising, he rushed into his cabin to enjoy the heartiest fit of merriment he had experienced since leaving England.

"Quartermaster," cried Brown, "get my tin case passed up out of the gig. Now look here, Mr. Robinson, this is all I take for a six weeks cruise; in this tin case are a blanket sleeping-suit, the hood of the jumper, you see, can be pulled up over my head; two pairs of flannel trousers; one flannel coat, which I shall presently exchange for this frock-coat I have on, the seediest I possess, but the captain insists on our leaving the ship in proper uniform; one flannel shirt, one I have on; two pairs of socks; a thick jersey; a spare pair of boots; hair and tooth brushes; knife, spoon and fork; a mess basin and two plates have been passed in for me with the men's crockery. For weapons I carry a ship's cutlass and revolver; a pair of binoculars and a pocket-sextant just fill up the tin case, and you can see a waterproof sheet folded up in the stern sheets of the gig. Now I'll inspect the boats whilst you get rid of most of this rubbish."

The boats being ready, and Mr. Robinson having received a closed envelope from the skipper with instructions not to open it until he had rounded a certain point about five miles distant, he left the ship on his first boat-cruising expedition.

In the same boat with Mr. Robinson were the Interpreter, Sali bin Ali bin Moussa, an experienced hand at the work, having, indeed, in days gone by frequently run slaves himself; the coxswain, a steady and good seaman, specially chosen by the first lieutenant to dry nurse his officer, and a motley crew of eight men, four of them good seaman, the remaining four being made up of two youngsters, a marine, who was the cook, and a seedy boy, or native, with a small detachment of whom all ships serving on the East Coast of Africa are supplied. The seedy boy spoke English just enough to make himself understood, and Suaheli, the Lingua Franca of the coast, but knew no Arabic.

The cutter could easily outsail the gig, and therefore Brown was a little surprised at finding he was gaining on her on every tack and had rounded the point some quarter of an hour before her. He hove to and waited for his junior in age and experience, but

Digitized by Google

senior in rank, and as the cutter hove in sight noticed that her crew seemed very busy in shifting the provisions, &c. Brown ranged up alongside when his chief explained that in his opinion the entire distribution of the weights was mathematically wrong, and that in a lecture at the Royal Naval College at Greenwich on stability and buoyancy, of which he had made copious notes, it was shown that the relative position of the metacentre and the centre of gravity, what the relative position should be was unfortunately lost, as Brown interrupted by suggesting that they should anchor whilst the weights were being arranged to his satisfaction, and they might read the captain's orders, and arrange their programme in accordance with them.

The captain's orders were as follows:—

"Sir,

"It is my direction that you proceed with the second cutter and gig to cruize for the suppression of the Slave Trade in the neighbourhood of Zanzibar. Any dhows you may capture you will at once send in for adjudication in the Consular Court. You will make your provisions last as long as possible, and when they fail return to Zanzibar, at which place you will rendezvous with me on this day five weeks.

"Mr. Brown has had much experience of boat work, and I advise you frequently to consult with him.

"I am, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"HENRY SMITH."

Being satisfied with the position of the boat's metacenter, Mr. Robinson proceeded on his way to Zanzibar, and commenced the monotonous work of boarding every dhow that passed near them. He entirely declined to follow Brown's advice on any subject, having as he said, attended a course of lectures on International Law, at the Royal Naval College, at Greenwich; and Sali bin Ali (Sally in our Alley, the blue jackets called him), confided to the coxswain that Mr. Robinson "was no good at all, all the same d——d fool." Several very suspicious dhows were let go scot free, whilst some unoffending legal traders were sent a hundred miles out of their course to Zanzibar, only to be promptly released by the Consul-General.

Brown was at last fortunate enough to capture an undoubted

Digitized by Google

slaver, a small dhow with some thirty or forty slaves on board, and was ordered to take her in to Zanzibar, and there await the arrival of the cutter, for by this time the five weeks had nearly elapsed.

The interpreter was sent in with the captured dhow, Mr. Robinson saying he could get on well enough with the seedy boy and the knowledge he had himself acquired of the language.

"Now this seedy's name was Prince of Wales, and he was a comical looking, merry nigger; but when Robinson told him to remain behind in the cutter, "'is 'Ighness turned that sulky," as the cook said to the coxswain, "you might 'ave cooked a beef steak on his lower lip." The way he arrived at the exalted title of Prince of Wales was this; H.M.S. 'Watchful,' two or three years ago, was short of one seedu boy to make up her complement, and her first-lieutenant told the Serang or head seedu, to bring off a volunteer. The Serang soon appeared with an almost naked nigger. "Me got seedy boy," said he.

"All right, what is his name, we'll enter him on the books."

"He says name Ali, but that no do, we got Ali already."

"Well, what shall call him."

The Serang pondered deeply; there was already a Jack Ropeyarn, a Tom Bowline, a Bill Buntline, a Bones and a Banjo.

"I go forward and think," said the perplexed Serang.

"All right," said the amused officer; "go away and think, and when you have thought of a good name we'll enter it in the books."

The Serang went forward, and thought, and took counsel of the blue jackets; it happened to be the anniversary of the birthday of the Prince of Wales, and one of the men suggested that Prince of Wales would be a very good name, if it wasn't too good for a darkie.

The Serang was delighted, and ran and told the paymaster that a new seedy boy was to be entered on the books by number one's orders, and that his name was Prince of Wales.

On Prince of Wales' certificate, when he joined the 'Slave-catcher," was written:—

Name.	Rating.	Description, Marks, &c.
Prince of Wales.	*Seedy*	*Black, very ugly, teeth filed, scar on right cheek.*

The same Official Paper also informed the world that his Royal Highness' conduct was "indifferent."

Digitized by Google

Now, Prince of Wales was the proud and happy possessor of three wives, and had shipped on board us to save money enough to purchase a fourth; he was, therefore, much chagrined that Sally in our Alley should be allowed to return to Zanzibar and the society of his friends, whilst his Sable Highness was still an exile from home. He therefore determined to do all he could to induce Mr. Robinson to proceed to Zanzibar, and to ensure this end was quite prepared to mislead him about dhows or anything else.

Two or three days after the departure of the gig with the captured slaver, a very large dhow hove in sight from the southward.

"Plenty big dhow in sight," said the cunning Prince of Wales, "suppose him slaver, make plenty money."

"If we can find any slaves in that dhow I'll give you lots of rupees."

"Suppose find slaves, go to Zanzibar quick, eh?"

"Yes, we'll go at once, Prince of Wales, and get her put through the Court."

The dhow approached, and the cutter sallied forth to intercept her, she never attempted to alter her course; but was passing close by and within hail of the cutter.

"Tell them if they don't stop I'll fire rockets and rifles at them," said Robinson to the Prince.

"English officer wants to know if you are going to Zanzibar, and if you will give him a passage there to meet his ship? he will give plenty rupees."

"We are going to Zanzibar," hailed the nacoda of the dhow, we are taking back the Sultan's Army, who have been chasing the men of Mabruki, as lions chase hares, and we will tow the English boat."

So the dhow lowered her huge sail and disclosed to view a great number of men of all shades of colour, some true Arabs, but most of them of an unmistakable nigger-type, some armed and some not, some lounging about, others seated in circles round huge trays full of rice, which they were kneading up into conveniently sized balls, in the palms of their hands, and then throwing down their throats.

Mr. Robinson speedily ranged up alongside in his cutter, and jumped on board, followed by the mendacious Prince, who at once exclaimed, "I see plenty slave here, oh, plenty slave!" Now the swaheli for slave is watumbwa, and the name of an island near Zanzibar, which furnishes a large proportion of the dhows, is Intubat,

Digitized by Google

and the two words are pronounced somewhat alike. Robinson thought he knew the word for slave, and so he went to an emaciated looking creature near him (who really had been wounded by one of Mabruki's arrows), and said "Tumbat?"

"Yes, Tumbat," answered the man.

"Ah, he says he is a slave Prince."

"Oh, he slave, all right, plenty slave here, plenty rupees." The captain of the dhow made a polite observation that the English officer was very clever to know a Tumbat man, which Prince translated, "Captain say you plenty clever to know slave when you see him; captain say no good tell lies to you, got plenty slaves on board."

Here was a triumph for Mr. Robinson, with but one boat and only eight hands, he had captured the largest dhow he had ever seen, an acknowledged slaver, with a crew armed to the teeth with swords daggers and muskets, who were so terror-stricken at the undaunted Robinson, as to surrender without striking a blow.

What will the captain say? thought Robinson; what will the admiral say? what will the COUNTRY say?

"Tell the captain, Prince, to hoist his sail and steer for Zanzibar, and if he attempts to deceive me I will blow his brains out first."

"Officer say," said the trustworthy interpreter, "he is plenty hurry to get to Zanzibar, and when we get there he will give you this revolver—"which Robinson was pointing straight at the Nacoda's head.

Mr. Robinson got his boat's crew on board, except one man whom he left in the cutter, which he then made fast astern of the dhow.

"Be them slaves, sir?" asked the coxswain.

"Those that are not slaves are slavers," replied his superior, proudly.

"Then I'm blank blanked if we won't have all our throats cut afore we are a night older. We'd better keep altogether here, sir, on the poop, and sell our lives dearly if they attack us."

Acting on this judicious advice, Robinson and his seven armed men kept well together, and as far aft as they could, so that they might not be taken in rear, and could jump into the water if necessary.

For captured men, however, the Sultan's Army seemed to take things very easily; they cooked huge messes of curry and rice and

Digitized by Google

pillau; they made night hideous with the noise of the tom-tom and the clapping of hands, as they sung to a monotonous chant their own daring deeds on the battle-field, and recounted the defeat of the enemy.

The 'Slavecatcher' was at anchor off the town of Zanzibar; Brown's capture had been condemned in the Consular Court, and officers and men were enjoying a brief respite from the perpetual cruising. Cricket was played on the sandy plain of Muazi Moja, or one cocoa-nut tree, so called from an unusually tall specimen of that palm which shot up in solitary grandeur, and was a prominent object from both sea and shore. The Starboard watch had beaten the Port, and the latter smarting under a sense of defeat, and anxious to retrieve their fortunes, had offered to pull, fight, jump or run their opponents. The discussion adjourned from Muazi Moja to the 'Slavecatcher's' forecastle was being eagerly carried on, and the merits of the respective champions of both sides eagerly criticised, when, coming in to the anchorage with the moon lighting up her enormous balloon-like sail was seen a dhow, in itself no unusual sight; but as the captain of the forecastle remarked to the sailmaker, "If that 'ere moon aint a playing tricks with my eyesight, Sails, she is the biggest dhow I ever see'd."

Four bells, ten o'clock, struck, the men were piped down and the noisy discussion ended. The captain was taking a turn on the quarter-deck, and chuckling over the good hands he had been holding at whist, when the quarter-master of the watch drew his attention to a very large dhow coming in from the southward. "She would not run right in on top of us if there was anything wrong with her, on such a bright night too," said the skipper, and returned to his cabin to resume his game. Brown had just cut out and was watching out of the port the silent ghostlike approach of the large dhow, whose stem was stirring into rivulets of molten gold the brillant phosphorescence of the sea.

"There is something queer going on on board that dhow, sir," suddenly exclaimed Brown.

"There are my glasses, have a good look at her. Those big dhows always make a row when they come in, fire off any muskets they possess, and have a good time with the tom-tom."

Brown looked steadfastly through the glasses, the dhow was now nearly up to the ship when suddenly down went her huge sail by the run, and she came up to the wind disclosing what looked very like a man-of-war's boat astern of her.

Digitized by Google

"Looks as if our cutter was towing astern, sir."

The whist party broke up, the skipper took the glasses from Brown, a regular Babel of noises seemed to be going on in the dhow. The captain suddenly turned round. "Call all boats crews away; board that dhow, Brown. Load and fire a blank charge from the forecastle gun. I'll be d——d if they are not throwing some of our men overboard," and something like "Slavecatcher ahoy! slaver!" in the falsetto tones of Mr. Robinson seemed to be heard above the guttural Arabic din of the dhows occupants.

Bang! went the 'Slavecatcher's' gun, startling all the sleeping town, and arousing even a languid curiosity amongst the inmates of the Sultan's harem, who wondered what "the mad Englishmen" were up to.

"Go in the first boat ready, Brown," said the skipper; "take Ali, and tell the nacoda of that dhow that if he does not instantly anchor I'll put a hole through his ship's sides. Bring him back with you. Load the forecastle gun with shot, Mr. Tompion, and lay for his mast; I see he is hoisting his sail again. Fire when you are ready."

The snowy sail was just mast-headed when a shot from our gun carried away the mast; down came the sail, entangling many of the Arab soldiers, and causing them to think that the joys of the Mussulman's Paradise were open to them, and that they would soon be in the arms of those beauteous houris who reward the faithful who fall fighting against an infidel foe. A curious sight presented itself to Brown as he dashed up, speedily followed by the other boats; the cutter, pulled by two men dripping wet, was picking up Mr. Robinson and the rest of his crew, and counting heads, Brown was relieved to find nobody missing.

"In the name of God and the Prophet what is it all about?" said Sali bin Ali.

"Allah is great, and the Englishmen are mad, and I threw them overboard to save their lives."

"Anchor at once and come on board the man-of-war, or she will sink you."

The soldiers, cowed by the loss of their mast, and overawed by the close proximity of the 'Slavecatcher,' did not attempt to interfere as the dhow's crew let go the anchor.

The nacoda and two of his men stepped into Brown's boat, whilst the remaining boats formed a cordon round the dhow to prevent

Digitized by Google

any communication with the shore, or the escape of any of her inmates. Mr. Robinson, presenting a miserable spectacle, wet through and limp, returned with Brown.

They were so close to the ship that there was no time for explanations, all Robinson could say was, "I took her, Brown, I took her. My knowledge of the language enabled me to discover her real character; the biggest slaver seen for years."

"I hope she is, old boy," said Brown; "but it is the queerest go I have ever seen, and I don't in the least understand it."

"Allah is great!" exclaimed the nacoda, wringing his hands, "but his ways are inscrutable; my mast is gone, the Sultan will be angry, and I shall be flogged. Inshallah! Allah is great!"

Arrived on board the ship, Mr. Robinson narrated his heroic adventures, and wound up by explaining that on nearing the ship and the nacoda refusing to let go the anchor, he had attempted to do so himself, but was instantly seized and thrown overboard; the coxswain succeeding in cutting the halliards of the sail before he too was "chucked."

"Are you sure she is a slaver?" said the skipper.

"Certain, Sir; they owned to it."

"Now bring the nacoda here, and we will take down his statement," which was briefly as follows:—

His dhow had been chartered to bring back a body of soldiers who had been repelling the attack of a maraudering African tribe; the English officer had asked to be towed to Zanzibar, and knowing the Sultan would like him to oblige the Englishmen, and expecting a backsheesh of a few rupees, he had willingly consented; the behaviour of the Englishmen had been very extraordinary, and he had experienced great difficulty in preventing a collision between them and the troops; on nearing the 'Slavecatcher' the officer wanted the dhow to anchor, but he could not consent to this, as the wasikari—the soldiers—were very anxious to land; the English then tried by force to let go the anchor, and were seized by the angry and excited Mussulmans, many of whom had objected to their being taken on board at all; some of the soldiers were for killing them, but on the nacoda's suggestion contented themselves with throwing them overboard, when he cast off the painter of their boat that they might swim to her and be saved. The truth of this statement the nacoda swore to in Mahommedan fashion, and demanded that the seedy might be produced to corroborate it.

Digitized by Google

Prince of Wales lied with much ingenuity, and with forty tooth-drawer power, but on being severely questioned and reminded of the existence of the cat on board and the Sultan's flag-staff (at which criminals were flogged) on shore, he acknowledged the whole truth of the nacoda's story, and, pleading piteously for mercy, was removed to durance vile.

The horror and disgust of the nacoda were principally expressed by a general abuse of the seedu boy and all his female relations, especially his mother, whose low state of morals was, according to the nacoda, only to be equalled by that of his cousins, his sisters and his aunts.

Our captain personally searched the dhow, but no sign of a slave was discovered; the commander of the troops was allowed to go ashore and report himself to the Sultan, but as an assault had been committed on our men that might have ended most disastrously, the dhow was detained till a formal investigation took place at the Consulate.

The whole matter was hushed up and not reported to the authorities, and Mr. Robinson had a very unpleasant interview with our irate skipper. The story, however, got abroad, and dreadful was the chaff we had to endure whenever we met a rival cruiser, until at last the mere mention of "the Sultan's Army" to any of our blue-jackets was like holding a red flag to a bull.

PHILIP HAYMAN.

Digitized by Google

The Progress of Torpedo Warfare.

By Lieutenant-Commander F. M. Barber, U.S.N.

The idea is prevalent among many thinking men that universal peace can only be obtained by so increasing the destructive power of military weapons that war will, by mutual consent of nations, be deemed too terrible a resort for the adjustment of difficulties, and the advocates of this idea can point to no more striking example than the development of the science of submarine warfare. The repeating rifles and the machine guns, with their murderous power of slaughter, have slain their tens of thousands in order to demonstrate their qualities as peace-makers, while the torpedo, from its inception in 1776 up to the present day, has not destroyed more than forty vessels and less than one thousand lives (the statistics show less than five hundred lives, but they are always necessarily inaccurate), and yet the moral effect has been so great that during our own war the South were enabled to make a most determined resistance on their sea-coast and in their rivers; while since that date, though there have been three great wars in Europe, and one petty one now going on in South America, there is not one single instance on record of an attack by ships of a harbour that was even supposed to be defended by torpedoes.

Before our war the use of the torpedo was considered analogous to that of explosive bullets and fever-infected rags; but during and since that eventful epoch it has become a recognized weapon of warfare. The strong feeling prevailing against the use of such an implement has not only disappeared, but, on the contrary, the torpedo has risen so high in favour that many people, especially in the United States, appear to be under the impression that it is the one grand implement of the future, and that it will entirely do away with guns, navies, and forts. Its cheapness is its special recommendation, and the idea that the enormous and increasing expense of modern armaments can be avoided by a cheap infernal

Digitized by Google

machine of universal application is a very fascinating one. Time, however, which eventually dissipates all hallucinations, will undoubtedly remedy this one, and will demonstrate that the torpedoes of the future are not remarkably cheap, and that they are, after all, only a most valuable auxiliary by which the other defences of a harbour may be utilized to their fullest extent, and that they cannot be relied on as the *sole* defence of any but unimportant harbours.

The discovery of the fact that gunpowder would explode under water is due to David Bushnell, a native of Connecticut, and to him is also due the conception of the idea of utilizing this knowledge by the blowing up of ships, and the invention of a means of doing it so ingenious as to entitle him to be considered as one of the most brilliant minds our country has ever produced. His experiments were made from 1772 to 1775, and resulted, according to *Niles' Register* (a contemporary publication) and other authorities, in the production of a kind of submarine boat large enough to contain one man, with air for half an hour's breathing. It was shaped like a turtle, and floated in the water with the tail down. The operator was seated in the middle, the seat forming a brace between the two sides, and in this position he had his eyes opposite one of the numerous glass plates in the cover, or top of the boat. In front of him was the handle of a screw by which the boat was propelled; another by which it was raised or lowered; a compass marked with phosphorus; a water-gauge to show the depth, marked with oil and phosphorus; and near him the handles, or treadles, of various small pumps, by which water and foul air were expelled; the rudder could be moved, ballast let go, &c. The torpedo, or submarine magazine, as Bushnell called it, consisted of a block of oak containing the charge of about forty pounds of powder. This block was on the upper after part of the boat, and connected, by means of a rope, to a wood screw, the handle of which was directly in front of the operator. The mode of operation was to come up under the bottom of a vessel and attach the torpedo by means of the screw. The torpedo and screw were both then detached from the boat, a clock-work mechanism inside the torpedo being set going at the same time, which would run long enough for the operator to reach a safe distance before it exploded the charge. This ingenious but complicated apparatus was tried on the English man-of-war

Digitized by Google

'Eagle,' lying in New York Harbour, in 1776, and only failed because the operator struck an iron bolt in the bottom of the vessel with his wood screw, and in trying to shift his position he lost the ship. The effect, however, was such that the English vessels afterwards established a regular drill for sweeping their bottoms with chains at frequent intervals, to prevent the possibility of any future attempt of the sort. Bushnell tried other species of torpedoes with no success, and afterwards went to France with his inventions; but, failing to accomplish anything, he became disgusted, changed his name to Bush, and died as a school-teacher in Georgia somewhere about 1830.

The next experimenter in the field of torpedoes was Robert Fulton, who worked in France, Holland, England, and America from 1797 to 1810, and then turned his attention from the unfruitful field to that of steam engineering. Fulton's ideas were very much the same as Bushnell's, and they met the same fate. Washington characterized Bushnell's attempts as an effort of genius, but a failure, while Lord St. Vincent told Fulton that Pitt, the Prime Minister, was a fool to encourage a mode of warfare which, if successful, would ruin the supremacy of England on the ocean. To Fulton is generally accredited the word torpedo, the term being probably derived from the electric eel, though his torpedoes were not electric.

Following Fulton came Colonel Colt, who experimented most successfully with electric submarine mines from 1829 to 1844, both in private and in public; but the subject does not seem to have made any particular impression as to its value, and Colonel Colt abandoned it for his successful career as an inventor of firearms.

The Crimean War, from 1854 to 1856, affords the first instance of the systematic employment of submarine mines, in the defence of Sebastopol and Cronstadt; but, in addition to the fact that many were found with the safety-caps on, the ordinary charge of twenty-five pounds of powder was too small to do any damage.

In the Austro-Italian war of 1859, Venice was protected by an elaborate system of electric mines, but (probably in consequence of it) no attempt was made on the harbour.

Coming to our own war in 1861, we arrive at the period from which dates the present important position of the torpedo as a weapon both of offence and defence, and during this war thirty-six vessels were destroyed or severely injured by them.

Digitized by Google

In the Paraguayan war, from 1864 to 1868, torpedoes were used, but only one Brazilian ironclad was sunk.

In the Austrian war of 1866, Venice was again defended in the same manner and with the same result as before, and in the Franco-Prussian and Turco-Russian wars the German and Russian harbours were considered by their enemies to be equally impervious.

Having thus roughly traced the history of submarine warfare up to the present time, it remains to show what is now being done, and the direction in which ingenuity and military science is tending with reference to the perfection of the different varieties of the weapon.

Torpedoes are commonly divided into two general classes, offensive and defensive; by the former being understood those which are used in attacking an enemy, and by the latter, those which are used in defence against him The distinction is hardly a correct one, however, for in the defence of a harbour all kinds would be used, and, strictly speaking, the terms fixed mines and movable torpedoes give a more accurate idea of the leading characteristics of each.

Electrical fixed mines are at present considered by most authorities to constitute the principal torpedo defense of a harbour, and strenuous efforts have been and are being made by the prominent maritime nations of the world to perfect systems at once reliable and simple, a matter of by no means easy accomplishment, as has been found. The problem presents such a variety of difficulties, according as the harbour is wide or narrow, the water deep or shallow, the current rapid, the bottom soft or rocky, much rotten ice in winter, &c., that the mere physical difficulties are startling, to say nothing of the electric ones. When to these are added the unwearied efforts of an active enemy in dragging for wires at night, with all the present appliances for that purpose and the hundreds of others that will undoubtedly be invented, it is hardly possible that fixed mines can ever be relied on to the exclusion of guns and forts, and they will principally be depended upon as a valuable means for keeping the enemy a longer time under the fire of the forts. Guns and electric lights are absolutely neccessary for the proper protection of a system of electric mines, because the latter cannot be planted close enough together in a harbour to prevent boats operating between them. It has been found that the shock

Digitized by Google

of explosion of one torpedo will explode its neighbour, or at least crush its case at a distance far beyond where it would injure a ship, and even mines of moderate dimensions cannot be placed at a distance from each other less than one hundred feet, while the English rule for spacing five-hundred-pound mines is two hundred feet.

In general terms in may be stated that the mines consist of iron cases containing from one hundred to five hundred pounds of gun-cotton or dynamite—gun-cotton being about six times, and dynamite about twelve times, as powerful as gunpowder. Gelatine glycerine will also probably be used when its properties are more fully understood, as it contains, for the same weight, still more nitro-glycerine than dynamite does, and is still a solid—the disadvantage of pure nitro-glycerine being that it is a liquid. These cases are planted either singly or in groups in zigzag lines across a harbor—on the bottom, if the water is shallow, or made buoyant and anchored, if the water is very deep. They are connected with the shore by means of heavily-armoured cable-wires, the cables being united in one near the shore and carried up through a deep covered trench into the commanding fort. By the English method which is the one generally in use, the principal cable at the bottom of the harbour contains seven wires. It terminates in a "junction-box," having eight openings, and from this box seven single wired cables radiate. Each of these single wires has at its extremity a single torpedo or a group of them, to be fired simultaneously; besides these there are a few scattered mines unconnected with any group.

Usually the torpedoes are also electrically connected with small buoys, rising within ten or fifteen feet of the surface, and containing electric "circuit closers." A vessel striking one of these buoys will instantly explode the mine underneath, which can also be discharged at will by an operator on shore. The electrical apparatus must be so devised and mechanically so perfect that the fuse of each individual torpedo can be continually tested, and each will automatically indicate to the operator in the fort, by ringing a bell or otherwise, when it leaks or when itself or its wire is tampered with. All this has been practically accomplished; but the difficulty remains that defects may occur at the last moment when under fire of the enemy, and any accident to the main cables through treachery or otherwise, would render the whole system connected with that particular fort as harmless as a spider's web.

Digitized by Google

It is one of the consequences of modern advancement in the sciences, as applied to warfare on the water, that every increase of destructive power is attended with a corresponding delicacy in some vital part of the destroyer, and electrical fixed mines are no exception to the rule. They are immensely better than automatic fixed mines in the defence of a harbour of any importance, from the fact that by detaching the firing battery they are rendered entirely harmless, and up to the time the enemy actually attempts to pass they form no obstruction to the ordinary business of the port, while at all times before he arrives their condition is constantly known. It may be remarked in this connection that there is still one problem in submarine mining which has not yet been *practically* solved, viz., to so construct a buoyant torpedo or circuit closer buoy that it will *automatically* remain at a constant depth under water. It is obvious that there should never be anything on the surface to mark the position of a mine, and yet where there is a great rise and fall of tide this is now impossible, unless the torpedoes are on the bottom and unprovided with circuit closers. The Bay of Fundy, where the rise of tide is upwards of fifty feet, would be an extreme example. Automatic fixed mines permanently obstruct the harbour as soon as they are planted, for even if a narrow channel is left open they are liable to be drifted into it during strong gales or extraordinary tides. The Confederates lost five vessels from this cause. They are exceedingly dangerous both in planting and in raising—many lives were lost in the latter operation, both in our own and the Franco-Prussian war—and last and worst defect of all, they can never be tested after they are once planted—a matter of the utmost importance, since from the time of their immersion they are continually under an hydrostatic pressure of about half a pound to the foot, according to the depth at which they are submerged—a pressure which continues for ever in unceasing search of any minute defect in shell or fuse. When powder was used, as in our war, a leakage in the shell was fatal, now, however, the effect of moisture is trifling on gun-cotton, and still less with dynamite; but the fuses must always be dry, and it is the continual knowledge of their condition that renders an electrical system so much more to be relied on than an automatic one. A very successful form of automatic fixed mine used by the Confederates was a barrel fitted with a cone of light wood at each end, to make it ride well in a current. This barrel was filled with

Digitized by Google

powder and fitted wfth five sensitive contact fuses on the bilge, and was then anchored by a chain to the bottom, so that the barrel would float a few feet under the surface. Another very formidable species was a combination of obstruction and torpedo like a submarine fence, with iron torpedoes bolted to frames at intervals.

A complete electrical system of mines has not yet been tested in actual warfare, though isolated electrical torpedoes have been successful in three cases—that of the 'Commodore Barney,' seriously injured, and the 'Commodore Jones,' destroyed during our war, and the Turkish gunboat 'Suna,' destroyed during the Turco-Russian War. The 'New Ironsides' was anchored for an hour and a half directly over a five thousand pound electrical mine in the attack on Charleston in 1863; but the Confederates were unable to explode it. As this mine (which was, electrically speaking, a crude affair) had been in the water for a considerable period, it is probable that there was some leakage or defect in the electrical connections which there was no means of discerning, or else that the fuse was destroyed by too much testing; but it is a curious fact that some time afterwards an individual presented himself to our authorities and exhibited a small section of electric cable, which he claimed to have cut from the connections of this identical mine at low water, where it was never discovered.

The fact of electrical mines not have caused greater actual destruction in the latest wars bears significant testimony to the moral value of a means of defence, a knowledge of whose mere possibilities has been sufficient to keep the war vessels of an enemy at a respectable distance from the harbours so protected. During the Franco-Prussian war the French fleet never even attempted to attack the German harbours, one of which is known now to have been only defended by dummy torpedoes, without an ounce of powder in them. In the Turco-Russian war the superiority of the Turkish fleet was completely neutralized by the Russian torpedo defences, which were supposed to be most complete. Odessa was never sighted, and Sebastopol only once, by the Ottoman fleet, and not one torpedo attack was made by them during the war. The principal Russian ports were well defended, and even the numerous bridges across the Danube were protected by triple lines of torpedoes; but the Turks supposed that the whole of the Russian Black Sea coast was similarly defended, and even that the unim-

Digitized by Google

portant harbours were torpedoed for miles at sea. Of course this was not the case, and torpedo experts know that it would be impossible to do it. On the other hand, although the Turks had but a few five-hundred-pound electric mines, and nothing else, in the harbour of Batoum, and a few similar ones at Sulina and at the mouth of the Bosphorous and Dardanelles, they were supposed to have a great many more, and much fewer offensive torpedo attacks were attempted by the Russians than would otherwise have been the case. and they made no use of their ships whatever, except in the much-disputed case of Captain Barouroff.

Of the second class of torpedoes—the movable ones—there are many varieties. The first and most primitive, though by no means the most unimportant, are drifting or current torpedoes. They are simply cans or boxes of explosive material fitted with contact fuses, and are usually made fast to a block of wood so as to hang a few feet below the surface. They are placed in the current of a river, above where an enemy's ships are lying, and allowed to drift down upon them. During our war they destroyed several vessels, and were such a continual source of annoyance as to lead to the adoption of nets suspended from the ends of spars rigged out when the vessels were at anchor, as a protection against them. They have always been a favorite species of "tormentor" with us from the date of the "battle of the kegs," which was occasioned by one of Bushnell's inventions, up to the end of our late war; but neither the Russians nor Turks made any use of them, though it might have been supposed that the Danube would have been an advantageous field for their operation. From their very nature, however, they are not capable of much scientific development, and consequently are less likely to receive attention in time of peace than those species which, being directly under the immediate control of an operator, are more certain of success, although there is, in many cases, greater personal risk of injury from the enemy in handling them.

This consideration brings us immediately to the spar-torpedo, or "bag of powder on the end of a pole," as it is sometimes rather jeeringly termed. It was the spar-torpedo that enabled the gallant Cushing to destroy the 'Albemarle,' the most formidable ironclad in possession of the Confederates; by this means, too, the Confederates destroyed the 'Housatonic,' and the Russians destroyed the Turkish monitor 'Duba Saife.' Cushing had an

Digitized by Google

ordinary steam-launch with a spar, to which was attached a torpedo, carried on the gunwale of the boat. By pulling on one line the spar was rigged out ahead of the boat through a kind of rowlock on the bow, the end with the torpedo dropping into the water as the spar went out; by pulling another line the torpedo was detached from the spar, and, having an air-chamber in it, it rose under the overhanging armour-shelf of the 'Albemarle;' by pulling another line the torpedo was exploded and the 'Albemarle' sunk. Since that date great improvements have been made in the spar-torpedo, and even quite large tugs have been fitted with hollow iron spars from eight to twelve inches in diameter, made to run out by machinery, and carrying a torpedo at their ends, the electric wires of the torpedo passing through the spars to the operator on board. The possibility of constructing a torpedo vessel of any great size capable of indefinitely enduring the shock of discharge of its own torpedoes, on both bow and sides, and at the same time of carrying a heavy gun at sea, has been successfully demonstrated in the U.S.S. 'Alarm,' an iron vessel, one hundred and seventy-two feet long, of three hundred and eleven tons. She is armed with three torpedo spars and a fifteen-inch gun, and is constructed with a double skin. She has five-inch plate on the bows, and is fitted with a "Fowler wheel," a very ingenious apparatus, by which the vessel is both propelled and steered, The handiness and quickness of turning of the vessel is most extraordinary, but the engine is only capable of driving the wheel fast enough to obtain a speed of nine knots, which is entirely inadequate, and changes are now being made both in the engine and means of propulsion. The advisability of using any vessel larger than a launch for spar-torpedo work is extremely doubtful, although the English and Russians are now constructing several of over one hundred feet in length, and capable of going to sea. The larger the vessel the larger the mark for the enemy to shoot at, and since with the increased size there is increased weight, the attacking vessel would probably prove more efficient as a properly-constructed ram on the American principle, armed with a very heavy rifled gun capable of firing flat-headed projectiles at extreme depression. At present all the sea-going vessels of the U. S. navy are fitted with wooden torpedo-spars, shackled to ring-bolts in the ship's side abreast the masts. They are supported by topping-lifts and forward and after-guys, the forward-guy being a wire rope. It is needless to remark that, in

Digitized by Google

addition to the danger of these supports being shot away in action, the shock to the hull and engine of a vessel not specially constructed for this work is apt to be dangerous.

The principal efforts, however, have been directed towards the perfection of launches, and the contrast between the primitive apparatus used by Cushing and the complete appointments of a modern launch constructed by Herreshoff (American), Yarrow, or Thorneycroft (English), or Schibau (Prussian), is very great. The speed is nearly trebled, steam can be raised in one-tenth the time, the noise is much diminished, the spars are worked by machinery, the explosive is quintupled. Mechanical fuses are replaced by electric, and the boat, which was open, is now covered, or nearly so. Still, as a weapon of war, it is but replacing a stick with a sword. You must get within arms-length of your enemy to use it, and the dangers to be encountered are considerably greater now than formerly, and especially is this the case with ordinary ship-launches, which must be used for other purposes as well as for torpedo work, and consequently are not covered. The dangers that are referred to are the easily appreciated one of being shot at on approaching, and the comparatively unappreciated one of the effect on yourself of the explosion of your own torpedo. Most experiments are made with launches when they are still, or only going at a low rate of speed. In the open water, the effect of the explosion of an ordinary torpedo of seventy-five pounds of powder, at eighteen feet horizontally from a boat, and ten feet deep, is quite peculiar; there is a sharp shock as though the boat had been struck on the bottom a double blow with a heavy hammer; a huge hill of water is raised in front, on which the bow of the boat is lifted bodily, and from this position she slides backward so rapidly that not a great deal of water falls into her. The experiment of firing a torpedo with a launch going at full speed, and rushing directly under the column of water, is not known to have been tried. Neither has that of blowing up a vessel when at full speed. The first experiment has been tried in the 'Alarm' with impunity; but she is very large compared with a launch, and her full speed is less than half that of a Yarrow or Herreshoff. It is evident in the case of blowing up a vesssel that nearly all the force of the explosion that does not go through the vessel will go towards the attacking launch, and the quantity of water falling into or on her would be very great, besides being accempanied by the *débris* from

Digitized by Google

the vessel. In the attack on the 'Albemarle,' Cushing's boat was sunk by it, and except himself, the crew were either drowned or captured. The boat which destroyed the 'Housatonic' was a submarine one, but used on the surface on this occasion, and not a soul survived, the boat being found after the war lying opposite the hole her torpedo had made, and containing nine skeletons. The Russians in their attacks on the Turkish vessels experienced like difficulties. In three attacks with spar-torpedoes, one only of which was successful, two of the Russian launches were sunk, though it was never known *certainly* whether it was due to the torpedoes themselves or to the fire of the Turks, and it is not known how many people were drowned.

To avoid this danger various expedients have been devised in different countries whereby the torpedo-spar can be pivoted so as to swing round in the arc of a circle and strike the vessel as the attacking launch steams past. This, of course, would require much greater skill as to judgment of distance, time, &c., while the shock to the boat is worse. In ordinary parlance the theoretical attack of a torpedo-boat is to "rush towards the enemy at a speed of twenty miles an hour; when in close proximity she is to slow down and run out her spars armed with the deadly torpedoes, and then under full headway dart alongside the vessel and destroy her." Now, as a matter of fact, a spar in the water in front of a light boat decreases her speed enormously, which of itself is a very grave matter, and the 'Albemarle,' for instance, was protected by a huge boom of logs lying side by side like a corduroy road, and no torpedo handled in that fashion would *ever* have reached her. Cushing ran bows-on to boom directly in front of the muzzle of a huge Brooke rifle, and *then* ran out his spar *over* the boom and into the water. It was a race as to whether the torpedo or the gun could be fired first, and so far as he could tell they both went off together. At any rate he found himself in the water, and always supposed that the shot from the gun had sunk his boat until she was raised after the war and found to be uninjured.

As regards being shot at, on approaching the enemy, it cannot be denied that in the same manner as heavy guns have finally been constructed superior to any armour afloat, so have torpedo-guns progressed faster than spar-torpedo-boats. In the popular language during the Cuban troubles, "our mosquito fleet of torpedo craft would attack the ironclad dons in swarms." Un-

Digitized by Google

doubtedly we would; but a big fellow that is throwing ounce and pound balls at you at the rate of thirty to one thousand per minute from Gatling, Hotchkiss, and Nordenfeldt guns, is not a comfortable thing to swarm on by the most enthusiastic of bees, and the very busiest of the swarm can only advance a mile in two and a half minutes by the fastest torpedo-boat yet constructed, a Yarrow making 24·5 miles per hour. The true field of operation for the spar-torpedo-boat is in a complete surprise, which cannot always be relied on, although an experiment made for that special purpose by the Germans in Kiel on a very dark night during the Franco-Prussian war, demonstrated that in spite of their utmost vigilance, without resorting to booms, guard-boats, and electric lights, a lead-colored, noiseless torpedo-boat was able to come directly to the gangway of their largest ironclad without being observed. Two attacks by the Prussians, besides those mentioned, were attempted in broad daylight, and in neither case did the boat get near enough to even attempt to use their torpedoes. One of the boats was a very fast, completely-appointed Thorneycroft torpedo-launch; her commanding officer and the next in rank were both severely wounded, and worse than all, the electric wires of the torpedo were cut by a ball, and the boat's only weapon of attack thus rendered useless.

Hitherto attempts to blow up vessels by means of spar-torpedo-boats have been considered at best as forlorn-hopes and reckless adventures on the part of those undertaking them. Undoubtedly we would have no difficulty in future wars in obtaining volunteers among our officers, aided by plenty of reckless men who would offer their services. For both there would be honour and prize-money if successful; but, as I heard an English naval officer remark the other day, "we do not want to depend on reckless men or rely on a weapon that requires their services; we want a weapon that we can *order* men to use, and in the use of which there is at least a reasonable hope of some other fate than self-destruction." It is these considerations that have spurred ingenuity in the direction of radical changes in the means employed for applying the torpedo, and has led to the production of the Harvey, or towing, the Whitehead, or projectile, and the Lay, or controllable systems, all of which have come into notice since our war.

(*To be continued.*)

Digitized by Google

More Military Changes.

By LIEUTENANT-COLONEL W. W. KNOLLYS,

The Army is notoriously conservative; yet there are not a few thoughtful officers, who are of opinion that, in addition to those which have been lately made, some more military changes are necessary. The party of progress, of course, contains men with an infinite diversity of view. A cries out for certain alterations, B is of opinion that some of the latter are indispensable, but that others would be in the highest degree objectionable. Similarly with C and D, and so on *ad infinitum*. Sir Garnet Wolseley while eagerly progressive on the whole, is nevertheless strangely conservative, as regards some suggested innovations, which he maintains, are sure to have a bad effect. We, therefore, fully expect to have every portion of the scheme of reform contained in this article condemned by some, and shall only be to glad if each separate item, at all events provokes discussion and is supported by a few.

We are not presumptuous enough to pretend to produce an entirely new and complete scheme of administration and organisation. We merely set forth reasons for the adoption of a few changes, which would by no means revolutionise our present system.

It has long been our opinion that the organisation of battalions of infantry, regiments of cavalry, and batteries of artillery in our service is faulty, and founded on a false principle, at all events, as regards cavalry and infantry. The sound principle, obviously, is that tactical organisation should be regulated by tactical, not administrative considerations; and that when the two are at variance greater weight should be attached to the former than to the latter. This principle was no doubt originally borne in mind with respect to the infantry; and, till lately, both tactical and administrative considerations prescribed the subdivision of a battalion into eight or ten companies of from 60 to 100 rank and file each; such is no longer the case. Not a company of 100

Digitized by Google

rank and file, but one of double that strength is the sub-unit best adapted to the existing tactical formations Indeed, with only 100 rank and file—sure soon after the commencement of a campaign to diminish largely—the principles of the modern system of tactics can not be properly carried out. A little reflection will show that this assertion is correct. The command of the captain of a company engaged in the fighting line ought to extend over depth, at least as much as over breadth. Indeed, within certain limits, a diminution of the latter in order to provide an addition to the former is desirable. At all events, depth ought not to be quite sacrificed—as it is in our army—to breadth. A single officer cannot, even with the aid of good section commanders, control more than 100 yards of front, if so much. He can, however, easily handle echelons extending in depth to more than twice that distance. That the depth of the captain's command should be great, in a certain sense; viz., that he should have at his disposal a large body of men with whom to successively reinforce the fighting line, ward off a flank attack, or make one himself, scarcely needs demonstration. These men too should be instantly available, and under his direct command; otherwise, valuable time would be sacrificed and a favourable opportunity perhaps lost. At present, the captain can only feed his fighting line from the supports, and if a stronger reinforcement is needed it has to be obtained from another company, through the intervention of a field officer. Now, who so fit as the captain himself to judge when and what reinforcement are needed? What's more objectionable than mixing up two companies? It seems to us that it should be accepted as a cardinal principle that each company should be able to provide all its own reinforcements. But this cannot be, when a company numbers only from forty to fifty files, without unduly narrowing the front. Again the fewer the sub units which are employed in co-operating to attain a simple object, the more likely are they to work harmoniously together. Another strong argument in favour of four strong, instead of eight weak companies, is that it is more easy to find four than eight skilful company commanders. Besides, with companies, which on the peace establishment, are often only able to turn out in time of peace from twelve to sixteen files, it is almost impossible to afford practical tactical training. Even when the eight companies are broken-up, and out of the fragments six companies are formed, the latter

Digitized by Google

seldom consists of more than twenty-four files, frequently less, thus giving the captain no practice in handling a substantial body of men. Indeed, in peace time, with a battalion on the lowest strength, a captain's command is very inferior to his position, and a powerful stimulus to zeal is thus wanting. The organisation which we propose would, in addition to its tactical advantages, secure great economy. There is no reason why the total number of officers and non-commissioned officers should be diminished, but only that there should be fewer captains and colour-sergeants. The State would thus save the difference between the pay and allowances of four captains and four subalterns, as well as the difference between the pay and allowances of four colour and four platoon sergeants. There would be an incidental advantage in this arrangement, in that no captain would, as at present, be ever without a subaltern. We take this opportunity of condemning the practice of shifting subalterns about from company to company, sometimes to give a senior captain the subaltern, whom he would otherwise be without, sometimes to give a senior subaltern the command of a company over the head of the subaltern properly belonging to that company. This constant changing—a subaltern sometimes does duty with half-a-dozen companies in less than a year—is most objectionable. Officers should be kept with their own companies as much as possible, in order that they may take an interest in it, become familiar with the characters of the men and get to be known by them. The word lieutenant signifies one who takes the place of his captain, during the absence of the latter. The origin of the title should not be forgotten. It might be urged that a senior lieutenant's susceptibilities would be wounded by seeing a junior lieutenant in command of, say A company, while he himself was doing subaltern's duty in B company. But, after all, it would be as broad as it is long. Each lieutenant would have, in the long run, an equal tenure of command. If he did not, he could only blame his exceptional ill-luck. Besides, if this argument of blind deference to seniority were carried out to its logical conclusion an old major ought to be transferred to the temporary command of another regiment than his own if the colonel were absent. As to the colour-sergeant, it might be urged that with the present amount of returns and writing of every sort he would be unable to get through his work if the strength of the company were doubled, and that it would be found necessary to

Digitized by Google

appoint a quarter-master sergeant to each company. That argument can be quickly disposed of. Why should there be so many returns, so much clerical work? Every officer knows that half this work is quite unnecessary, and more, that it cannot be kept up on active service without neglecting more immediately pressing and practical duties. The captains under the scheme we suggest, being given substantial commands, ought, as a natural consequence, to be given increased powers, both tactical and administrative. Hence, the majors would be to a great extent superfluous. It would however, be necessary to have a field officer to assist the colonel, and take his place during absence. This officer should be adjutant, as well as second in command, thus following the precedent of the Navy. It may be said, that every officer is not qualified to perform the duties of adjutant. The answer to this objection is very simple The nature of the adjutants duties would be greatly simplified, and their amount much diminished if the captains were permitted to really command their companies. If, therefore, the second in command were not capable of efficiently performing the comparatively simple and routine duties which would devolve upon him, he would be unfit for the command of a regiment. The present system, in our opinion, is not sound. A subaltern often very low down on the list being appointed adjutant, must possess great moral character to counter-balance his want of rank. A subaltern, fit for the post of adjutant is, therefore, difficult to find. Moreover, the adjutantcy is the best possible training for the command of a regiment. As matters stand now, however, from ten to fifteen years often elapse from the time at which an adjutant is promoted out of his office to the date on which he becomes a lieutenant-colonel. But there are so many changes in the course of four or five years, that many of the administrative details, perfectly familiar to him when adjutant, have been altered or become matters of history long before he attains the rank of field officer. If the adjutant were the second in command he would arrive at the head of a regiment with all the requisite knowledge fresh.

There is a general complaint of the paucity of officers and sergeants; yet, two of the former and four of the latter are abstracted for the colours. No one reverences the colours more than the writer of this article, but he is convinced that their day has gone by. They might be retained for ceremonial purposes,

Digitized by Google

but in the field they are not only useless, but actually a grave encumbrance. In addition to the colour party proper, an escort of from a section to a company is absorbed. This is a diminution of fighting strength, for a merely sentimental idea, which no army, especially one so small as ours, can afford. But of what use are the colours with the present order of fighting—absolutely none. They are kept well in the rear so as to be out of danger of capture; and if a rallying point is needed, none could be better than a mounted officer. At all events, as an instalment of progress we might reduce the number of colours from two to one. In foreign armies there is only one standard to every three battalions; in the British army for the same number of battalions there are six standards. Consequently, our risk of losing so precious a trophy, is compared with the risk in a continental army, as six to one. We may here remark that it was always deemed incompatible with the method of fighting practised by rifle regiments to have any colours; but all infantry regiments have the same order of fighting now as rifle corps.

Another reform which we should like to see introduced into the infantry, is the conversion of the pioneers into regimental engineers. At present they are only regimental tradesmen who spend much of their time in helping the quartermaster in his stores. They ought to be thoroughly acquainted with all the practical part of a sapper's duty, and that part is in reality very simple. The sergeant and the corporal should receive a somewhat higher training. This result could be achieved with but little expense. The sergeant should, if possible, go through a course at Chatham. This, if he had previously received a previous regimental training, ought not to occupy more than three months. The corporal and as many privates as could be spared might go through similar training of a shorter duration, say six weeks; and if it were inconvenient to send them to Chatham, they might be attached for the course to the nearest company of the Royal Engineers. A vast amount of instruction could, however, be afforded regimentally, not only to the pioneers, but also to the men generally. There would be no difficulty in finding in each regiment either a staff college officer, or an officer with a natural aptitude for field engineering who could be employed as regimental engineer. If he were not a staff college graduate, he should be sent to Chatham for a three or four months' course before appointment. His pay should be that of an instructor of musketry, and some

Digitized by Google

little advantage in the way of exemption from boards and fatigues might be granted him. The regimental engineers should be under his command, and it should be his duty, not only to instruct them, but also the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men generally. In short, field engineering should be dealt with as is musketry. It is astonishing with how few lectures, and how little practical instruction, a regiment could be trained to perform any field engineering likely to be required from it. The advantages of such a system would be considerable. A regiment ordered to construct field or siege works would be quite independent of the Royal Engineers. It would provide its own engineer officer and men, and the other officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates would be so well trained as to require very little supervision. The saving in Royal Engineers—who might be kept for the more scientific and delicate duties—would be not only appreciable but large. Often also a regiment is detached in a position where the assistance of the Royal Engineers is not available. Were our suggestions adopted the regiment would be quite independent of any external aid if required to intrench. The spade is every day becoming a more important complement to the rifle, so some systematic training in the use of the former is obviously needed.

In all foreign armies the squadron has been adopted in preference to the troop system. A few years ago the Horse Guards resolved on trying the squadron system, but the experiment was never fully tried, there being much prejudice and certain vested interests in the way. It is, therefore, idle to say that the squadron organization failed. The arguments in favour of the squadron system are as follows:—It is undeniable, and, indeed, universally admitted that the tactical and administrative units should be identical, The officers who commands in quarters should also command in the field. With the troop system the squadron leader has under him at all events one troop which is comparatively speaking unacquainted with him, and with which he is equally unacquainted. Often indeed the squadron leader is a stranger to both troops. The existing system is less economical than the squadron organization; for four sergeant-majors would be saved by adopting the latter. If it were objected that with a squadron instead of a troop to look after, the sergeant-major would be overworked, the answer is that it would be easy to diminish the amount of clerical work which now takes up so much of the

Digitized by Google

sergeant-major's time. If that were deemed impossible, the sergeant-major might be given a clerk. It has been stated as an argument against the squadron organization, that our cavalry regiments are, especially in Ireland, constantly broken up into small detachments, and that a troop constitutes a convenient unit for such detachments. This breaking up of both cavalry and infantry regiments into small detachments is objectionable equally from a strategical and a disciplinary and drill point of view. It is notorious that detachments join head quarters in a deteriorated condition. A great deal of additional correspondence and expense is also caused by sending out detachments. There are two excuses put forward for the retention of this system. One is that detachments are needed for police purposes; the other that it is necessary to utilise the large number of existing small barracks, and that if regiments were concentrated expensive building operations would be indispensable. As to the first argument, it is easily confuted. In England the aid of the military is rarely required by the magistrates; when it is there is, generally, ample time to secure the presence of a detachment; by means of railways and telegraphs a few hours is, as a rule, sufficient to bring the military to the spot where their presence is needed. In Ireland sudden riots, too serious to be put down by the police alone, often occur. Still even in Ireland troops can be summoned promptly by telegraph, and transported rapidly by railway. It is also tolerably well known, in most cases, before hand whether it is probable that there will be a riot of any importance, and the police alone, when duly warned, ought to be able to make head against disturbances pending the arrival of the military. If not, the numbers of the police ought to be increased at the expense of the disloyal or unruly district. As to the question of barracks there ought to be no great difficulty in disposing of the small barracks—often very bad, and costing much to keep in repair—on advantageous terms. At all events, there would, taking everything into consideration, be an eventual saving on the present military expenditure. In one particular, indeed, there would be an immediate economy. The major, who now has little to do, might if not employed as adjutant be one of the four squadron commanders, assisted by a captain who would take his place when he was absent or in temporary command of the regiment. Thus it would be only necessary to have five instead of eight captains, and four instead of eight sergeant-majors. Except during the leave season all the captains would

Digitized by Google

be present, for we assume that all officers appointed to the staff would be seconded. As to such detachments as it might still occasionally be necessary to make, it would be as easy to send out a half squadron as a troop. The former would after all be as often commanded by a captain as is the latter under the existing organization, and an experienced capable lieutenant is as fit for the command of a detachment as is a young comparatively unexperienced captain who is often entrusted with that duty.

In the artillery great changes are called for. The number of lieutenant-colonels and colonels is absurdly excessive, and they hinder rather than advance business. In some stations there are as many colonels and lieutenant-colonels as batteries. Then as to the present monstrous size of the so-called regiment. Almost all soldiers save a few ultra-conservative artillery men, are of opinion that the regiment of artillery which is, in fact, an army, should be divided into several portions. There can be no true *camaraderie* or *esprit de corps* in such an unwieldly mass, but only a sort of military trades unionism. In such a form, too, "the regiment" is very difficult to administer. As to what should be the nature of the partition opinions are various. Some advocate three regiments, one consisting of Foot, another of Field, and a third of Horse Artillery. Some suggest that the Foot and mounted branches should be separated. Others, again, are in favour of regiments each composed of a certain number of Foot, Field, and Horse batteries. We are in favour of yet another arrangement, viz., the organization of separate regiments of the three descriptions of artillery, each consisting of from 7 to 9 batteries as might be deemed most advisable, one battery in any case being a depôt battery. In each regiment there should be two lieutentant-colonels or colonels. If it were decided that the number of batteries should be nine, and that only six batteries were needed in the field, then the three other batteries could furnish the men and horses needed to complete the six service batteries to their war strength. For the sake of convenience and efficiency of command, regiments should be as little broken up as possible, and never more than three batteries at the outside should be quartered at out-stations. As a rule officers should on quitting the academy be posted permanently to the branch of the artillery for which they appeared most fitted. In special cases, however. subsequent transfers from one branch to the other might be made; but these transfers should rarely be permitted, save with respect to subalterns. It is almost needless to point out the arguments in favour of such a system. There is

Digitized by Google

as much difference between foot artillery and the mounted branches as between engineers and infantry, and to a less extent the functions of Field and Horse Artillery differ, for Foot Artillery, officers need no skill in regulation, no knowledge of horses. What is required are, mainly, high scientific attainments. These are not so much needed in the mounted branches, while in the Horse Artillery far greater skill in regulation and knowledge of horses are demanded than in field artillery. It is, therefore, evident that the same man will not do equally well in all three branches. Yet at present the contrary assumption seems to prevail. It is true that for the Horse Artillery only good horsemen and smart looking officers are selected; still the appointments go a good deal by favour, and on promotion a Horse Artillery officer is relegated, for a time at all events, to either the Foot or Field Artillery indifferently. This transfer he considers a come down, and consequently feels little zeal for his new branch. Besides a man may be a very good Horse Artillery officer, but be little fitted for the scientific duties of the Foot Artillery. The change we propose would result in each branch being equally highly estimated, and in keeping the square peg in the square holes, the round pegs in the round holes.

As to the battery organization in the Field and Horse Artillery, we suggest that the number of guns should be increased from 6 to 8, and that one subaltern be added. The arguments in favour of this arrangement are (1) economy. (2) There would be a saving in twenty-four guns, of one major, one captain, one battery sergeant-major, and one battery quarter-master sergeant. The tactical unit would be more powerful, and a half-battery would produce considerable effect. (3) The command of a battery would be more in harmony with the rank of major than it is at present. (4) It would be easier to secure the concentrated action of a large mass of artillery. The only plausible argument on the other side is, that eight guns are more than a single officer can command owing to the limited compass of the human voice. A battery of eight guns has, however, not been found unmanageable by a single officer on the continent. Besides, when a battery is in action, it is supervision rather than direct command which is needed. At all events this argument does not strike us as being sufficiently strong to outweigh the undoubted practical advantages of the alteration which we suggest.

Digitized by Google

The Edinburgh Graduates Club.

At the quarterly dinner of this Club, timed so as to coincide with the graduation or capping day of the Edinburgh University on August 2nd, Dr. Glover (the chairman) in proposing the health of the Queen, said:—"This is always a favourite toast with Englishmen. It is especially so with us; for our regards extend not alone to the throne, but to the occupant of the throne. When the historian of our time comes to his work, I think he will have to say that one of the most precious things in the nineteenth century was the character of Queen Victoria. She has supplied a standard of monarchy which is not only beneficial at the present moment, but which cannot fail to be the subject of reference in the future, and any declension from which will be a national misfortune."

The toast was drunk with great enthusiam.

In proposing the health of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and other members of the Royal Family, the chairman said: "The Royal Family was one of the most useful families in the country. The Club was always pleased to remember that it had for its President one of the members of the Royal Family, nor was the Duke of Edinburgh merely a formal president, but one who took an interest in the University, and had by the light of his presence at the Club given it great honour."

This toast also was drank with great enthusiasm.

In proposing the Army and Navy and Auxiliary Forces, Dr. Glover said: "In common with all good Christians, I believe there is a time coming when all these professions will be superseded, as I believe my own will be; but that time is not yet. We are constantly receiving evidence of our dependence on these Services, for the maintainance of our influence and power in the world. This toast is the more entitled to our hearty acceptance as I believe that the work of the Services was never done in a more professional and scientific way than it is now, nor the work of war in a more humane spirit. The progress of science has created a revolution

Digitized by Google

in the conditions of warfare, especially, perhaps, with reference to the Navy; but there is no reason to doubt—occasional disasters such as those of Isandula and Candahar notwithstanding—that the services of the future as in the past will be able to give a good account of themselves. I would beg to couple with the toast the the name of my friend, Colonel Arthur."

The toast was heartily responded to.

In reply Colonel Arthur said:—

"Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, when one happens to find himself in an unexpected position which I do at this moment, and when he happens in addition to be unaccustomed to after-dinner oratory, which is also my case, we not unfrequently find that he prefaces what he has to say by a declaration that he is unaccustomed to public speaking, or, perhaps, by a lengthy apology of some sort, and it sometimes happens that the apology, and what follows, are alike serious inflictions on the patience and good nature of those who are doomed to listen to them. In view of a fact of this sort, it may be satisfactory, indeed it may be a relief to gentlemen present, to learn at the outset, that I intend to spare them the infliction, at least, of an apology. I don't, however, shut my eyes to the fact that this is an age of merciless criticism, that it is a serious thing now-a-days to have to say a few words to any assembly on any subject; and I feel that the gravity of the undertaking is considerably increased when one has for his audience the graduates of a University which has produced many of the most eminent, the ablest, and I may say the most useful men that this or any other country can boast of. When your chairman did me the honour to invite me to be present this evening, I had not the most remote notion that I would find myself in a representative position. However, the fact remains that I am in that position; and such being the case, and as I have always thought that a soldier should be capable of adapting himself to such circumstances as arise, and that he should try under all circumstances to acquit himself, if not brilliantly, at least in such a way as to reflect as little discredit as possible on his profession. I accept—although with some diffidence—the responsibility that position devolves upon me.

"To one who has spent his youth and the best part of his manhood in her Majesty's Service, it cannot fail to be very gratifying to listen to the kind, indeed I might say flattering, terms in which your chairman has been good enough to propose the toast of the

Digitized by Google

Army, or to witness the cordial manner in which that toast has been responded to by an assemblage such as this, and for that kindness and that cordiality, I would, on behalf of the Army, wish to offer you my best thanks.

"It is not my intention to inflict a speech on you; but in connection with the toast I may be permitted to say that it is a good deal the custom latterly to institute comparisons between the pre-Crimean army and the army that has succeeded it, that is, the army of the present day, and in nearly every instance to the disadvantage of the latter. Now, I have some knowledge of both armies. I happen to belong to the old school. I have had some experience of the pre-Crimean army, and I profess a thorough—or at least as thorough a knowledge as most men—of the army that has succeeded it: and to my mind the *personnel* of the two originally is about as nearly alike as any two things well can be. About the pre-Crimean army I believe that there was no second opinion. It is admitted by all who knew it, and were competent of judging, that for its numbers it was an army such as the sun has seldom shone on; but we ought not to forget, gentlemen, that its superior excellence and efficiency were mainly attributable to the fact that it was a matured, indeed I might say a veteran army. That its virtues inherent and acquired were afforded time for development. This, however, cannot be said of the army that recently fought in South Africa. That army was mainly composed of boys verging on manhood. It was, however—some assertions to the contrary notwithstanding—an army of brave, well behaved boys; boys who in the hour of conflict acquitted themselves, not only like men, but like Englishmen; and when I say Englishmen, of course I include Irish and Scotchmen. I don't mean to say that they were all saints, or angels, or that they were all superior to the frailties of humanity. In view of their numbers I am quite prepared to concede that they may have had among them some who were capable of robbing a hen-roost, of forcing a wine cellar, or even of stealing a church clock, although it has never been established to the satisfaction of some people that they have been guilty of any one of these offences. On this subject Sir Garnet Wolseley, Lord Chelmsford, General Newdigate, and others have been very plain spoken; still we must admit that if they had not among them some men who were capable of doing such things they would be more than human. But I would ask you, gentlemen, do you think it possible to get twenty-five thousand nem

Digitized by Google

together, however carefully selected, without finding among them some who were, to say the least of it, not everything that could be desired. You might take all the learned professions, select from them twenty-five thousand men, and subject them to the hardships, the privations, and the temptations to which the army recently employed in South Africa has been subjected, and I for one would not be prepared to guarantee that you would not find some bad ones among them. There are some, and those not the worst judges, who never concurred in the justice or sound policy of the attacks so persistently made on the army that recently fought in South Africa, and on its chivalrous and kind hearted commander—I mean Lord Chelmsford. For some years in India I had the honour of serving under Lord Chelmsford on the staff of the Adjutant-General's Department. During that time my duties extended over a vast tract of country; they extended from the Himilayas to the Madras frontier. In my wanderings I was brought a good deal in contact with officers of all shades of opinion belonging both to the British and Indian armies, some of whom were no bad judges of character or of military efficiency, and on whatever other points they might have differences of opinion, there was one point on which they were unanimous, and that was, that Lord Chelmsford—the then Adjutant-General of the army in India—was not only the acme of kindness and courtesy to all with whom he came into contact, either in his official or private capacity, but that he was also an officer of rare ability and industry; an officer who never spared himself when the interest of either the state or an individual was concerned, just such a man as all who knew him would select for an emergency. But it is unnecessary to tell the gentlemen seated at this table that the South African war as it receded from the more settled districts developed difficulties of no ordinary character: that the Zulu portion of it especially developed hard realities which the best informed were entirely unprepared for. From the very outset the Zulus not only confronted in us overwhelming numbers at every point, but they exhibited a spirit of enterprise, powers of combination, an indomitable courage, and a persistency of purpose such as we had never experienced in our contests with other savage tribes. Notwithstanding all this, however, and notwithstanding the surprises of Isandula and the Intombi, it soon became apparent to those who carefully followed the course of events, that Lord Chelmsford was —slowly it may be, but—steadily drawing such a cordon round

Digitized by Google

the centre of Zulu power as must soon crush the life out of it, and at the battle of Ulundi their anticipations were realized.

"There is another subject not irrevelant to the toast on which I would, in conclusion, like to say a few words, and that is that now-a-days we hear much more than we used to do of good and bad regiments, of the superior personnel of some regiments, and and the inferior *personnel* of others; but I may say that there are some, of whom I am one, who have no faith in such distinctions, who look on them as a dishonest excuse for incapacity. Where you find a regiment exceptionally efficient and exceptionally well behaved, and the two things go together, you may rest well assured that it is so simply because it is exceptionally well commanded, and where you find a regiment exceptionally ineffieient and exceptionally badly behaved, and here, too, the two things also go together, you may rest equally well assured that it is because it is badly commanded. In this view I reflect the opinions, not only of the best officers of my acquaintance, but I think the opinions of the best officers of the Army. A short time since I read in *Colburn's United Service Magazine* that an officer is reported to have stated to Lord Shaftesbury that in his regiment the state of things was so bad that he had to employ one half of his men to look after the other half. I have had a very large experience of regiments in my time at home and abroad, and this officer's experience is so much out of character with mine, and with the experience of some of the best officers of my acquaintance, that I would rather not say what I think about it. If such a state of things ever did exist in any regiment, which I much doubt, I feel assured that the commanding officer must have had a very active part in producing it. My own experience goes to show that recruits who join regiments are not a special creation; that the majority are youngsters of unformed character, who, as a rule, turn out whatever officers possessing kindly dispositions, ordinary tact and industry, and ordinary professional ability choose to make them. It may not, however, be out of place to mention that the best efforts of a good captain may be neutralized by the genius for evil of a bad commanding officer. It has for long been my impression, that if we had no bad commanding officers, we would have but few bad soldiers. With these remarks, Mr. Chairman and gentleman, I would again wish to thank you for the manner in which the toast of the Army has been proposed and responded to, and for the honour you have done me in associating my name with it."

Digitized by Google

Field-Marshal, the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

BY CAPTAIN SALUSBURY.

CHAPTER VIII.

A Letter from Conway to Walpole: Allusion for the first time in these letters to the family seat Ragley: The capture of the 'Hazard' Sloop by the 'Sheerness'—Conway appointed to the 48th Regiment of Foot in succession to Francis Ligonier—The Troops March to Nairn without meeting with any opposition—The intentions of the Scotch frustrated—The Battle of Culloden: Arrangement of the Highland Forces: Their want of discipline: The Duke's Army approach the Scotch position: Formations of the English lines—The fight commences—The English Artillery used with great effect—The Highlanders charge with the Claymore—The MacDonalds hold aloof—Rout of the Prince's Right and Centre—General Hawley and the Argyleshire Militia—Utter defeat of the Scotch Army—A curious incident; strange meeting of father and son—Losses sustained by the opposing Forces—Conway writes a description of the battle to Walpole—Culloden fight likely to live when the little wars in Ashantee and other lands are certain to be forgotten.

"Aberdeen, April 5th (or 6th), 1746.

"Dear Horry,—I do not know what you mean by glory and triumph. I am conscious of no title to anything of the kind, not even as they are often bestowed without being acquired, and I assure you I have less taste for them since I have been sent here to hunt after them, where we have little chance to find them, and where, I must own between friends, I doubt the fairest sprig of laurel would hardly have tempted me to come, upon condition of remaining in this exile so long as I have done, and, much less, so long as I am afraid I am condemned to stay. I hear now of another regiment vacant, yet my fate in regard to that still remains in suspense. I do not know whether my friends, and even I myself, (for which I have had some reason too,) have not been too sanguine in our expectations. You know I have a sort of jumble of hopes and fears on that head, which are all at their full height at present, and so will continue until the affair is decided; and I

Digitized by Google

must own, neither my love of money, nor desire of being recorded by the Parson of Ragley,* nor hardly by yourself, have weight enough to overbalance my desire of seeing and living a little with my friends. Pray, since when have you set yourself the task of becoming our historiographer? I am mighty glad to hear it, because in less able or in less partial hands I could not hope to make any figure at all. As to my picture at Echardt's (and which I suppose is now to be copied, *en taille douce*, for my frontispiece,) I can say now what I never could before, that I wish ten times more than you can, to sit again and have it finished. However, for the print it may do very well as it is, the *armour* being much more to the purpose than the *face* of the hero, and it being a pretty indifferent thing to posterity whether my eyebrow is more or less arched, the hollow over my eye more or less conspicuous, and *à propos* to posterity, &c. To talk in the style of my own country, if I find that I am to live here long, I assure you I shall die very soon; so you may be preparing your history for the press. Besides, I should be curious to see it before I die, and should be glad to know what shape it is to appear in, whether memoirs, containing the adventures of my private life, or a grand history of my public one only, or whether military, civil, or both; because, on all these heads I could give you many useful hints,† being acquainted with sundry curious particulars of my own story, that nobody in the world knows but myself, nor ever would, but for the fair opportunity you promise me of seeing them make a figure in the world. And, indeed, I believe the principal part of my achievements are of this kind, so that it is absolutely necessary I should be consulted, especially as the 'Gazettes' will furnish you but very sparingly; so great is the negligence and inattention of those people. As to a certain lady,‡ (whose connection with my history I do not insist upon your inserting, unless you have a mind to do it for the instruction of your children, by an episode, as 'The Island of Calypso' for instance, or rather, I should say, 'The Story of Antiope,') as to her, I do not know how it will

* This is the first time we have found any mention made by Conway of the beautiful spot where the Warwickshire seat of the present Lord Hertford, and of past members of the family, is situate.

† I wish the Marshal had lived long enough to give me some of the *hints* mentioned.—P.H.B.S.

‡ In accordance with the gallant Colonel's desire to the historian, we abstain from giving the lady's name. Fact is, we don't know it for certain.

Digitized by Google

sound if you mention it in my history, but nothing was ever greater than my tranquillity on hearing what you tell me confirmed, and as I really wish her well, I should be glad she is married, but I think I have seen better prospects of harmony and happiness. Adieu! dear Horry. We march to-morrow, that is something; but as it is yet a long way to John O'Groat's house, I do not know when we shall turn our faces to London; so continue to pity me as much as you please, and I know, of course, you will try to comfort me. Yours. Ned (Cornwallis) is here. Pray tell Mrs. Townshend I am vastly glad to hear of her recovery, and advise her against that quantity of screaming relations for fear of a relapse.

"P.S.—Since I wrote, the 'Sheerness' has come in with the 'Hazard' sloop, formerly in our service, and now a privateer in the French. He chased her a vast while, and at last drove her on the northern shore, after a sort of running fight of three or four hours. The crew and troops aboard all landed—in all, near two hundred, with four or five-and-twenty officers, French and Spanish—but meeting about seventy of Lord Loudoun's Regiment, under the Captains Sir Harry Monro and Maury, with twenty Militia, they were attacked by them, and after losing six, I think, killed, the rest were taken, and are now brought here by the 'Sheerness.' They had at least £8,000 in specie with them, which they had landed, and was taken by Lord Loudoun's men, who were so vastly rich by it they did not know what to do with it, but they made a division, and sent £500 as a present to the captain of the 'Sheerness,' and gave some more to some that were with them; but on arriving here they offered to lend it to the Duke for the use of the army, who has accepted it. It was by the oddest accident in the world that all this happened, for this party were some of Major Mackenzie's, who surrendered himself at Dornoch on the rebels passing over the Firth, but having then made their escape, they tried to join Lord Loudoun, who was marched for the Isle of Skye, but found themselves intercepted, and were saving themselves by marching northward when they met with these people; so that by the same accident they got so much money and honour, and secured themselves by going aboard the man-of-war. Besides this, the 'Sheerness' took another small armed vessel with military stores at the Orkneys, in her way round. This capture will distress the rebels greatly, as they are in prodigious want of money. We have, at last, accounts that they have

Digitized by Google

raised the siege of Blair upon the approach of the Hessians, and that many of the Athol men have left them thereupon. I hear of no damage done on either side at this siege, but one man, I think, killed; for the rebels kept at due distance, only firing their cannon against the walls, which are immensely thick. I write this on Monday, our march being deferred to-day, but to-morrow I fancy we shall move."

In connection with the last letter is a very curious circumstance. Conway for a long time had been pining for a regiment, and, as we have seen, had done all in his power to purchase one; at the commencement of the letter he alludes to the fact of a regiment being vacant, and expresses doubt as to his obtaining it. Oddly enough, on the very day when he wrote this letter, even when he was, so to speak, hoping against hope, he was gazetted to the command of the 48th Regiment of Foot, now known as "The Northamptonshire," succeeding Francis Ligonier, transferred to the 13th Light Dragoons. There is not in the list of Colonels of the gallant 48th a name more famous as that of a great soldier than Henry Seymour Conway, and it is one the "Northamptonshire" have every reason to be proud of in connection with their history.

Of the picture of himself that Conway refers to, we believe we have an engraving. Touching the subject of Conway's obtaining a regiment, and that of the 'Hazard' sloop incident, Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann, on the 15th of April:—

"The famous 'Hazard' sloop is taken, with 200 men and officers and about £8,000 in money, from France. In the midst of such good news from thence, Mr. Conway has got a regiment, for which, I am sure, you will take part in my joy."

We may be certain that Conway's friends in the army in Scotland were as pleased as Horace Walpole with the news of the Colonelcy of the 48th being conferred upon him, none more pleased, perhaps, than the Duke of Cumberland, who doubtless was the principal agent in obtaining the grant of the anxiously expected and well deserved honour.

Early in April the Duke, having crossed the Spey without opposition, marched to Nairn. It is said that the 3,000 Highlanders who were on the northern bank of the Spey, which is one of the deepest and most rapid rivers in Scotland, allowed the Royal Army to effect the passage unopposed because they were so sanguine of victory as to wish as many as possible of the troops to

Digitized by Google

come over, so that they might have the more to destroy afterwards. But I think there must be a little gilt taken off that theory, it being propounded by a most ardent Highlander. I am inclined to think that the real reason why the crossing was not disputed is that the Highlanders were so divided in opinion as to what should be done on this as on other occasions, that they allowed the golden opportunity for action to pass by without at once seizing it. At Nairn, information was brought to the Duke of Cumberland that the Highland Army was only some eight or nine miles distant, having advanced from Inverness to Culloden, where they would offer the English battle. It appears that the Highlanders, in accordance with the Prince's plans, actually left Culloden with the intention of surrounding and falling upon the King's troops at daybreak, hoping to take them by surprise, but the plan was so badly executed that it was abandoned shortly after the march was commenced, and the Scotch returned to Culloden. At daybreak, at about the hour the Scots had intended to *attack him*, Cumberland put his troops in motion and marched to *attack them*. On the moor, near Culloden House, the Duke found the Scottish forces drawn up in battle array, anxious and ready, as they thought, "to give him another Fontenoy." The Highlanders were drawn up in two lines. On their right were 40 of the chief gentlemen on foot, next were 500 Athole men, then in the following order, 150 MacLaughlans, 600 Camerons of Lochiel, 200 Steuarts of Appin 300 Steuarts of Gardentilly, 500 Frasers of Lovat, 400 MacIntoshes, 150 Chisholms, 330 Farquharsons, 300 Gordons of Glenbucket, 300 MacKinnons, 300 MacLeods of Rasy, 100 MacLeans, 250 MacDonalds of Clan Ronald, 300 MacDonalds of Keppock, 400 MacDonalds (or Donnels) of Glengarry, making a total of nearly 5,000 men.

As an instance of the undisciplined condition of the Highlanders may be mentioned the fact of the MacDonalds in the course of the day refusing to fight because they had not been stationed on the right of the line, a position they laid claim to as having been granted to them in perpetuity by Robert Bruce, as a reward for their valour at the Battle of Bannockburn. On the right of the second line were two battalions of Lord Lewis Gordon's Regiment, numbering a thousand men, which were supported by two battalions of a like strength under Lord Ogilvie. Continuing this line was Lord John Drummond's Regiment (some five hundred men

Digitized by Google

commanded by Lord Lewis Drummond,) and Lord Kilmarnock's and Colonel Creighton's followers. The artillery was a very slender force—four pieces of cannon posted in front of the centre of the first line and the extreme flanks. The Scottish left pointed in the direction of the sea-shore. On the sea was the fleet commanded by Admiral Byng, whose sailors must have witnessed the fight with strange emotion and great interest. Lord John Drummond was in command in the front position, Lord George Murray commanded the right wing, the Duke of Perth the left wing, and General Stapleton supervised the second line. Prince Charles, in tartan trews and long boots, costumed after the Scotch fashion, with the Riband and the Star of the Thistle on his breast, was on horseback. His standard was borne by Captain James Stewart, of Tulloch, an officer of the Athol Brigade, whose widow lived up to so recent a period as 1822. With bayonets fixed, drums beating, colours uncased, the Duke's troops approached the Highlanders. As they neared the enemy's position the English regiments deployed into line. Lord Albemarle, a Fontenoy hero, commanded the front line of the infantry, and in his charge were the 1st (Royal Scots), 4th (King's Own), 14th (Buckinghamshire), 21st (Scots Fusiliers), 34th (Cumberland), and 37th (North Hampshire) Regiments of the Line. Ten pieces of cannon filled up the spaces between the battalions. Colonel Lord Aucram with the 11th Dragoons (Prince Albert's Own Hussars) held the left flank, and Major-General Bland with the 10th Dragoons (The Prince of Wales' Own Hussars) protected the right. Major-General Huske in command of the 8th (King's), 20th (East Devonshire), 25th (King's Own Borderers), and the 48th Regiments of Foot formed the second line. The third line was under the leadership of Brigadier Mordaunt, and consisted of Bateran's Foot (disbanded in 1749), the 3rd (Buffs) and the 13th (1st Somersetshire, Prince Albert's Own Light Infantry) Regiments of Infantry. The Argyleshire Militia Regiment, under John Campbell, of Mamore, afterwards Duke of Argyle, was also among the Duke of Cumberland's forces, and bore a very prominent and distinguished part in the battle. Now for the fight itself.

The Duke despatched Lord Bury to find out what a certain dark object might be that was somewhat like a battery in appearance. The brave young aide-de-camp rode forward to within a hundred yards of the Scotch lines, and then he speedily learned the nature

Digitized by Google

of the object he was sent to reconnoitre. It *was* a battery, and from it the enemy opened fire, the commencement of the Battle of Culloden. In response to the Scotch challenge, Colonel William Belford (the same officer who four years later organized the Royal Artillery Regiment) directed his gunners to open with grape-shot, and the English artillery fire caused great damage in the Scottish ranks. The battle lasted but a short time, and our account of it will therefore be brief. After enduring impatiently the searching fire of the English cannon, Lord George Murray begged the Prince to allow his men to charge with the claymore. Permission was granted, and immediately the Highland line advanced. Shouting angry war-cries as they ran forward, the maddened mountaineers rushed impetuously through the storm of bullets and heavy shot that was poured upon them, and with a strong fierce charge they burst into and almost succeeded in passing through the ranks of the 37th and 4th Regiments. By this charge Lord Robert Kerr, second son of the Marquess of Lothian, ten officers, and two hundred and seven men of the two Regiments were cut down, and two guns remained for the moment in the hands of the hardy Highlanders. But the 25th and the old 48th met the Scots with a terrible fire, that sent them back in utter confusion, and that caused the death of Lord Strathallan, Colonel MacLachlan, MacLeod of Drimnin, and of many another Scot of high and low degree. To make matters worse for the Prince's soldiers, the 8th Regiment now wheeled into position, so as to pour a flanking fire into the already staggered Scots. A gallant old man, Heppoch, tried to stimulate the MacDonalds to action by force of his example, but even his death did not stir their spirits. The right and centre of the Prince's Army being broken and routed, but the second line remaining intact, General Hawley, with the Argyleshire Militia at his back and some of his cavalry, determined to effect the defeat of the second line of the enemy. The bold and ready Militiamen set to work and pulled down the park wall that covered the right flank of the Highland Army, and then opening a brisk fire, compelled the remnants of the Prince's soldiery to break into retreat, which was hastened by the advance of the 10th Dragoons under Lord Aucram. The Highlanders fled, driven off the field at a faster and a faster pace as the bullets came pattering into them from the muskets of the Argyleshire Militiamen. Some 10th Dragoons captured Lord Kilmarnock, whose son, Lord Boyd, was

Digitized by Google

a Captain in the 4th Regiment (English). The son saw his father dragged past him, weary, wounded, faint, and bare-headed, and leaving the ranks of his Corps he took his father prisoner by his own hand, as the best means of helping him. A short time after, the head of the old Scotch Peer fell to the axe on the scaffold at Tower Hill. All the cannon and baggage of Prince Charles' Army, and some 2,000 muskets, 190 claymores, 37 barrels of powder, and 14 stand of colours were captured by the Duke of Cumberland's troops. How many of the enemy were placed *hors de combat* has never been ascertained, but the English lost about 310 killed and wounded. Conway, who must have had a busy time of it during the fight, and who doubtless figures in a curious old print (published in the year of the battle) which shows the Duke of Cumberland and his four aides-de-camp looking very happy and gay, each one with his back turned to the enemy, who are depicted at the moment of rout, and not one of them mounted on a very excellent piece of horse-flesh. Conway could not allow much time to pass without writing to his chief friend. The letter we now proceed to lay before our readers.

"Inverness, April 18th, 1746.

"Dear Horry,—You accuse me of not telling you news: I am going to make up my omissions by such news as I hope will content you. We have beat the rebels—beat them in a set battle, and, I assure you, *de la bonne manière,* losing very few of our own and destroying a good number of those vermin. You have heard how they ran away from us at the Spey, they did the same at Nairn, the place we encamped at before our last march; we were almost out of breath with running after them, and had lost all hopes of meeting with them. The truth was, their people were not come in, the young Pretender still lay at this place waiting for the junction of the clans, who were dispersed all over the country. At Nairn we halted one day to refresh our troops, as well as to inform ourselves of the posture and countenance of those gentlemen, and heard that they were assembled, had marched out of this place, and drawn themselves up in order of battle on a moor on our side of Inverness, expecting we should march that day; from all which it was pretty clear they intended to give us battle. The night before we marched they sent a strong detachment to surprise our camp, who marched back without attempting anything. On the 16th we marched, and found, by deserters and other intelli-

Digitized by Google

gence on the march, that they were posted on a great moor near Lord President's house, called Culloden House, and on our left as we marched to Inverness. This moor lies in a high mountainous country, and we imagined their design was to come down and attack our flank on the march, whereupon we bore up upon the hills to the left, and our advanced guard soon discovering them drawn up in order of battle, our march was ordered so as to come just upon their front, which was so well executed that we came up exactly over against them, in the best order imaginable. They began the cannonading, but were so well answered by our artillery, which was divided between the intervals of the front line, that in about ten minutes we saw that their centre began to be in some confusion. At the same time we perceived that the Highlanders, who were drawn up very deep on each flank, began to move forward in columns to attack us, and on our left they actually made some impression on Barrel's Regiment,* attacking them sword in hand, and mixing with them. But that Regiment, as well as Monro's,† plying them well with their bayonets, and the second line keeping its order and advancing to sustain them, they were soon repulsed with great loss. At the same time a party of the Campbells with our cavalry on the left coming up almost unperceived upon their flank, put their right in entire confusion, and made vast slaughter. On our right, perceiving that the clans were coming down in columns, the Duke ordered Pulteney's Regiment‡ and Kingston's Horse up from the reserve to strengthen that flank; whereupon, seeing that we rather outflanked them, and that our men kept up their fire, they never ventured to come amongst us, but sheered off, and soon joined in the *déroute* that was begun on the left and in the centre, and which now became quite general. From this time it was nothing but pursuit. They left all their cannon, and our cavalry did their duty very well in the pursuit, sparing very few that came in their reach. I believe they have lost between two and three thousand men, of which the major part are left on the field. All the French picquets surrendered prisoners, and some of the Horse are come in since. Lord Kilmarnock and Lord Lewis Drummond, with some more of their chiefs, are taken, and, I believe, a good many killed. Brigadier Stapleton is wounded and taken. On our side the loss is very inconsiderable, not amounting to above two hundred killed and wounded, amongst whom are very

* The 4th Foot. † The 37th Foot. ‡ The 13th Foot.

Digitized by Google

few officers, and nobody of distinction but Lord Robert Kerr killed and Colonel Rich wounded. Bury* will be with you perhaps before this reaches you, and tell you all these things much better than I can. Adieu! dear Horry. In vast haste. Yours ever, H. C.

"Ned (Cornwallis) and all friends are well."

So ends Conway's description of the fight on Culloden Moor. It was for many reasons a famous battle, and the remembrance of it will be warm and present when the campaigns in Ashantee, Afghanistan, Zululand, and our little wars in other parts of the world will have ceased to be mentioned among men. Conway was now in his twenty-sixth year, and young though he was, he had not spent an easy time as a soldier, but, on the contrary, had borne an active and honourable part in more than one famous and arduous campaign, and had gained a fair reputation for himself on the military stage—the battle-field. Still more fighting and further opportunity of winning distinction were to fall to his lot in the future, as we shall see as we advance in the story of his life.

* Lord Bury was despatched with the news of the victory the evening of the day of battle, and arrived in London on April 23rd. He was very well received by the King.

Digitized by Google

Military Anomalies.

"My goodness gracious me, Mr. Adjutant, look at that man!" "At what man, Sir?" "Why at that man blowing his nose in the ranks, and with a pocket handkerchief too!" "But the battalion is standing at ease, Sir." "That does not matter, Sir; let the unsoldierlike practice be at once discontinued, and for all futurity."

Such is the reported conversation between an irascible and would-be intensely martinetish colonel of Volunteers and his experienced soldierly adjutant on the occasion of an Easter Monday field-day on Sussex Downs. It may be within the recollection of our readers that this little episode in our military annals was dealt with becomingly by a comic journal at the time of its occurrence. One wonders why some of the numerous comic journals of the present day have not dealt with the equally important episode to which attention was drawn a short time since by a weekly professional contemporary, a writer in which tells us —we will quote his own words—"Goethe says, 'he conquers grief who can display a firm resolution.' His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge has done this. A War Office Memorandum has been published to the Portsmouth garrison stating that the attention of the Commander-in-Chief had been called to the fact that non-commissioned officers and privates had been in the habit of wearing crape on their arms at funerals; this practice is to be immediately discontinued. It would appear now that it is a violation of discipline, or some breach of military propriety, for a soldier to display outward tokens of grief. Crape is not to be allowed in a soldier's kit any more than a pocket handkerchief. He must neither show his grief or blow his nose in public."

Since these remarks were printed, we have learned from other quarters that the order alluded to has been most unpalatable to the Army generally; that whilst it lacks the element of practical utility, it has proved a fertile source of discontent and annoyance

Digitized by Google

especially in regiments where the practice has prevailed from time immemorial; regiments in which it has been the custom to show a dead comrade, however humble, not only the ordinary but the utmost respect sanctioned by custom, if the means at their disposal admitted of it. It is a good deal the custom, and we fear with some reason, to blame the clerks for many of the anomalies that now-a-days emanate from military departments, but from what we can learn, we fear that a member of the military staff, and he alone, is responsible for the military anomaly here alluded to. There are those, and those too who ought to be accepted as professional authorities, who regret these mischievous meddlings in the internal economy of regiments. An impression exists that the official in question would have more profitably employed his time in trying to originate something calculated to add to the efficiency of the Service, but these greatnesses at trifles not only invite attention to the fact that their authors never originate any measure of practical utility, but that their attempts in that direction have proved but imperfect and ill-disguised reflexes of the inventions of others, and some of those *others*, in many cases, not professional men. In view of this fact, and a fact we fear it is, their vexatious meddling with non-essentials is all the more to be deprecated. Trifles such as that alluded to by our contemporary ought, we submit, to be left to the discretion of individual commanding officers, and to regimental custom. The wearing of a piece of crape on the left arm at the funeral of a deceased comrade, cannot affect the discipline or efficiency of a regiment in any way, whilst a vexatious order abrogating a time-honoured custom of this sort may seriously affect both. Ill-advised exercise of authority cannot fail to be humiliating and annoying to those affected by it; humiliating inasmuch as it is calculated to imbue them with the notion that some of their superiors not only grudge them the slightest semblance of ordinary respectability, but are, to say the least of it, willing to lower them to "lower depths still" in the social scale; and annoying inasmuch as the soldier is the only subject of our Gracious Sovereign who for the future will be precluded from exhibiting the usual outward emblems of sorrow at the graveside of a departed comrade or relative.

It is well known to some, if not to most of our readers, that it has been the all but invariable custom, not only to permit non-

Digitized by Google

commissioned officers and men who chose to do so to wear crape at funerals, but that it is the practice in nearly all well governed regiments to provide them from regimental funds with these emblems of sorrow; and not only this, but that on the occasion of the death of an old respected non-commissioned officer or soldier, many, if not most, regimental commanding officers have *insisted* on all those attending the funeral wearing crape as a mark of their respect for the deceased. We can fancy, however, that this is not known to all who sometimes find themselves in the exercise of important functions, and this we feel is much to be regretted. We feel that it is useless for commanding officers to try to elevate the character of non-commissioned officers and men, and to imbue them with notions of self-respect, if they are to be checkmated and their efforts neutralised by external vexatious meddling in non-essentials.

Digitized by Google

Our Blunders in Afghanistan.

By M. Laing Meason.

To comment upon the conduct of General Burrowes, or the troops he commanded, when they met with the defeat which has caused such consternation throughout England, would be alike unfair, and contrary to the rules observed on all such important occasions. As yet we have, so to speak, only heard evidence on one side of the affair. We have learnt with dismay that a British brigade has been utterly defeated, and made to fly by an Afghan force; but we have not yet been told the particulars as to what brought this disgrace upon our arms. For these reasons alone, were there no others, silence upon the painful topic, is the only rule we can observe. General Burrowes may be less, or he may be more to be blamed than at first appears. It is possible that he is deserving of all the pity his countrymen can show him; and it may be that he has proved himself a disgrace to his nation and to the uniform he wears. These, however, are all matters for future consideration, and for future comment. But it is quite within the province of us all to comment upon what has, directly or indirectly, caused the defeat of what the whole of Europe is now speaking. The question now before the public is not as to whether the General and his troops behaved well or otherwise; but whether those in authority near him did the best they could to insure a victory over Ayoub Khan when the latter was marching towards Kandahar. And here we may draw attention to a fact which becomes daily more palpable and evident, and to which, notwithstanding the silence that it seems to be tacitly agreed upon to observe on the subject, forces itself more and more on public attention. I allude to the evident and most palpable fact, that the hand of Russia is behind all our troubles in the countries beyond the North-West Frontier of India; and that the Afghans are now, as they have been all along, only the tools of the most unscrupulous government that modern times has ever seen. Perhaps the most astounding circumstance connected with this

Digitized by Google

subject is the determination with which Englishmen shut their eyes to facts which crop up almost daily. Newspapers of all shades of politics amongst us, appear to ignore the real cause of the Afghan war, with an unanimity which is truly wonderful. As a proof of this, the present writer may mention a fact which was lately brought to his knowledge. Some six weeks or two months ago, an officer at Kandahar, wrote to a friend in England to the following effect; he said, what was perfectly true, that having been for several years employed on the Afghan frontier, he had made the Pashter language his study; and that he spoke it well. That very few other officers in Kandahar could do so; and that consequently he had opportunities of finding out the opinion of the natives, which was denied to most of his comrades. Amongst other facts connected with the war, he related that it was the decided opinion of all the people of the country, to whom he had spoken, without a single exception, that the army under Ayoub Khan, which was marching towards the Helmund, had with it several Russian officers, who were the guiding spirits of the force. The gentleman to whom this letter was sent in England, extracted the most important parts of it; and forwarded it to four or five of the leading dailies in London, taking particular care to draw attention to the fact that the Russian officers were said by the Afghans to be chief movers in the forces employed against us. It will hardly be believed that not a single journal took the slightest notice of the communication. A few weeks pass, and not only do we see the fact of Russian officers being present with Ayoub Khan's army admitted by the press, but we find it stated by one of the most intelligent of our newspaper correspondents, that the latter chief, and Abdul Rahman, the Ameer to whom we have made over the government of Afghanistan, are both mere instruments in the hands of Russia; that in selecting the last named for the throne of Cabul, we have simply been playing the game most acceptable at St. Petersburg; and have been fighting our battles, and expending many millions of money, for the Czar and his government. The correspondent, whose letter we note, does not say this in as many words; but if the English language has any meaning, it is what we are obliged to infer from his telegram.*

Judging from the great mass of letters from Afghanistan which

* See Telegram from St. Petersburgh, in "Standard," 17th August.

Digitized by Google

have been published in the papers during the last three or four months, it seems astonishing that more was not long ago known at Kandahar of the enemy's force which was then on the Helmund. That its strength was enormously under-rated in the British camp, seems evident, from the fact of General Burrowes being sent to attack it with a comparatively weak brigade, which appears to have been but too well calculated as to quality and numbers to insure defeat. Here again, we come upon evidence, which in India and England, the authorities seemed determined to shut their eyes to, namely, who and what was the moving spirit of the war against us. We are told that Ayoub Khan had disciplined regiments in his army. May we ask by whom, and with what intent, these troops were trained? Regular soldiers are not grown by the way-side; nor have we ever heard of the Afghans having, what in the ordinary acceptance of the words, can be called a "regular army." The experiences of our officers, one and all, who have been engaged beyond our North-West Frontier, from the days of Lord Keane until now, is that the Afghan forces consist invariably of an utterly undisciplined rabble—brave, reckless, fanatic, and daring; but with no more pretensions to order or discipline, than any other armed and war-like nation of savages. If—as now seems certain—Ayoub Khan had any disciplined regular regiments under his command, it is not difficult to say by whom these men were trained; and with what object and intention they were transformed into disciplined troops. Drill sergeants and adjutants do not drop down from heaven; nor is musket practice learnt by intuition. Armstrong guns don't grow on the rocks of Afghanistan; neither are even such tactics as Ayoub Khan's troops showed themselves up to, learnt without teachers. And yet we hear, and read of men who, whatever they ought to be, are not, as yet, inmates of Earlswood, who laugh at those that see the hand of Russia in all that has happened beyond the Passes during the last two years. Much more sensible, and to the purpose, were the words of an Afghan horse dealer to the present writer, at Lahore, in 1876. The man had just come from the Turkoman country, and had seen a great deal of the Russians and Russian agents in Central Asia. "You may rely upon it Sahib," he said, "that ten years hence, if you have not crushed the Russian influence in Afghanistan, they will rule that

Digitized by Google

country, preparing themselves to move upon India, when the proper time comes."

With the future, however, we have nothing to do; our care ought to be to prevent at the present time the loss, of our prestige in India. It is impossible to read an account of what preceded General Burrowes' move, without blaming, and doing so in the most energetic language that can be employed, the Indian authorities for not having maintained a very much stronger force than they did at Kandahar; and for not being better informed as to the numbers and composition of Ayoub Khan's forces. To blame General Burrowes for being beaten by an army of at least ten times as many men as he had under him, would be most unjust. It is all very well to say that Lord Keane, General Nott, General Sale, and others, have fought and conquered Afghan armies which were quite as strong in proportion to the English forces, as Ayoub Khan's troops were those that marched against him. In those days the Russian frontier was nearly a thousand miles further from the Afghan frontier than it is at the present time. The Afghans had very little artillery, and what they had was of the most inferior description. Of disciplined, or even semi-disciplined troops, they had none whatever. They used to attack us like savages; and fought like mere barbarians. But all this has been changed. The Russians now at the very gate of Afghanistan. All that they have intrigued for during the last half century or more, is now about to be realised. We English have been warned, again and again, of what Russia's views, and hopes were. From the days of Mount Stewart Elphinstone until now, there has never been a traveller, either in Afghanistan or Central Asia, who has not borne testimony to the same view of Russian politics. And what has been the effect of all this? Simply a headstrong determination on the part of our rulers to listen to nothing that gave us any pretence for defending our frontier on the North-West, against the most unscrupulous enemy ever known. And we are now, to all appearances, reaping the fruits of our folly. Let us withdraw from Afghanistan, leaving Abdul Rahman as Ameer of Cabul, and in ten years hence we shall have to contend with Russia for supremacy over, at least a portion of, British India; whilst the intrigues of the most intriguing government in the world, will force us to maintain an army in our Eastern Empire, of at least double the present

Digitized by Google

strength of our forces in that land. It cannot be denied that our position in Afghanistan is at the present moment, to say the least of it, exceedingly dangerous to our prestige all over India; or to shut our eyes to the fact that this has been brought about by our determination to ignore the intrigues of Russia in the East, seems really to be as if we were resolved, sooner or later, to lose by apathetic folly what it has cost us so many lives, and so long a time, to gain.

So much then for the first and greatest of our blunders in all that regards the countries and the people beyond the North-West Frontier of India. It being conceded that we had, and have, serious work before us in Afghanistan, the selection we have made of officers for the chief commands of our forces in that country, seems to be a blunder, or rather a series of blunders, of the first magnitude. Afghanistan is, as all must allow, quite an exceptional country; and warfare in that land cannot be under the same rules that it is in other parts of the world. The best tactitian of the German Army would be quite out of his element, if put in command of a force at Kandahar or Cabul. And yet we seem to have chosen our commanders for those places without the slightest reference to their former experiences. Of officers, who learnt what I may call their terror of Afghan warfare under Lord Keane, General Nott, or General Pollock, there must be at least a score who have attained the rank of General, who are still in the prime of life, and who could at any rate use their former experience to conduct the present campaign. Let us suppose that Government had decided upon sending an expedition to the Arctic regions; surely the Admiralty would pick out to command the ship, or ships proceeding there, officers who had previously had some experience of the same kind? A port captain, or commander, might have done excellent work in the Mediterranean or Pacific, and yet not be fit for a command at the North Pole. But if as a lieutenant, or even as a midshipman, he had on former days gone through the troubles and hardships of service in the regions of ice, he would, in all probability be a much better man to command a fresh expedition to the north, than if his services had been confined to mere civilised parts? It is very much the same as to Afghanistan. As I said before, there are in the service plenty of General Officers who, as subalterns or captains gained experience beyond the Bolan or the Kyber, under Keane, or Pollock, or Nott. Of these,

Digitized by Google

not one has been employed in any command of our troops in Afghanistan. On the contrary, a recent *Gazette* notes that Colonel Bray, of the 2nd battalion 4th Foot, who was all through the campaign under Pollock, and who is now in India, has been placed on half-pay because the five years in command of his corps have expired. Thus we actually send home from India men whose experience at the seat of war would be of the greatest value at the present time. When to Colonel Bray's name we add those of the two Chamberlains; of Major-General Thomas, late in command of the Winchester Brigade Depot; of Major-General Carey, deputy Judge-Advocate General, of Major-General Fryers, who formerly commanded a battalion of the Rifle Brigade; of Generals Tytler and Mulcaster of the Bengal Staff Corps, all of whom received "the baptism of fire" in Afghanistan; it may be safely concluded that we have many officers of rank in the service whose experiences would have been invaluable in this war. As it is, during the present campaign in that country the generals commanding divisions and brigades have had to learn what campaigning in the North-West means, and what are the difficulties the troops have to contend with. Take as an instance one of the more recent blunders that have been recorded from Afghanistan. It seems that with our effective force of four thousand four hundred and forty-one men, of whom one thousand three hundred and forty three were Europeans,* General Primrose has elected to shut himself up in Kandahar, and be besieged by Ayoub Khan's army. Without wishing in any way to prejudge the officer's acts, it is pretty certain that had he seen service in Afghanistan before now, he never would have taken a step which is far more likely to bring discredit on our arms throughout India, than the even defeat that General Burrows sustained at the hands of Ayoub Khan. When, during the winter of 1842, General Nott marched from Kandahar to attack and drive off some twenty thousand of the enemy who were annoying his troops in the vicinity of that city, he had with him but four thousand men, of whom not more than seven hundred were Europeans.† And it must not be forgotten that very shortly before this the Afghans had achieved what they regarded as a great victory over us, by the treacherous attack upon our troops on their retreat from Cabul, and were therefore, after their savage manner, flushed with victory.

* Telegram from Quetta, in "Standard," 18th August.

† "Four Years Service in the East," by Captain Neill, 40th Regiment.

Digitized by Google

The expedition which General Burrowes led to attack Ayoub Khan, seems to have been in every way singularly unfortunate. Either the strength of that chief's army to us was or was not known to the political officers at Kandahar. If the former, General Burrows should never have been sent in command of a force that was in numbers and in artillery so inferior to the enemy. If the latter—if the strength of Ayoub Khan's force was not known to the political officers—the latter must have been utterly unfit for the post they held; and at their door must lay a large portion of the blame for the defeat we have sustained. And if we are to form any opinion of what caused the disaster of the force under General Burrows, it is only charitable to suppose that when that officer was despatched on the expedition which has turned out so badly, his military superiors were not aware what the numbers were he would have to enconnter. From recent telegrams* it would seem that not more than four horse artillery guns were sent with the expedition; and the six companies of the 66th regiment could not have been more than three hundred or at the outside, three hundred and fifty strong. Another, and a very great blunder seems to have been committed, in the fact that there was not a single European squadron of cavalry with the force at Kandahar. General Primrose could not send what he had not got; and the consequences of the blunder, or oversight, have been most serious. Under the most fortunate circumstances our Indian Native cavalry leaves much to be desired in all that constitutes a really efficient body of horse. With General Burrowes there appear to have been detachments of Native cavalry from several regiments, but taken together these did not amount to more than four or five hundred, and were less efficient as an attacking force than a troop of English cavalry would have been.

In defence of General Primrose, and as a reason why he did not send a stronger force with General Burrowes, it may be urged, with considerable truth, that he had not the men to send. It would never have done to leave Kandahar denuded of troops; and it is quite possible that at the time the expedition marched to meet Ayoub Khan, there may have been troubles threatening nearer home. But this would not excuse General Primrose's superiors for leaving him so weak. Once more the question as to who is to blame, seems entirely to depend upon the correctness of the infor-

* See "Times," 10th August.

Digitized by Google

mation which the political officers had respecting Ayoub Khan's force. And if we may judge by the result of the expedition, this information must have been greatly wanting. It is difficult, if not impossible to imagine that, knowing exactly the strength of the enemy making from the Helmund, General Burrows should have been sent out to attack him with a force so comparatively weak.

As regards General Robert's march from Cabul to relieve Kandahar, it is possible, but barely probable, that the old saying of "all's well that ends well," may be verified by the result of this movement. But, for the present at any rate, it is difficult to understand how any authority with the honour of India, and consequently of England, at heart, can have issued orders for what might, and, it is to be greatly feared, will, have such a result as this advance of a force, of which all bases of operation is cut off by the evacuation of Cabul. With Kelat-i-Gilzie to relieve *en route;* with Guznie not improbably in the hands of the enemy; with the whole country, and all the wandering tribes of Afghans in arms against us; who can wonder if General Roberts fails to reach Kandahar in time to effect the desired junction with General Primrose? In August and September, 1842, General Nott's force took forty days to march from Kandahar to Cabul.* It is true that they had to fight the enemy some half-dozen times *en route;* but it must also be remembered that they carried with them the prestige of victory; that General Pollock's force was diverting the attention of the enemy on the side of the Khyber Pass, and that, though last not least, the Afghans in those days had neither Russian officers to discipline them, nor Russian arms with which to fight. The forty marches were not child's play—very far from it; and the memorable advance of the force from Kandahar will be remembered so long as England has an army. The force had difficulties to contend with which are forgotten; and are unknown at the present day Telegraphic communications even with the nearest posts did not exist. General Nott had to work, so to speak, in the dark, not knowing what friend or foe was doing, either in his front or his rear. When compared with the fact of General Primrose having shut himself up in Kandahar, and elected to be besieged by the enemy, the history of the winter which General Nott spent at Kandahar, reads more like a fairy tale than a matter

* "Four Years Service in the East," by Captain Neville, 40th Regiment.

Digitized by Google

of fact account of what an army can do, even in a country like Afghanistan, if properly commanded.

And yet it would be unfair to condemn General Primrose too severely for what has happened to, at any rate, part of his command. The Secretary of State for India has said in the House of Commons that General Burrowe's advance towards the Helmund was ordered by the Viceroy, and undertaken on His Lordship's responsibility. If this rule is to hold good—if viceroys or governors-general are to direct the movement of troops many hundred miles away—there must, and will be, a speedy end of any thing like self-respect amongst those who command our forces on the field. General Burrowe's force was evidently much too weak in numbers, and had far too few Europeans in its composition, to insure anything like success in the task imposed upon it. No doubt but what both officers and men felt this from the very first. Many of the Native troops and camp followers must have been able to form a pretty shrewd idea as to what were the numbers and the quality of Ayoub Khan's troops; and comparing them with what they knew composed much of our own force, could hardly add to their confidence or courage. In short, from first to last, the whole affair seems to have been one of those wonderful pieces of mismanagement, of which we only realise the folly when we have suffered the natural consequences.

That which must strike the non-military reader when he learns the details of what has been going on at Kandahar during the last few months, is why, what may be called the frontier garrison of Central Asia, was not better provided with troops. Surely if it is worth while at all to maintain a force there, that force ought to have been as perfect as possible. But it was far otherwise. Had there been a regiment of English cavalry at Kandahar, and had there been say three or four regiments of English infantry with the force, the result of General Borrowe's expedition would, no doubt, have been very different than what it has. But it is not too much to say that, in some instances, we really seem to court defeat; and the history of our occupation of Kandahar appears to be a case in point. Every one who had ever served in India—who has been present during a campaign in any part of our Eastern Empire—must know that the real value of our Native cavalry is, as an attacking force, by no means very great. That they have at times achieved credit to themselves is true; but their most ardent

Digitized by Google

admirers can hardly say that they can be depended upon at all times. They will follow well; but they rarely lead with credit to themselves, or to the force of which they form part. With English Dragoons to show them the way, they have generally done well. But it is equally true that rarely, if ever, have they made any impression upon Afghan horsemen, unless when they greatly outnumber the latter. At the engagement where General Borrowes was so signally defeated, the odds were very greatly the other way. By all accounts the enemy's horse was to our cavalry, in the proportion of something like ten to one. It can, therefore, be hardly wondered at if our troopers got the worst of the fight, and helped greatly to make the Native infantry feel that the affair was going against them from the very first. A couple of squadrons of English cavalry would, in all probability, have turned the fortune of the day, and caused Ayoub Khan's forces to retire. Of British infantry there appears to have been less than 400 men of the 66th Regiment, so that in neither arm of the service, nor yet as to artillery, did we make the most of the means which General Primrose, it must be allowed, had not, but which the authorities might very well have placed, at his disposition. That the force he sent against Ayoub Khan was in every possible way utterly unfit, both as to quantity and quality, to make any impression upon the enemy, we now know. But it must also be remembered that what the General did was by superior direction, and that he cannot be blamed for what the Viceroy ordered. So much, then, for that chief of all blunders which has cost us millions of money and thousands of men in every Indian war. When the civil authorities take upon themselves the direction of military affairs, the result is nearly always the same. In his remarks upon the verdict and finding of a certain court-martial in India, Sir Charles Napier said that there were occasions—rare it is true, but still they did happen now and then—when a military man ought to take upon himself the responsibility of disobedience. We are much mistaken if the order to send a brigade from Kandahar to the Helmund was not a case in point. It must not be forgotten that in the very middle of the coldest part of winter of 1841-42, General Nott was ordered by the government of India to withdraw from Kandahar, and fall back viâ Quetta and the Bolan upon Upper Simla and the Indus. Had he done so—had he not, as Sir Charles Napier would have

Digitized by Google

said, "taken upon himself the responsibility of disobedience"—the chances were a thousand to one that hardly a single man of the force which afterwards marched to Cabul, would have ever reached British India. The fearful disaster of Elphinstone's army in the Kyber would have been repeated in the southern passes; and some four thousand troops, with three times that number of camp followers, would have been added to the butchers' bill of that campaign.

But whatever blunders may have been committed by our commanders in Afghanistan, acting as must, in future, be remembered under orders from the supreme government, they fade and disappear when compared with one of the greatest mistakes of the kind that ever was committed in history. I allude to the retreat of our army from Cabul at the very moment that our arms had suffered a defeat near the Helmund. It is difficult to conceive how such action could ever have been taken by anyone, or any set of men, to whom the honour of England was dear. Granting, for a moment, that Robert's march on Kandahar, and Stewart's evacuation of Cabul, was ordered before the defeat of General Burrowe's had taken place, surely there was time to counter-order these movements when the news of that disaster became known? As yet the Home authorities have not attempted to throw the responsibility of this most disgraceful affair upon Lord Ripon's shoulders. We may, therefore, conclude that the order to evacuate Cabul was sent from England, and that it was only from thence that the counter-order could be sent. In other words, and in plain language, the existence of two armies has been risked, and our prestige throughout India has been destroyed, in order that certain supporters of a political party may be satisfied. Even the French and German press say that, no matter at what cost, it was our duty to occupy Afghanistan for at least another year. In the face of General Burrowe's defeat, we ought never have attempted to relieve Kandahar from Cabul. Forty marches, and at least some four thousand baggage and animals, with that host of camp followers which no Indian army can divest itself of, no matter under what circumstances; with certainly one, and most likely two, fortresses to take *en route;* and with the whole country in arms against us, are not conditions under which one army can relieve another. On the other hand, to the south we hold Quetta and the Bolan. The Khan of Khelat and his warlike tribes are our friends.

Digitized by Google

From Quetta to Kandahar is but twelve easy marches with supplies in plenty along the whole road; and only one short Pass, the Kojuk, on which there is any difficulty in getting guns and baggage over the ground. The road passes through two valleys, those of Pesheen and Shawl, both of which are most fertile, and can supply all that any army can require. That there might, and probably could, be more fighting *en route*, is certain. But mere skirmishing with the Douranees, who might attempt to annoy our columns, would be very different from the fighting (to say nothing of having in all probability to take Guznee), which is certain to be the lot of General Roberts and his force. It must not be forgotton that for the forty marches which intervene between Cabul and Kandahar, Roberts will have to carry everything with him. If he neglects to do so, the chances are ten to one but that his troops will suffer in health and efficiency. And if he does so—if he carries with him all that his army requires—his train of baggage-animals must be very large indeed. When General Nott moved along this road, going from Kandahar to Cabul, his force was little more than half the number that accompanies General Roberts. He had with him, besides the different Native corps, but two European regiments of infantry, one battery of European artillery, and no European cavalry. And yet his convoy of camels, when he started, amounted to no fewer than ten thousand, carrying supplies for forty days. If, as all England most sincerely hopes he may, General Roberts reaches Kandahar safely, and that, notwithstanding some fighting on the road, he is able to relieve General Primrose, the credit of his success will be entirely due to himself and his troops, not to those who ordered the movement. He will gain a great name; but the blunder which the authorities, either at home or in India, have made, entails the risk of causing the destruction of another British force. The great misfortune is that Englishmen, as a rule, do not see this. General Burrowes has been defeated, and they blame him; if General Roberts gets into trouble he will, in turn, be denounced. They little know—many of the best informed amongst us are ignorant of the fact—but these officers simply obey the orders given them, and that those who may be called the wire-pullers of movements, which at the risk of military disgrace, are calculated to please a certain un-English political clique, are men who have no knowledge whatever, either of

Digitized by Google

Afghanistan or of the enormous practical difficulties of making way in that country. We have spent millions and we have wasted lives, and the final result will, in all probability, be that all Europe will believe we have withdrawn from the positions we had gained, in order to please Russia. It would be difficult, indeed, to imagine a greater political, as well as military blunder, than to evacuate Afghanistan at the present moment. Our remaining there another year or so would have added comparatively little to the expenditure already incurred; and what we now save we do at the certain risk of casting a slur upon our arms which will not be quickly forgotten, either in Europe or throughout our vast Eastern Empire. If those who ordered this retrogade movement wished to lay the foundation of what may eventually cost us India, and what will in all probability give us plenty of trouble amongst the disaffected in that country, they could not have devised a better mode of carrying out their intentions, than the orders which have just been promulgated to our army beyond the North-West Frontier. To use an Oriental expression, we have been made to "eat dirt" to an extent which will cause our enemies all over the world rejoice. Let us hope that the expenditure of gallant lives will not be largely increased before this national disgrace is consummated. In the meantime let every one who has any sense of justice refrain from censuring our Generals, until it is fully known whence, and from whom, they received the orders on which they have acted.

We have received the following from an Officer with General Stewart's Division in Afghanistan.

"Camp Sindabad, June 30, 1880.

"We seem to be wandering about here like the Israelites of old. We went within a march of Cabul last week, and obtained permission to go into the place. They have fortified themselves in great style there now, and the Afghans could not turn them out with 100,000 men now I think. We chaffed the fellows in there a good deal about there being shut up in December last. If they had not scattered themselves about so much at that time, they ought never to have let the Afghans get in. They say here that they won't have Abdul Rahman, because he is a Russian, so it will be rather fun to see what they will do with this blessed old

Digitized by Google

place now. I don't wonder at the Israelites rebelling at old Moses for taking them into what must have been even a worse place than this. We find plenty of fruit however—apricots, apples, and cherries, and there are numbers of fish in the river. The dust, however, is awful: "Devils" or great dust spouts, 500 feet high! which whirl about all day, and whip off everything. They talk about going down to India in August, and our division is to be the rear-guard. I expect the enemy will crowd round us pretty thickly, to kick us out of the country. The real fighting won't begin till then. We have collected a good deal of revenue since we were in the valley; but at the same time we pay through the nose for everything—so the gentle Afghans will be the gainers by the war, on the whole."

The officer to whom we are indebted for the above letter has frequently, in other letters of his that have appeared in this Magazine, pointed out the folly of making treaties with the Afghans, or of trusting them in any way. He has told us how they make periodical attacks upon us; and as he is an officer of much Indian experience, his opinions carry weight.

Digitized by Google

The Battle of Wilton.

By a Survivor.

It is a matter of history now, but still not so long ago that there are not some alive who can remember the incidents connected with the times and were performers in the struggle. The city of Salisbury with its grand old cathedral was then, as now, beautiful in its surroundings of vale and hill; but its inhabitants were none of them free men. The scourge of war had passed over the land, and parts of South Wilts, including the city of Salisbury with its environs and the adjacent counties of Hants, Berks, &c., &c., obeyed the laws imposed upon them by the foreigner.

The subjugation of a united people by simply invading their country is impossible. A terrible victory here and there, a successful stratagem elsewhere, a glorious capacity for creating carnage on one side only, may lay cities prostrate and stamp out all appearances of resistance, termed, for the better carrying out of occupation, rebellion; but it is appearance only. The open resistance, the gathering together of multitudes, the marshalling for battle, yields to the necessity for more secret plannings, and gradually, but none the less surely, the invader is made to feel that the absence of "rebellion" and submission of thousands is not due to appreciation of the merits of the government as established by the conquerors, or even from dread of their superiority as soldiers and administrators; but arises simply from inability to oppose openly.

Thus it was with our own country. For years all or nearly all had yielded to superior skill, better organization, pseudo-philantrophy, and internal discord. We fought, we bled, we mutually cursed each other, lost all we ever possessed, and sulking, sulked into non-resistance.

The apparent satisfaction with the inevitable. The want of authority in the men rising up here and there among the multi-

Digitized by Google

tude to "create disturbances," the absence of cohesion in the multitude itself lulled the conquerors into a feeling of security and self-glorification, and the small cloud of resistance, beginning in the far north, at first barely admitted, expanded itself into rolling masses before precautions against its bursting had been made.

Before the Battle of Wilton, rebellion had almost become righteousness. The gallows and the short shrift with volley at ten paces, had ceased to be under all circumstances the lot of the many, the few, or the only one, exhibiting discontent with the new order of things, by attempting to organize a change. Patriotism, or, at any rate, a natural desire by some few to regain that they had lost began to be acknowledged, and terms of peace or plans for the future had been considered. But things had advanced too far; events marched too quickly, to allow the agreement of one day being ratified by a supreme authority. Each hour, each day carried a history in itself. Hope revived mutual confidence, and action promised good results. Gradually, but none the less surely, the dark cloud showed its silver lining, and a handful of resolute men not only held their own, bnt dared to encounter an enemy three times their strength in mass and material.

It was thus with the gallant Brigade holding the heights above Wilton and Salisbury. The task of resisting the further advance of the conquerors from Salisbury into Dorsetshire along the old Roman road to Shaftesbury had been entrusted to the men of Wiltshire and Dorsetshire. With the united efforts of the Militia and Volunteers of these counties, supported only by the battery of field artillery, the general officer commanding the southern division was satisfied, and the Battle of Wilton with its reaction on the future proceedings of the invading army of Great Britain showed this confidence was not misplaced.

The outlying picquets and patrols had not observed anything unusual in the movements of the troops about and within the city of Salisbnry. The detachment in charge of the water supply at Toney Stratford had been fired upon at daybreak; but as this was nothing new, and strong parties of the enemy held Longford Castle and Homington, such was always expected and arranged for. The mists hung heavily over the valley, and not only deadened the sound of the movement of troops, but precluded any observations being made as to their whereabouts.

Digitized by Google

The August sun had just by its heat commenced to lift the fogs lying woolily over Salisbury city, leaving little else visible than the spire of its beautiful cathedral, when a shot from an outpost sentry attracted general attention. Another, yet another, and a succession of vollies showed that the picquets were engaged, and that a general action was not improbable.

Within ten minutes of the "alarm" sounding each man was at his pre-arranged post, and not a little anxiously did all await news from the front. It was not long in coming. The inquiring party had not far to go for information. A shell or too from a battery established on Harnham Hill; the clattering of sabres and heavy roll of wheels, with the whizzing overhead of bullets intended for picquets retiring on their supports, told the tale only too plainly. There was to be a desperate struggle for mastery.

As we before intimated all matters bearing on an attack by the enemy had been pre-arranged, and this doubtless saved the Wilton Brigade from annihilation, and upset the calculations of the enemy. For by the absence of their usual caution, and by the apparent certainty of success shown by them, they seemed to have thought that a surprise was undoubted, and that numbers must overcome all opposition. The sequel will show how wrong they were in despising their enemy.

Hard experience had taught us the value of life and the necessity for being ever prepared. Each man of our force, from general to private, was expected to know and do his duty. The discipline was of the strictest, and as a consequence few mistakes were made, and the inevitable casualties of war reduced to a minimum.

The first attack on our outposts, or rather, we might say, the surprise of the Wilton Brigade, not having succeeded, the enemy withdrew their advanced troops, and by an echelon movement appeared to have resolved upon turning our right: thus cutting off our communications with the detachments at Stratford and Combe Bisset, and at the same time depriving us of that most necessary article water.

With a view to obviate this proceeding, we moved out in force, and placing our few guns in such positions as enfilack any body of men advancing on our flanks, we commenced an attack on the retreating enemy. Whether this were wise, or otherwise, time has not yet shown. It was evidently a move desired by our opponents and calculated upon by them carefully. At first affairs appeared

Digitized by Google

to be proceeding greatly in our favour; and it was surmised that the surprise not having succeeded the enemy desired to return as quickly as possible to their cantonments, leaving us probably unmolested on the Racecourse plain for some time to come; knowing well that any further advance on our part towards Harnham or Bemerton could be easily repulsed. Suddenly a change came over the scene. The retreating enemy disputed bank and bushes. Then commenced to strengthen their retreaters, and by the time we had advanced to the old earthworks raised above Harnham, they had converted a retreat into an attack. It was now our turn to be on the defensive, and without disorder we commenced to retire on our old position.

As the fog entirely lifted we were enabled to better estimate the strength of the enemy's forces opposed to us, and to realize the difficulties in store. The large bodies of cavalry to our left, partly concealed in plantations and corn-fields down in the Wilton valley, with the masses of infantry to our front constantly augmented from the garrison at Salisbury, and protected by numerous batteries of field artillery, left us no option but to act on the strictly defensive, and to fight every inch of our way back to the position we had over hastily vacated a short time previously.
That the first line of defence must be sacrificed was evident. So long as their ammunition should hold out it was resolved that they should oppose, almost unsupported, the advance of the enemy.

Meanwhile, preparations being made in the rear for their ultimate retreat through their supports on the reserve. Fewer and fewer were the sounds of the rifle from our brave fellows in the advance, and larger and wider were the intervals between the files. Then came the message to say that relief must be given, and the supports spreading out prepared to take their places. There was no excitement shewn, no bugle sounding, no harsh voice hoarse with commanding told what was to be done. The men of Wiltshire saw that by self-sacrifice some might be saved, and lying very close to the soft green turf, or hidden beneath gorse bush and road bank waited until their front being clear the time should arrive for the post of honour becoming theirs.

The individual shot became a collective volley, and the leading ranks of the enemy reeled as the hail of lead strewed the ground with dead and dying. Then once again was it repeated, and with renewed confidence on our part we held our own. It was not for

Digitized by Google

long though. The enemy, reinforced, renewed the attack, and our retreat was resumed; but the terms were more equal now. Our artillery would be used, and our reserves were enabled to play havoc in the serried ranks of the cavalry hovering on our left.

"Retire from the right," was the order passed along the fast thinning line; and commanders using their own discretion as to numbers commenced to fall back on the Reserve. From right to left, again and again, went on the retreat, and as the Reserve was approached one long line poured in a volley. Then with a signal from the senior in command, the whole rose up, and with quickened pace joined the Reserve, whose position half concealed by hastily constructed earthworks, had not been duly allowed for by the foremost of the enemy. It was our turn now. Retreat was no longer necessary. Our Reserves, joined by the remnant of the supports, could hold its own, and the deadly volley poured in at less than 200 yards rained death broadcast on a wavering foe. Now a reinforcement arrives. The few survivors of the first line of defence have been resupplied with ammunition. The artillery have occupied the flanks, and such a storm of canister, shot, and bullet, is sent hissing forth as scatters the foremost ranks, and tears huge gaps into Supports and Reserves closing up for a final rush on the daring defenders of the heights of Wilton. The enemy reels, as would a strong man struck by a giant's force, and as volley after volley thins his crowded hosts, the hesitation becomes general. For one short minute the waver runs from front to rear, and the reeling is succeeded by retreat. Then panic seizes the multitude, and the retreat becomes a rout. On, on, to Harnham, to Fisherton, across the bridge into Salisbury press the disorganised and terrified masses. They are their own intelligence bringer. No need of herald to announce their defeat. A rabble army clamorous for revenge, and howling with disappointment told the tale of the Battle of Wilton.

Digitized by Google

Our Non-Commissioned Officers.

BY ONE OF THEM.

HOW THEY ARE MADE.

It has been often said, "The non-commissioned officers are the back-bone of the army," if so, the subject is one that ought to engross the earnest and immediate attention of those who are responsible for its efficiency, and that there should be no decadence in this very important part of the body, military, and we therefore submit our views, in the hope they may prove useful.

During the existence of 'long service,' that is, service for twenty-one years, there was never any difficulty in obtaining a supply of good, well-trained, and experienced men to fill every particular grade. The total number on the army estimates was probably not more than at present, but it was on account of the time that men had to remain in the army, so that, the service of individuals was spread over many years, and as promotion was consequently not very rapid, the most careful discrimination could be exercised in the selection of men for their, 'first stripe,' or step on the ladder of promotion.

Most men entered the army as a profession, and had quite made up their minds as to the time they had to spend in it, it is, therefore, clear that the young fellows with energy and a laudable spirit of ambition should make good use of the school, improve his leisure time in the barrack room, smarten himself up, and note the tone of those above him in rank, but among whom he hoped one day to take his place, and forthwith began a course of progressive improvement, in education, appearance, and manner, which never failed to attract the notice of the non-commissioned officers of his company, and obtained for him their encouragement and advice; the captain also soon had his eyes upon him, and the result was that after four or five years in the army (for promotion earlier than that, was only exceptional), during which he had been under close

Digitized by Google

observation, he was rewarded with the 'lance' stripe, which brought with it a great deal of hard work and no increase of pay, but that one bar of simple lace had its value; it betokened a certain amount of trust in him, and in his abilities, and became an incentive to persevere in the acquisition of such learning as would fit him for higher positions; there was no necessity to drive him to school and worry him about certificates, for the necessary qualifications for promotion followed in due course: it may be remarked that there probably was not a regiment in the service but had special examinations which had to be passed before men could be promoted from one grade to another. Our young candidate took a delight in his drill, and soon improved in efficiency, and cultivated that well set, manly bearing which marks the well-trained soldier, he had a self-respect, and with it a certain amount of swagger, which Tommy Atkins never failed to put on when, with cap cocked on one side, neat cane in hand, and elbow raised, he showed off his first stripe to the admiring gaze of Mary Anne, and nearly gave himself a crick in the neck by frequent admiration thereof, to see if it was all right, of course when a man took a pride in the rank, trifling as it was, and when a couple of years had enlarged his experience, he fully appreciated the second stripe which made him an effective, or full corporal. In this rank he served for about eighteen months, occasionally doing sergeant's duty, and entrusted with the sole responsibility of commanding guards of a few men, he then became lance sergeant, which introduced him to the sergeant's mess, here he learnt many things about the customs, usages, and traditions of the service (if we may use the latter word), and of his own particular corps, the discussions in the mess, whether on drill, or the rules of the army, and the means there afforded of social intercourse gradually filled his mind with a knowledge, highly useful, and eminently practical, the advice and assistance of the older sergeants so trained him, that after being a member of the mess for a year, or more, he was moulded into the proper shape for an effective or full sergeant. Up to this point he had been over four years working his way, to which, if we add the five years prior to his getting a stripe, it will be seen that he has ten years service, which leaves him eleven more years to complete the twenty-one years. During this last period of eleven years he becomes the steady old sergeant, who knows how to deal with the men, whom you can trust, and who expects from those beneath him the respect

Digitized by Google

due to his rank, as he himself is ever ready and anxious to show to those above him. He knows the character of every man in his own company, and of most in the regiment as well, and he can and does exercise that tact and just discrimination which is often a preventative of crime, or mitigates its effects, for there can be no question about the fact that such a man is better able to cope with any difficulty than an inexperienced youth—all the more need, therefore, for good steady non-commissioned officers to deal with the young soldiers under the short service system. Insubordination is the worst evil in an army, and it is with real pleasure we can look back, and see how very little of it there ever was in by-gone days, when we had sergeants of mature age and standing, and an order given in a firm and temperate manner was duly carried out. It would be well if we could say so now, unhappily we have reason to believe that the orders given by young non-commissioned officers, to men who are also very youthful, have not their due weight, and are consequently not so well attended to, or obeyed as they should be, the result being court-martial and cells for many a poor fellow, who, if he had been properly handled by competent superiors would never have seen the inside of either cells or prison. But what we consider worse, and certainly more injurious to the well-being of the service, is a laxity of discipline, which gradually working its way into the interior economy of regiments, undermines and weakens, if it does not eventually destroy the claim of responsibility, which has been the grand portion of our military system. We have heard it said that the old sergeants consider theirs is an up-hill work just now, although it taxes all their energies, tact and forbearance to try and get duty done satisfactorily, yet they are determined to go on, do their best, and be true to the training they have received, the army shall never suffer for want of their earnest, conscientious sense of duty and its due performance, they are resolved to uphold the name, and are proud to be called the back-bone of the British Army.

It is a fact, although it may appear strange in the face of Board Schools, &c., that men now enlisting are not what you might call fairly educated, that is, are able to read, write, and do the first four rules in arithmetic; so far from that, they can do little more than write their names, most men can sign their accounts now-a-days, and very little more; men of superior education are very few, and as a rule, only a small portion of these become non-commissioned officers or turn out well.

Digitized by Google

Men of a tolerably fair or useful education, that is, fitted for pay-sergeants, are so scarce, that captains of companies find the greatest difficulty in providing themselves with men capable of keeping accounts, leaving out of view altogether the experience needed to rule over men, the necessary knowledge of the rules and orders of the service, and that trustworthiness so essential to the captain's ease of mind, and his cash accounts. There are many officers who look back with mingled pleasure and regret to the times when they commanded a company, and had for pay-sergeant a sound, good steady man, who may not have been a brilliant scholar (in fact, he may have been but a very moderate one), nevertheless, the work was done, and well done too, and that without any school certificate; he was simply a plain, honest soldier, a man slow perhaps, but wondrously persevering, and most certain to succeed in the end. Such men are still in the army if only they remained long enough to develop themselves. Fortunately we have still some of the old non-commissioned officers left, who have three or four years to serve, and we trust they will be retained so that we shall not be left like monitors in schools, boys in charge of boys.

The following is the condition of a regiment singularly well off in its non-commissioned officers, and will give an idea of the time it took for their promotion to present ranks:—

From	Enlistment to attainment of present rank.	Years.	Service as non-com. officer and private.	Time to remain to complete 21 years.
6	Colour-sergeants	12·83	17·5	3·95
25	Sergeants	15·04	17·84	3·16
6	Lance-sergeants	12·71	16·66	4·34
12	Corporals	12·83	14·16	6·84
16	Do.	1·	1·	
18	Lance-corporals	10·90	Some of these have since been made corporals, and are included in the above 12.	
33	Do.	1·		

The above averages are correct and may be relied on; the time for lance-corporals is 10.90 years, a very long one, and is thus explained: Under long service many of these men would never have been given a stripe, but now their experience is of more value, and as they can be depended upon much better than recruits, appearance and conduct must be sacrificed to the dire necessity of the times.

Digitized by Google

One would suppose that with the difficulties of a short service system to contend with, officers might be allowed to use their discrimination and judgment in the selection and promotion of their men, instead of which they are tied down to an extent that is, to say the least of it, very absurd. The orders respecting school certificates are so rigid, that without the necessary one, no matter how smart, steady, or well conducted a man may be, he cannot be promoted; the opinion of the captain under whom he has to serve, or of the adjutant or commanding officer is simply ignored, all must give way to the school certificate. In possession of the latter he may be promoted, and yet have neither energy, tact, or that self-reliance so necessary for a non-commissioned officer. How can such a man be held up as an example? If he cannot, then why make him at all? because there is no choice in the matter; duty must be done, and non-commissioned officers obtained somehow, and, although additional pay is now granted to a certain number of the lance-corporals, it will hardly be believed that it is the most difficult thing in the world to get men to take promotion. They reply, "Oh, I don't care for it,—only going to stay six years." "What use is it? I get as much pay now without any bother." "I ain't a going to worry myself,—don't want it; do very well without chance of being brought up," and so on. These are facts, but what follows? The captain is obliged to ask men if they will have it; hence no longer exists the question of bestowal on his part, for which the recipient should feel thankful; and we are very sorry that it is so for both their sakes; it places them in a false relation to each other, and is a bad sign when the sources of promotion are undervalued; it destroys the reliance and trust which the soldier should have in his officer, and the result cannot be otherwise than injurious.

Every one will readily admit that an officer for his own sake would try and get the man best fitted in every way for a non-commissioned officer, in drill, education, and character; and it is, therefore, not only unreasonable, but highly detrimental to efficiency and discipline that the school certificates should form the basis of promotion. Of course they are good in their way, but as at present are most obstructive, and in the event of active service in the field could not be carried out. Like a bubble the whole thing would burst and vanish. It sometimes happens in a regiment that there are several steps which cannot be filled up because men

Digitized by Google

have not the necessary certificates, and yet these men go on performing the identical duties of that position which they are considered unqualified for. If similar cases occurred in our Government offices, would they be so treated?

We have no intention of speaking on the short service system as it affects the rank and file; our object is simply to deal with the non-commissioned officers, and we will just add a few more remarks before we close this very important matter. Go to any of our camps or barracks and see the corporals and lance-corporals; you will find that most of them are mere youths, and some very boyish—very boyish indeed; in fact, striplings whose own backbone wants strengthening before they will become the backbone of the Army. Many have not twelve months' service, and there are instances of some wearing lance or corporal stripes who have not six months service! Now, what experience or knowledge of the service can a recruit of *six months* have? Why, he is scarcely efficient in his drill. How is it possible, then, to expect from one so young and inexperienced a proper authority and control over other young men in the barrack-rooms? A great deal is due to the watchful care of the old sergeants that things are not *worse*. They have acted up well to the good training acquired during many years, and although they have not received much encouragement in an improved position, yet we trust their services will be fully appreciated and well rewarded, for their efforts to keep up the tone, efficiency, and high character of the Army have been most praiseworthy. They have been "true to their salt."

DUTIES AND OTHER MATTERS WHICH AFFECT THEM.

The Sergeant is the link between the officer and the rank and file. From the position he occupies as the channel of communication, it will be seen that his post is a very responsible one. There passes under his observation much which never does nor is expected to fall under the eyes of his officer, and he can and, as we believe, does exercise an influence for good over young soldiers in the barrack-rooms. It is to his interest to do so, for good conduct and careful attendance to duties on their part saves him a deal of trouble and extra work, and there is every reason to suppose the making of many a young fellow into a good, decent member of society has been caused by the timely advice and counsel of some sergeant or other. His place is just such as to be beneficial to

Digitized by Google

both parties. A soldier, perhaps, thinks himself aggrieved; young, hot-headed, and impulsive, he would most probably wish to run off and make his complaint to his officer. Of course he has a right, and every facility is afforded him of doing so; but by submitting his case first to one who knows his habits and manner best, he has explained to him the rules of the service, and is shown that he is not looking at things in their proper light. The man cools down, and if he chooses to press the matter further, he does so with a clearer knowledge of the subject and in a more temperate manner. His officer listens, and impartial justice is rendered.

It sometimes happens in barracks that from the effects of drink, or bad temper, or some other vice, men are quarrelsome. Here the exercise of tact, discrimination, and cool judgment on the part of a good non-commissioned officer are of the greatest use. His experience has taught him how to deal with such cases, and he rarely fails to do that which is best; whereas younger men would more probably err in nine cases out of ten, and the result be an aggravation of the offence by insubordination or violence.

In India our soldiers, owing to their volunteering from one regiment to another to remain in the country, are of a more mature age than those in England, and it is not at all unusual for parties to be met going hundreds of miles in the charge of an officer, or perhaps a non-commissioned officer; but with age they have also acquired an inbred sense of discipline, and the order of the sergeant or other non-commissioned officer is readily and cheerfully obeyed. Contrast this with drafts arriving at Deolalie from England —the latter must be looked after like a flock of sheep; hence the necessity for men in charge that you can rely on. How many of these young fellows succumb from the want of ordinary attention to what is essential to health and protection from effects of climate, and what is more, a persistent use of food or fruits which are injurious, and it is contrary to orders to partake of, but which orders young soldiers will not obey, nor can young non-commissioned officers make them; they have no weight with their authority. Why, it is worth the pay of a dozen old sergeants to save one of these men's lives for the use of their country.

Those who have had experience of the hardships of a campaign will recall to mind the many and valuable services of their former sergeants, whether on the march in India, or in the trenches before Sebastopol, or more recently in Cabul and the Cape. When on

Digitized by Google

some wretched march or other, as men became downcast, the sergeant, like Mark Tapley, only became more cheerful, his place was to encourage, hold on, and with a firm will make the best of things, how many a brave officer has fallen whose body has been carried back under a shower of bullets by his devoted non-commissioned officer, showing not only an exalted sense of duty, but an affection worthy of the noblest nature, but these and others are only some of the many heroic deeds that have made famous the sergeants of the British Army.

Enough has been said to show the importance of a sergeant's position, and as we trust his worthiness of it in the past, that he at any rate, under all changes, has never failed, and in the day of trial has not been found wanting; we trust that he will be equally good in the future, and that steps will be taken to make him contented, and not only that, but value it also. The labourer is worthy of his hire, and we know that the sergeants are the most useful and hardest workers in the ranks of our army. If we examine his duties we will find that he has guards, parades, and a heap of other things to do, not the least important being orderly sergeant, which confines him to his barracks for a week, holds him responsible for the due performance of all duties, and the interior economy of his Company; from early morn till late at night he is busy, in fact, he is on foot almost the whole day, and he is very glad when the "lights out" sounds, and he is able to go to his bed in the barrack room.

The pay of sergeants, by which we mean all ranks of sergeants, is not nearly good enough, the sergeant receives one shilling or one shilling and a penny a day more than a private soldier, but out of this he has proportionately more to expend, his messing costs more, so does the replacement of clothing, he has mess subscription, expenses contingent on the keeping up the sergeants' mess, higher rates of library subscription, cost of extra baggage on a move, purchase of stationery, and pay a batman who cleans or assists to clean his arms, &c. When all these charges are taken into consideration, it will be quite clear that he is but very little better off than a private, and certainly not sufficient to compensate him for his trouble, hard work, and risk of severe punishment by reduction to the ranks, in fact the man is not rewarded at all, he is paid so much as just keeps his head above water. He not only cannot save anything, which a private can do, but is obliged to debar himself of many little amusements and social enjoyments with civilian friends,

Digitized by Google

because he cannot afford it, he is therefore obliged to remain in barracks, go to his mess room and read the paper over a glass of beer and his pipe, very comfortable in its way, but not calculated to foster that kindly feeling which should exist between the army and the classes that supply it. No man can keep up a respectable position without necessary means, nor can the sergeants by their present rate of pay, it ought to be such a one that every soldier would covet to attain.

We are sorry to see so little difference between the clothing of sergeants and privates, beyond the frock and the sash, they are alike in every other respect. It was not always so, years ago the clothing of sergeants was much better than the privates, it is not so now, and why, at one time a sergeant received a pair of boots more than a private, but while there has been a gradual improvement for the rank and file, nothing has been done to make that marked difference which should exist, and is indeed one of the privileges of their rank; "fine feathers make fine birds," and the sergeants who are to set an example of smartness, and who are not indifferent to the appearance they should have, naturally feel a little sore on this point. It is hard to conceive how any military element in the clothing department did not foresee this.

But as it is, the sergeant must keep up a respectable appearance, and owing to more general wear than privates, he is obliged to purchase extra articles of clothing during the year, and to keep himself in gloves, the latter is a free issue to the Guards, but not to other corps. If the infantry sergeants are supposed to wear gloves, it is not too much to ask that they be supplied at the public expense.

"The commanding officer is to form a mess for the sergeants, as one of the means of adding to their self-respect," the above is an extract from the Queen's Regulations, and it is quite apparent that such an establishment is deemed a necessity, for there follows a number of rules, but nothing is said about the money part of the business for its establishment or maintenance, from which we conclude the cost must be borne entirely by the sergeants themselves.

A well constituted sergeants' mess is indeed a means that adds greatly to their self-respect, and the tone of the sergeants in a regiment may generally be known by their mess. It's the old saying "tell me your companions and I'll tell you what you are." It ought to be clean, comfortable, and economical, the place of social gathering where they may unreservedly have their say, feeling

Digitized by Google

assured that no one word uttered inside the mess-room will be repeated out of it, so long as discipline is not affected. But a mess cannot be kept up on nothing, and so there is a subscription, which being insufficient, a tax must be placed on the liquors consumed, as well, to pay for glass, crockery, cutlery, kitchen utensils, servants' wages, servants' clothing, hire of furniture, use of extra gas or coals, hire of billiard table, purchase of cards, dominoes, or other games.

The furniture hired are a few easy-chairs, carpets, door mats, extra gas is that used after the regular hours, although special leave to keep the mess open had been obtained. Extra coal, simply because the regulation issue is not sufficient for warming the mess-rooms and for cooking; then there is the supply and washing of table linen, so much for the mess equipment.

The messing of the sergeants always costs 2d. or 3d. at least more than the men's, to which may be added a sum for extra messing, for it generally happens that the regular amount is exceeded by the end of the month, but why should it be exceeded? because there is a certain amount of hospitality which must be afforded to sergeants of other corps arriving on courts-martial, or other duties, or perhaps some civilian friend, the stay of these may be so short that they could not be treated as honorary members, and the sergeant who has not over-much himself would rather want that friend another time, if he had to pay for him out of his own small pay; the meals not being apportioned as in the barrack rooms necessitates the purchase of extra meat for joints, and larger quantities of vegetables, to which add filling of cruets, &c., but this is for their own use—true but it is also to keep up that respectability mentioned in the Regulations.

The breakage of mess crockery, &c., on a move, and the cost of extra baggage, forms no small item of expense; cups, plates, dishes, tumblers, pots and pans, and a host of other necessaries; why the cases to carry all this heavy ware must be made so strong as to be nearly the weight allowed for the whole, and there is of course a quantity above regulation, surely something might be done in the equipping of sergeants' messes that would save a good deal of this impedimenta.

There is some stationery to be purchased, not much, and paper is cheap, perhaps so, but still it cuts out of his pay, and then a batman or one to clean his arms, &c., this is inadmissable, not so; during his tour of orderly sergeant he is so pushed for time, that

Digitized by Google

he is obliged to obtain some assistance, and although he may pay but little, still it is like the saying "Every mickle makes a muckle."

Of recent years there appears to be a tendency to lower instead of improving the position of sergeant. The warrants do not bear the impress of sound military knowledge. For instance, good conduct medals with gratuities, how few sergeants now receive £15 or £10 with their medals, they are brought down to the level of the private, and only get £5; it is no longer regarded by the army with that high appreciation, when with the medal a distinction was made in the amount that accompanied it.

The rates of pensions are about the same that they were fifty years ago, notwithstanding that many new and important duties have been since added, for instance, musketry instruction, gymnastics, signalling.

Another curious thing is, some sergeants are serving who, having re-engaged prior to 1876, are in receipt of an additional penny a day, and others who have re-engaged since the above date are, to receive two pence a day deferred pay, so that one, the junior, is actually obtaining a penny a day more than the other—this must be an oversight, for surely it was never for a moment intended that sergeants in the same rank and performing similar duties should not have pay and allowances alike.

SUGGESTIONS.

It will be seen on reference to the first part, that in four, or five years time the whole of our old sergeants, and nearly all the corporals will have completed their term of service in the army, and to replace them we shall have men very junior in every respect, age, service, and experience, this state of things fills us with misgivings as to efficiency in the future, and necessitates at once prompt and decisive measures to remedy that, which before long may be beyond repair, except at great cost and trouble.

It appears advisable, if not imperative, that the services of all sergeants should be retained until the present young non-commissioned officers have served five years and have re-engaged for a period of twenty-one years, it may be looked on as a hardship to a certain extent, but the good of the service requires it, that time will be found most valuable, affording as it were, a kind of compensation balance to the wheels now running somewhat too fast. Further, that the non-commissioned officers to accompany drafts to

Digitized by Google

India should be of the fewest possible number consistent with the exigencies of the service, so that each regiment may have a fair chance of improving and, as we trust, of retaining them for their own use.

From what has been stated with respect to the expenses a sergeant is put to, in regard to clothing, messing and all the other incidentals of a mess, it will be allowed that his pay is altogether too small, in fact he is so screwed down that he is very little better off than a private, whereas, according to his position, he should be so well circumstanced that every soldier would recognise the advantage of becoming a non-commissioned officer, and, thereby, induced to attain to it.

Whatever truth there may be in the saying that every French soldier carries a marshal's baton in his knapsack, it certainly does not apply to the British soldier, his chances of a commission are, indeed, very remote, when it is taken into consideration that only four or five out of every hundred vacancies are given to men in the ranks. A young fellow may be ardent, fairly educated, and well conducted, but beyond becoming a non-commissioned officer he has but little chance. There are some regiments which have not had a combative commission given to them for over twenty years, during that period how many brave and worthy men have been disappointed, dispirited, and gone back into civil life, carrying with them bitter feelings among those who are to be asked to fill our ranks. It is not our intention to enter on the merits or de-merits of this question of giving commissions, our subject is only to show that where so little prospect exists, the position of all grades of non-commissioned officers should be improved.

The following are the rates of pay, according to the Royal Warrant of 1878:—

Infantry—Regimental sergeant-major per diem, 3s. 9d.; quartermaster-sergeant, 2s. 9d.; sergeant-instructor of musketry, 3s. 1d.; colour-sergeant, 2s. 7d.; drum-major, 2s. 1d.; sergeant, 2s. 1d.; lance-sergeant, 1s. 11d.; corporal, 1s. 4d.; lance-corporal, 1s. 3d.

It does not require more than a single glance to observe that from the rank of sergeant upwards they are all wretchedly underpaid. The sergeant-major, who is the most responsible person in the regiment, under the rank of an officer, receives 26s. 3d. a week, he may have served long and faithfully ere he attained his present position, and however well he might struggle on when single, it is

Digitized by Google

now a hard case with a wife and perhaps four or five children; why, it is not four shillings a week for each member of his family, yet he is expected to be always well-dressed, an example to the regiment, his wife and little ones a pattern of decency and neatness. Let us veil over the soreness of many hearts that are striving to keep up a respectability due to their position, and have little more than bread to eat, and this man is next the officer in rank; one in a thousand, by his energy and ability, he has outrun all his comrades, and reached the highest point, short of a commission, that a non-commissioned can possibly obtain; he is proud of his position, knowing that it is hard earned, and that he stands first, but faithfully as he may perform his duties and manfully struggle on to keep up the respectability of his position, he cannot fail to be tortured with the thought that he is unable out of his small pay to lay up anything for his wife and children, while the bare necessaries of life keep him in a state of penury.

The quarter-master sergeant stands next in seniority, and his pay is only 2s. 9d. As the sergeant-major is first in all that appertains to discipline, so is he in all that relates to quarters, fuel, rations, arms, clothing, &c. In addition to these duties, he is also clerk, keeping up all the necessary books and accounts connected with his department, for which he is paid 19s. 3d. a week. Never was so much work done for so little pay in any one of the Government offices yet, nor will be. It surely must have been an oversight that gives him less than the musketry-sergeant who is his junior, and who on account of his particular duties receives extra clothing to make up for extra wear. Even the colour-sergeant receives 2s. 7d., and as he is generally pay-sergeant 6d. more, making his pay 3s. 1d.; the latter is also only second-class, whereas the former is a first-class staff-sergeant. Our opinion is that there should be a very marked difference between these two non-commissioned officers and all others. Taking into consideration the great scarcity of commissions, we propose that they should be awarded Warrant Rank with pay at 5s. a day, and that after five years in the ranks be transferred to the militia to serve with it for five years as assistants to the adjutant and quarter-master. Coming fresh from the regular army with a thorough knowledge of its details, and the latest drills and exercises, &c., their services would prove most valuable. During this period there would be ample means at their disposal to improve themselves in education, culture, &c., and opportunities

Digitized by Google

might then be taken to promote some to commissions, while others after completing their five years should be pensioned on 4s. a day, or employment found them in Government offices at 6s. a day up to 50 years of age, and then retire on a pension of 5s. a day. With re-engaged non-commissioned officers few men would attain to sergeant-major under ten or twelve years' service and about thirty years in age, if we add five years as sergeant-major and five as warrant-officer in the militia, only ten years at the utmost could be passed in an office or other Government employ.

The removal of the two warrant officers in regiments after five years will cause a steady flow of promotion to their grades among the staff-sergeants and colour-sergeants, and this is most desirable; for if they are allowed to serve on, they destroy all hopes for many a deserving man, and not only that, but they themselves by the continuous strain after five years begin to tire of sameness, and feel more or less discontented. How can they help it?

The remaining sergeants might be divided into three classes.

Class 1.—Sergeant instructor of musketry, band master, colour-sergeants.

Class 2.—Orderly room clerk, pay office clerk, band-sergeant, drum-major, armourer-sergeant.

Class 3.—Sergeant-master tailor, cook-sergeant, pioneer-sergeant, sergeants.

Class 1.—To receive pay at 3s. 3d. a day; in this class we have entered the colour-sergeants, as we consider their position a very important one, on them a great deal of the drill and interior economy of the company falls, their duties to escort the colours in the field is a most honourable one, and especially dangerous, besides which it is one of the ranks to which every one may hope to attain, and everything that can, ought to be done to improve it, so that men shall deem it a prize worth striving for.

Class 2.—The armourer to receive pay, as at present, 5s. a day, and the other sergeants in this class 2s. 8d. a day.

Class 3.—Sergeants at 2s. 6d. a day; and an additional penny after every five years as sergeant.

Having considered the expenses sergeants are put to on account of their mess, clothing, baggage, and other incidentals, and the certainty that any system of money allowances would prove but a fruitful source of annoyance, the simpliest plan, without doubt the most practical, would be to make a substantial increase to

Digitized by Google

the pay, so that all these extra charges might be met and provided for regimentally. Those who conducted their affairs best would derive the greatest benefit.

The clothing ought to be much superior to that of the rank and file, instead of which, the clothing of the latter has been brought so like the sergeants in colour and texture, that there is scarcely any difference, except in the frock, this is altogether a step in the wrong direction, it is one of their greatest privileges to be known by a distinctive uniform.

Married sergeants ought at least to have two rooms, one of these may be as small as possible, so long as it is a room with a table and chair, for as it is now, the sergeant with only one room and one table must put away his books or writing at meal times, or do his work on the corner of a box; if he has two or three children the whole room is taken up with bedsteads, and he is obliged to carry his pots, pans, and crockery from one place to another, he must have boxes to hold them.

A good deal might be done to lessen the weight and quantity of baggage by the supply of utensils and certain articles of delf to the sergeants' mess, and to the married families; we are quite aware that it would give some trouble, but that should not be any bar to the carrying out a convenience for the service, and the barrack department would no doubt prove itself equal to the occasion.

Frequently we see in the newspapers advertisements for sergeants to serve in the militia; the adjutants of militia regiments fully appreciate the value of old trained sergeants to keep up their staff, for they know well that without a good staff of steady well-drilled non-commissioned officers, men with tact and experience, and who know how to keep the squads under control, they could never hope to make anything of them in the short training of a few weeks. Our opinion is, sergeants on completing twenty years in the army should be regularly posted to militia regiments for another ten years, after which pensioned at 2s. 6d. a day. If reduced by courts martia while in the militia, to be at once discharged to pension 1s. a day with a bonus of £2 for each year as sergeant in the militia corps.

There is an absolute necessity for an increase in the number of sergeants and corporals. There are not sufficient, and every one knoms it, and the system of making lance-sergeants or lance-corporals is not as good as he looks, the only thing that can be said in its favour is, that you may take away the lance stripe without trial. We don't see it in that light at all, it is simply a compro-

Digitized by Google

mise, and one that has proved more mischievious than beneficial; there ought to be more of the effective rank.

There are thirty-two sergeants (including colour) and forty corporals to do all the duty in a regiment, out of the above numbers there are generally employed in various ways sixteen sergeants and ten corporals, so that the essentially military work must be done with only half the number of sergeants and three-fourths of the corporals, and when you observe that there are eight sergeants and eight corporals who are orderlies on continuous duty for a week, it will be at once apparent the remainder must have but little time to themselves as they have all the guards and fatigues to do.

We would also advocate the appointment of four sergeants as regimental drills to be borne by the regimental staff, in Class II., and an increase of three sergeants and four corporals to a company, bringing them up to seven sergeants and eight corporals for each company, and the abolition of all lance ranks.

Every man on promotion to corporal to be re-engaged for twenty years in the regulars and ten in the militia; if a corporal or sergeant is reduced to the ranks while in the army, to be at once discharged, and paid a bonus of £1 for each year or part of a year as corporal, and £3 for the similar period as sergeant.

It is a satisfaction to see that even in an indirect manner, the services of old sergeants are made use of in the militia, for it is not only a pity, but as we consider sinful waste, that the experienced and able non-commissioned officer whom it has taken years to train instead of being utilized should be sent into civil life, to do what, perhaps label boxes at a railway; much better retain him that he may instruct our recruits. He has, while in the army, borne the burden and heat of the day, now give him a place where the work will not be so heavy, and for which he is eminently fitted for a long and careful training, by this means he will be benefitted, and not only he, but the country as well; his example will be an encouragement to recruits, and raise the position of the soldier in the estimation of our youths.

In conclusion we have only to remark that we have tried to place this important subject in as clear a light as possible, and as we are solely promoted by a desire for the public good, we shall be glad if any of our suggestions or remarks prove useful, in bringing about an improved position, and retention of those who have been aptly termed, "the backbone of the army."

Digitized by Google

Notes on the History and Services
OF THE THIRTY-SECOND REGIMENT.
(*Continued.*)

In the early part of the year 1857, the Cawnpore Division of the Bengal Army, commanded by Major General Sir Hugh Wheeler, K.C.B., was composed of the 2nd Light Cavalry, 1st, 53rd and 56th Regiments Native Infantry, with some artillery—in all, about 3,000 native troops. At the station, besides, were a depot of invalids and married men detached from Her Majesty's 32nd regiment at Lucknow, and a weak company of Bengal European Foot Artillery.

The city of Cawnpore, with a densely packed native population of sixty thousand, had an evil repute, as the resort of dangerous characters from both sides of the Ganges, and to the European element, numbering over a thousand souls, the unsettled state of the natives and the ugly rumours which became rife in May, had a more than ordinary significance. The belief that some terrible catastrophewas imminent appears to have been general—a foreboding too truly fulfilled. But, Sir Hugh Wheeler shared to the fullest the optimist views then entertained by most Indian officials, as proved in his telegram to the seat of Government after reeeipt of the news of the Delhi outbreak.

18th May, 1857. "All well at Cawnpore. Quiet, but excitement continues among the people. The final advance on Delhi will soon be made. The insurgents can only be about 3,000 in number, and are said to cling to the walls of Delhi, where they have set up a puppet king. I grudge the escape of one of them. Calm and expert policy will reassure the public mind. The plague is indeed stayed."

The plague, alas! was very far from stayed. Within twenty-four hours of the despatch of the above message the newly raised 2nd Cavalry were in "a panic of rage and fear" through the seditious harangues of one Khan Mohammed, a sepoy of the 55th Native

Digitized by Google

Infantry. This incendiary was put in irons, and an urgent application for aid telegraphed to Lucknow, and at nine p.m. the next night a detachment of Her Majesty's 32nd Regiment arrived by post dawk from Lucknow, under command of Captain E. W. D. Lowe, escorted by two squadrons of Oude Cavalry.

But, in an evil hour, Sir Hugh had bethought himself of applying for aid in another quarter. Seereek Dhoudiah Punth—better known as the Nana*—the adopted son of the last Peishwah of Poonah, lived in feudal state at Bithoor, twelve miles distant from Cawnpore. He was ostentatiously civil to the Cawnpore garrison; and despite certain substantial greivances against the East India Company, his wealth was conspicuous even among the colossal features of Indian landowners. To him, in the face of most earnest warnings from Lucknow, Sir Hugh appealed, with what result is shewn by his next telegram.

22nd May, 1857. "Two guns and three hundred men, cavalry and infantry, furnished by the Maharajah of Bithoor, came in this morning."

Looting merrily by the way, the precious crew came into Cawnpore. The Nana took up his quarters in the midst of the houses occupied by the civilians; the Treasury, which contained upwards of a hundred thousand pounds, was put in charge of his body-guard; and it was even proposed that the ladies and children should be placed in sanctuary in the Bithoor palace!†

Coincident with the Queen's birthday was the festival of the Eed, a season which Mohammedans celebrate with the blood of sheep and goats, and which, it was feared, might lead to the sacrifice of nobler victims. But the festivities passed off quietly, although the usual birthday honours were omitted, lest the firing should be misinterpreted by the natives.

Very urgent representations of the need of providing some sort of defence were made by Captain Lowe, 32nd Regiment, and Captain Fletcher Hayes, of Sir H. Lawrence's staff, who had accompanied the Lucknow reinforcement; but to these, poor Sir Hugh turned an unwilling ear, dreading to precipitate events. Eventually, a rectangular space, with a longest side of about 400 yards, containing two buildings, one of them thatched, which together had formed the old dragoon hospital, was surrounded by a mud fence 4 feet high and 18 inches wide at top;

* *i.e.* grandson. † Trevelyan's "Cawnpore."

Digitized by Google

some guns of various calibres were put round in gaps left in the fence for the purpose, and this enclosure, dignified with the name of an entrenchment, was ordered to be provisioned for twenty-five days. Meanwhile the officials at Calcutta were prating of peace and security, and withholding troops, whose presence up country would have materially changed the face of affairs. Had Her Majesty's 84th Regiment been sent up at once from Barrackpore, they could have reached Cawnpore by the end of May, without any (as it might then have been thought) inexpedient display of military activity, and their presence would have been of essential service both there and at Lucknow, in providing means for the execution of a better description of defences and admitting of a bolder line of tactics. Instead, a detachment of two subalterns and fifty-eight men Her Majesty's 84th Regiment, with a few soldiers of the Madras Fusiliers were sent, who reached Cawnpore on 30th May, when Captain Lowe's detachment of the 32nd Regiment returned to Lucknow.

A few days afterwards, on hearing of the outbreak of the native infantry regiments in the cantonments outside Lucknow, Sir Hugh sent on thither all the available men of the 84th detachment; and at 9 p.m. on 3rd June was dispatched the last telegraphic message which reached the outer world from Cawnpore.

Sir H. Wheeler to the Secretary to the Government of India, 3rd June, 1857.—"All orders and proclamations have been sent express, as the telegraph between here and Agra is obstructed. Sir H. Lawrence having expressed some uneasiness, I have just sent him by post carriages two officers* and fifty men of Her Majesty's 84th Foot; conveyance for more not available. This leaves me weak, but I hope to hold my own until more Europeans arrive."

† Captain O'Brien and Ensign Magrath.

* On the day after the Queen birthday, Mr. Secretary Beadon told the loya freemasons of Calcutta that "all is quiet within six hundred miles of the capital. *The mischief caused by a groundless Panic has fortunately been arrested*, and there is every reason to hope that in a few days quiet and tranquillity will be restored through the Presidency."—*Vide* Colonel Mallison's "History of the Sepoy Mutiny."

† See Colonel Malleson's "History of the Sepoy Mutiny," Vol. I. The 84th arrived at Calcutta from Rangoon in March. The head-quarters of the Madras Fusiliers landed there on May 23. The 64th and 78th from Persia in the first week in June. Sir H. Lawrence complained to the Calcutta authoritities that the 84th detachment had nothing but cloth clothing with them. See "Life of Sir H. Lawrence."

Digitized by Google

The European troops now left at Cawnpore (not counting European officers and staff of revolted native regiments) consisted as follows:—

Depôt detachment of Her Majesty's 32nd: 3 officers (Captain J. Moore, Lieutenant F. Wainwright, Ensign Evelyn Hill), 7 sergeants, 1 drummer, 74 rank and file. Total, 85 of all ranks.* Detachments of Her Majesty's 84th, and Madras Fusiliers, a few details each; Bengal European Artillery, 59.†

On Tuesday, 4th June, the 2nd Cavalry broke out into open revolt. The other native corps speedily followed suit. At dawn on the 6th, the Nana, throwing off all reserve, announced his intention of attacking the British camp. By noon, on Sunday, many guns, drawn from the Cawnpore Arsenal, had been placed round, at safe distances, to rake the entrenchment, and 24-pound shot were crashing through the doors and windows of the two buildings within, every shot being the signal for heart-rending shrieks or low wailing more heart-rending still. Within the enclosure, about a quarter of an acre in extent, were gathered all the Christian population of Cawnpore and the districts round about, or, rather, all who had eluded the murderers riot of the two preceding days—a mixed and feeble company to the full sum of a thousand souls. Of these, 465 were men of all ages and professions (the troops included), and over 600 women and children. Under European officers, all the men capable of bearing arms were told off to posts in the entrenchment and in certain unfinished "puckah" buildings outside its south-western angle, one of which, known as "Barrack No. 2," subsequently became the recognized key of the British position,—the scene of many an act of unrecorded heroism. Sir Hugh being unequal to the fatigue involved, the active conduct of the defence devolved, informally, on the senior Queen's officer present, Captain Moore, Her Majesty's 32nd valiant Irish officer, of some sixteen years standing, who had fought with the regiment in the second Sikh war.‡ When once

* With the 32nd depot were four ladies (Mrs. Moore, Mrs. and Miss Wainwright, and Mrs. Hill), forty-one European women, and fifty-four children belonging to the regiment.

† No exact return of numbers has been found, except 32nd detachment.

‡ The late Colonel Mowbray Thomson, one of the survivors, thus testifies to his worth:—"Captain John Moore, who was the life and soul of our defence, was a tall, fair man, with light blue eyes, I believe an Irishman. He was in command of the invalid depot of Her Majesty's 32nd Regiment when the Mutiny broke out.

Digitized by Google

fire was opened, the irremediable defects of the site chosen for the entrenchment became apparent. The dragoon Hospital was entirely surrounded by large and solid buildings at distances varying from 300 to 800 yards; buildings from which the assailants derived protection at least as effectual as that afforded to the garrison by their improvised defences. From roof and window poured a shower of bullets during the hours of daylight, while after dusk troops of Sepoys hovered about within pistol shot, and made night hideous with incessant volleys of musketry.* Sometimes, when the enemy became more than usually troublesome, the picket which was most hardly pressed would invite their neighbours to come over; and then the combatant force of some thirty bayonets sallied forth to sweep the line of barracks, chasing the foe before them; killing the boldest or slowest of foot; knocking on the head such as were drunk or asleep; shooting down those who in their anxiety to get a good aim had esconced themselves too high up to climb down at so short a notice, and driving the rest out and across the plain; at which point, the gunners in the entrenchment took up the work and plied the flying multitude with grape and canister.†

Throughout all the harassing duties that devolved upon him he never lost determination or energy. Though the little band of men at his direction was daily lessened by death, he was cheerful and animated to the last, and inspired all around him with a share of his wonderful endurance and vivacity. He visited every one of the pickets daily, and sometimes two or three times a day, speaking words of encouragement to everyone of us. His never-say-die disposition nerved many a sinking heart to the conflict, and his affable tender sympathy imparted fresh patience to the suffering women. Mrs. Moore sometimes came across with him to our barrack (No. 2 building), and we fitted up a little hut for her made with bamboos and covered with canvas, and there she would sit for hours bravely bearing the absence of her husband while he was gone on some hazardous enterprise. She, poor creature, was amongst the number who unhappily survived the seige and afterwards was murdered in the House of Horrors."

* Trevelyan's "Cawnpore."

† Trevelyan. During one of these early sorties, Mowbray Thomson relates, eleven Sepoy prisoners were taken and lodged in the main-guard, and as all the available strength of the garrison was required in action, Mrs. Widdowson, wife of Private Thomas Widdowson, 32nd, volunteered to keep guard over them with a drawn sword. They were only secured by a rope passed from wrist to wrist, but they sat motionless on the ground for more than an hour under the Amazonian surveillance to which they were subjected to. Presently, when the picket returned and they were subject to masculine protection they all managed to escape. From this time forward, it was understood that prisoners are to be left where taken, with the jackall and vulture for their jailors.

Digitized by Google

By the 10th of June not a door or window remained in either of the buildings, and the shot coursed freely through and through the bare rooms. Many women and children had already been killed outright, and others seriously wounded by the falling buildings and splinters; all of the European gunners had been killed or disabled at these guns. Thus aped the first five days of the defence.

On the 12th of June, the insurgents made their first general attack. The 2nd cavalry, who a day or two before, had been engaged in the more congenial occupation of murdering some boat loads of European fugitives from Futtehghur, at Nawabgunj, led the attack, but these heroes soon turned tail; they were followed by the native infantry, who showed rather more resolution, but the attack was repulsed with severe loss to the enemy.

The state of affairs on the 14th of June is shown in the following letter, which promptly reached Lucknow, secreted on the person of a native bearer:—

Sir H. Wheeler *to* M. Gubbins, Esq.

"My dear Gubbins,—We have been besieged since the 6th by the Nana Sahib, joined by the whole of the Native troops, who broke out on the morning of the 4th.* The enemy have two 24-pounders and several other guns. We have only eight 9-pounders. The whole Christian population is with us in a temporary entrenchment, and our defence has been noble and wonderful; our loss heavy and cruel. We want aid, aid, aid. Regards to Lawrence.

"Yours, &c.,

"(*Signed*) H. WHEELER.

"June 14, 1857, 8.15 p.m.

P.S.—If we had 200 men we could punish the scoundrels and help you."

To this appeal came the following reply from Sir H. Lawrence:—

"Lucknow, June 16, 1857.†

"My dear Wheeler,—I am very sorry indeed to hear of your condition, and grieved that I cannot help you. I have consulted with the chief officers about me, and all but Gubbins are unanimous in thinking that with the enemy's command of the river, we could not possibly get a single man into your entrenchment. I need not say that I deeply lament being obliged to concur in this opinion,

* Mowbray Thomson says the 6th—evidently a mistake.

† This letter, by an obvious misprint, is dated from Cawnpore in Sir H. Edwardes "Life or Sr H. Lawrence."

Digitized by Google

for our own safety is as nearly concerned as yours. We are strong in our entrenchments, but by attempting the passage of the river should be sacrificing a large detachment, without the prospect of helping you. Pray do not think me selfish. I would run much risk could I see a commensurate prospect of success. In the present scheme I see none. Mr. Gubbins, who does not understand that most difficult of military operations, the passage of a river in the face of an enemy, is led away by a generous enthusiasm to desire impossibilities. I write not only my own opinion, but that of many ready to risk their lives to rescue you.

"Yours, &c.,

"(*Signed*) H. LAWRENCE."

On 15th of June, a carcase set fire to the thatched building in the Cawnpore entrenchment, which for its more sheltered position had been selected as a refuge for the sick and wounded, and despite the efforts made at a rescue, two poor fellows perished in the flames.*

On 16th, the Meer Nawab, a Mussulman of rank, came into the Nana's camp with a numerous following, including the Nadizee and Aktaree Regts—late 4th and 5th Oude Local Infantry—two fine well-drilled corps of Sepoys. The same night, to give early proof that the spirit of the defenders was still unbroken, Captain Moore made a sortie with fifty picked men, and hurrying down the rebels lines under cover of the darkness, surprised in untimely slumber some native gunners, who never woke again; spiked and rolled our several 24-pounders; gratified their feelings by blowing up a piece which had given them special annoyance, and got back safe into camp, carrying in their arms four of their number, and leaving one behind dead.

* This day a rifle ball killed Private T. White, 32nd, broke both arms of his wife, who was by his side, and injured one of two children (twins) she held. Mowbray Thomson speaks of the sight of the widowed mother lying in hospital powerless to move, with a child at each breast, as the most piteous he ever witnessed.

Digitized by Google

Editorial Notes.

In the interest of the Service, and especially in the interest of our old Van Diemanian friends, we rejoice at the appointment of Lieut.-Colonel Edward Fox Angelo, late of the 1st Royal Scots, to the command of the local forces in the Colony of Tasmania. Colonel Angelo's varied experience, staff and regimental, at home and abroad, in the field and out of it, eminently qualify him for such an appointment. He served with the 28th in the Crimea, and with his last regiment in India. In the latter country he has held several important appointments on the staff, including that of aide-de-camp to the late General Adams—formerly of the 28th—assistant quartermaster-general of the Sangor District, brigade-major at Agra, deputy assistant adjutant-general of the Gwalior District, and assistant adjutant-general Oudh Division. He retired from the Royal Scots early in 1878, for the purpose of settling in Tasmania. Colonel Angelo is a brother of Major-General John Anthony Angelo, Royal Artillery.

The recent Warrant providing for the promotion of Veterinary-Surgeons for distinguished service, "without reference to seniority," is doubtless well intended, but we fail to perceive how it can be practically applied departmentally, or what description of "distinguished service" is meant. We much fear, that like many of our other recent Warrants, it is inflated words meaning nothing. We cannot forget the high testimony borne to the character of Inspecting Veterinary-Surgeon Gudgin for efficiency, and devotion to duty during the late South African campaign, but—as we suppose—because he belonged to the Veterinary Department nothing has come of it. Officers not only relatively junior, but much less distinguished than Mr. Gudgin, got their C.B., whilst he was left out in the cold undecorated. It is quite time that the system of dooming certain departments to neglect under all circumstancs should cease. The question naturally suggests itself, is a Veterinary Department necessary to the efficiency of the Service? and if the question is answered in the affirmative, we submit that its officers should be treated as fairly as officers of other branches of the Service. We wish some member of the Legislature would ask what is meant by this Warrant.

The Army has been agreeably disappointed in Mr. Childers. So far his acts and promises have given much satisfaction. We allude especially to his dealing with the Purchase Captains, and his promise to review the whole case of claims on account of deceased officers, but we cannot refrain from expressing our regret at his reply to Mr. Parleston in reference to the report of Lord Airey's Committee. Why there should be any objection to lay that report, with all the evidence on which it is based, on the table, is one of the things that Lord Dundreary might understand, but which military men can't. Can it be possible that the head-quarter authorities are ashamed of some of the evidence adduced. Looking at the names of some of those examined, we would not be at all surprised to find that such was the case.

The long threatened assault on Lord Chelmsford in the House of Lords has come off, and as we anticipated his lordship survives it. Lord Strathnairn failed to acquit himself with his usual ability, for the

Digitized by Google

simple reason—to use a legal phrase—that he had no case. Some were prepared for dreadful revelations, but no revelations of any sort have been made Instead of convincing all the world of Lord Chelmsford's incapacity, he afforded the latter an opportunity of showing that he was about as liable to blame for the unfortunate disaster at the Tay Bridge, as for the unfortunate disaster at Isandula. Those who know the kind-heartedness of Lord Chelmsford, also know that the simple fact of so sad a disaster having overtaken any portion of the force under his lordship's command, was to him an affliction, the anguish of which should not have been added to by ungenerous treatment at the hands of an influential and distinguished brother-officer. We congratulate Lord Chelmsford, not only on the result of the proceedings in the House of Lords, but also on the easy and graceful style that characterised his recital of the interesting narrative of the events that led to the sad disaster he so graphically described. It must have been very gratifying to his lordship to find that not only was he listened to with breathless interest, but that he carried the sympathies of the House with him. Lord Strathnairn has unwittingly done Lord Chelmsford a service which cannot fail to prove very gratifying to the friends of the latter. We have always accorded Lord Chelmsford our sympathies in the unmerited attacks that have been made on him. We are now pleased to be in a position to accord him our congratulations on his successful vindication of his professional character. His private character no one has ever ventured to assail.

Should our sporting and professional readers not have tried the Portable, Inflatable, India-rubber Boot-tree, invented and patented by Captain Carmichael, 5th Royal Lancers, Deputy-assistant Quartermaster-General at the Horse Guards, and sold by Messrs. W. Sparkes Hall & Co., 308 and 310, Regent-street, W., we would recommend them to do so at once. It fits in a compass which admits of its being carried in the pocket or in a haversack, and for all the necessary purposes of a boot-tree is thoroughly effective. Those who have tried it say that Captain Carmichael is, if not a benefactor of his race, at least a benefactor of sporting and military men.

Obituary.

On the 7th July, suddenly, at Rawul Pinda, Punjaub, Alexander Pringle Samuells, Captain 32nd Punjaub Pioneers, third son of the late Edward Alexander Samuells, Esq., C.B., H.M.'s Bengal Civil Service, aged 36.

On the 1st August, at 108, Jermyn Street, General Sir John Bloomfield, G.C.B., Royal Horse Artillery, aged 36 years.

Lieut. Brophey, Yeoman of the Royal Body-Guard, at St. James's Palace, says: "Having suffered from Deafness, Neuralgia and Rheumatism ever since I left the Crimea, and likewise from Indigestion and consequent Debility, I was induced by a friend to try your Vitalized Phosphates, and I cannot speak too highly in their favour. Nothing I have ever taken has afforded me such great and permanent relief." This preparation is now much used by professional men; it is pleasant to take and free from all danger. Sold by Chemists 3*s*. 9*d*. per bottle, (containing forty-four adult doses,) or post free from F. Crosby, 137A Strand, London, upon receipt of stamps or P.O.O. Descriptive pamphlets post free.—(ADVT.)

Digitized by Google

Army and Navy Literature.

The United Service. (Philadelphia, U.S.)

The August number opens with an article on "Collisions at Sea," a portion of which we also published through the courtesy of our contemporary. It is high time that such a subject should be discussed, and practical means suggested for the lessening of catastrophes, such as we have recently witnessed almost on our very shores during the past few years. "The English Naval Prize Essay, 1880," by Captain the Hon. Edward R. Freemantle, is concluded in this number. The articles in this Review are always ably written, and we strongly recommend our readers to see it, and judge for themselves. The London agent is Mr. B. F. Stevens, of 4, Trafalgar Square. We regret that want of space prevents our noticing at length the articles, of which there are ten; besides the two we have already glanced at, there are "Military Landmarks," "Naval Education," "Employment of Troops in Garrison," "Bits of Army Etymology," The Mode of Manufacture of Cable-iron," "Chain Cables, and Anchors, United States Navy," "The first Home-coming of the Reserves" (by an old Reserve), "The United States Revenue Marine" and "The Militia of Great Britain" (by Captain Philip H.B. Salusbury, Royal Cheshire Light Infantry). A goodly list truly! And all written by either Naval or Military Officers of the United States, with the exception of the last—as well as Editorial Notes, and Service Literature.

La Defense des Etats, et les Camps Retranchés. By General A. Brialmont, Inspector-General of Fortifications. (Baillière and Co.)

This able books speaks for itself, and is a copiously illustrated work on Fortifications

---

Journal des Sciences Militaires.

The July Number contains several articles of interest to English Officers. Among others, we observe one on the Turcomans and their country, in which the designs of Russia in that part of the world are discussed. In the course of this article, allusion is made to Colonel's Baker's book, "Clouds in the East and Travels and Adventures on the Perso-Turkoman frontier," published in 1876. The policy of England in Afghanistan, is also discussed, with regard to our present position in that country, and our former mistakes there, as also the relative positions which Russia and England now hold, and their future relations to each other. Here is an extract:—"In a Military sense, England seems to us very rash, and very imprudent. The last Campaign of Afghanistan, that which ended with the treaty of Gundamuk, has exposed to the entire world, and ought to have convinced the Ministers of the Queen of the weakness of the Military Power of Great Britain. Although she had only to mobilise an Army Corps for this War, she was obliged to put forth her utmost resources to do so, and the efforts which she has thus been obliged to make, have reacted on her other Military enterprises, and even on her general political position." This is plain but painfully sensible language, and we can only say to those in authority:

"O wad some Power the giftie gie us,
To see oursel's as ithers see us!"

Shall we ever see the day, when England shall raise her Military strength, numerically, to that which is reasonably proportionate

Digitized by Google

to her scattered kingdoms all over the globe? Alas! we fear not. John Bull has too great a horror of the *tax-gatherer*, though he not seem to have the same antipathy to the *publican!*

L'ANNEE MILITAIRE.

This a description of matters connected with, and relating to, the numbers and expense of supporting, &c., the French, and the following armies, viz.: Germany, England, Austria, Holland, Italy, and Russia. It also contains a brief account of the following "Wars and Expeditions." —"Expédition dans L'Aurès," "Guerre d'Afghanistan," "Guerre des Zoulous," with a map of Natal and Zululand, and, strange to say, no mention of the ill-fated Prince Imperial! "Guerre de Chili et du Pérou," and "Expédition des Russes contre les Turkmènes-Tekis."

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW. July, 1880.

The article on "Landlords, Tenants, and Labourers," claims attention at the present moment. It is from the pen of Mr. Jefferies, the author of "The Gamekeeper at Home," &c., an author who seems to have made the agricultural labourer his special study.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

"The Ironclad and Gun of the Future," by General W. N. Hutchinson, is a cleverly written article of nine or ten pages, on a subject, the importance of which cannot be overestimated. Mr. Thomas Hughes has a short article "In Memoriam" of poor Tom Taylor. "He that will not when he may," by Mrs. Oliphant, is continued.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

The August number of Fraser opens with a pretty little Allegory by Julian Hawthorne, called "Theeda," after the fashion of one of Hans Andersen's charming fairy tales. The closing sentence runs thus—"But if you should ever happen to visit the place, you will hear the waves murmur mysteriously to one another, as they gambol along the beach; and since they come from that far off line where the world meets the sky, they may possibly know more about Oscar and Theeda than people like Kanker would be apt to believe." It is well worth a perusal. An article by Mr. D. C. Boulger on Russia and China, discusses the chances of war between the two countries. Mary Annerley, by R. D. Blackmore, is continued. "A Bather's Ideal" is a ——— by an enthusiastic and amphibious biped; and "Parliamentary Difficulties and Political Parties," finishes an excellent number, which contains also several other interesting articles.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

"An Englishman's Protest," by Cardinal Manning. "Fiction, fair and foul," continued, by Mr. Ruskin, and another article on "The Future of China," from Mr. Boulger, will attract attention.

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

"Queen Cophetua," by R. E. Francillon, is continued. "A Perished Kernel," is an interesting article on the Trial of the Earl and Countess of Somerset in the time of James, from 1613 to 1622.

We have also received the following Papers—"United Service Gazette," "Army and Navy Gazette," "The Broad Arrow," &c.

Digitized by Google

COLBURN'S
UNITED SERVICE MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1880.

Jean de Vienne.

A CHAPTER FROM THE NAVAL HISTORY OF THE XIV. CENTURY.

By J. K. Laughton.
Lecturer in Naval History at the Royal Naval College.

Every one knows that—according to the Act of Parliament—it is on the Navy that, "under the good Providence of God the wealth, safety, and strength of the kingdom chiefly depend;" but there are probably few who have realized the full meaning of that important sentence. Our fathers and grandfathers asserted our supremacy at sea with such vigour, and bequeathed to us such a transcendent prestige, that we are now apt to think of these not only as our inheritance, but as our natural and absolute right; to forget that the one, as the other, was of slow growth, has been often stoutly disputed, and at times even well nigh blotted out. Such things are now of the past; it is our duty to provide that they remain so. But, as inculcating that duty, as enforcing the necessity for that provision, it is well, from time to time, to examine into our old history, and to retrace—however painfully—the sad lessons of disasters now very imperfectly remembered. That we have suffered such is matter of fact; and even if we were disposed to forget them, others are not; for to them the memory—like the glimmer of stars shining through the gloom—may serve to brighten the past, or possibly to indicate the future. It is per-

Digitized by Google

haps to some such feeling that we must attribute the lately published monograph on Jean de Vienne,* Admiral of France during the latter quarter of the fourteenth century; a man of whom, it may be said, little is known in England beyond the bare name. Even by contemporary chroniclers his personality has been lost sight of, and his deeds attributed to others, misunderstood, slurred over, or omitted altogether; for, says Walsingham, with surely a very false notion of the duties of a historian—the record of all these untoward affairs is so shameful, that we cloak in silence the things which we ought to write about.

John of Vienne, or, in the official language of his time and country, Jehan de Vienne, Chevalier, Sire de Rolans et Amiral de France, was born, probably at Dôle, in Burgundy, in 1341; the son of a family collaterally related, in no very distant degree, to the reigning House of Burgundy, and through it to that of France; the nephew of that elder John of Vienne, with whom he is often confused, who, in 1347, was Governor of Calais, and whose name, as associated with our success, occupies a more prominent place in our histories than that of his more distinguished nephew. Of his childhood we have no account, further than that he passed it at the Castle of Rolans, the ruins of which still stand, near Besançon, in a commanding position on the River Doubs. At the age of eighteen, on the death of his father, he succeeded to his small estate, and would seem to have made his first experience in arms against the free companies, English in name, often under English leaders, which drew together the armed scum of Western Europe, and infested France and Burgundy after the Treaty of Bretigny. In 1363 he is said to have had command of a small party that, near Chambornay, on the Ognon, crushed and well nigh exterminated one of the most formidable of these companies, and to have overthrown in single combat, with knightly spear, their leader, Guichard Monnot, presumably a Gascon. As a reward for this service, he was invested by the King of France with the lordship of the village of Villey, by accepting which he became the liegeman of the King, to whom he continued faithful during the rest of his life. In the war which

* "Jean de Vienne, Amiral de France, 1341-1396." Par le Marquis Terrier de Loray. Paris, 8vo, 1877.

Digitized by Google

raged between the parties of France and Navarre, rival claimants of the Duchy of Burgundy, and virtually of the French Crown, he served with distinction under the Constable du Guesclin, whom he followed to Normandy in 1364, though it is doubtful whether he was still with him at Auray, or was then serving with the Duke of Burgundy, as he assuredly was in the following month and through the winter.

It was after his release from the captivity which befell him at Auray, that Du Guesclin led an army of adventurers into Spain to support the cause of the bastard Henry against his legitimate brother, the King of Castile, a war in which—as is familiarly known—the Black Prince afterwards interfered; in which he—as everywhere else—achieved the most brilliant success, but in which also, it would seem, he contracted that mysterious disease which carried him off in the flower of his age. With this war, however, we are not now concerned. John of Vienne had no part in it, having embarked in a so-called crusade which the Count of Savoy led to the East in support of his cousin, the Emperor John Palæologus, then held prisoner by the Bulgarians.

This crusade, the history of which is little known,* may perhaps more properly be called a chivalrous adventure. A number of knights of different nations—Gascon, Burgundian, French, German, Flemish—gathered together to support the cause of Christianity. Fourteen of them, including John of Vienne, with the Count of Savoy at their head, founded the Order of the Annunciation. They then took ship at Venice, and the force having rendezvoused at Coron, went on to Gallipoli, at that time in the hands of the Turks. This they carried by assault. They then passed into the Black Sea; occupied Sizeboli and other places of less importance: took Missirri by storm, followed by general pillage and massacre, and invested Varna. The fortifications of Varna were strong, and the Christians were but ill-provided to carry on a lengthened siege; the season too was late; and the adventure might have ended badly, had not the courage of the Bulgarians failed them. Negotiations were entered on, in which Jean de Vienne and Guillaume de Granson represented the Crusaders with such good effect, that their present claims were acceded to, and the

* It has altogether escaped the researches of Gibbon.

Digitized by Google

Emperor sent back safely to Constantinople. Thither the Western warriors went for the winter, which would seem to have been spent in the usual squabbles between Greek and Frank. In suing for assistance, the Emperor had pledged himself to bring about the reunion of the Greek and Latin Churches. This promise he now withdrew, and warned the Crusaders to quit the town if they would avoid being massacred by the turbulent populace. They accordingly crossed over to Pera, waiting for the return of the good season. But the Turks, meanwhile, advanced and laid siege to Sizeboli. The Emperor's tone altered; he undertook to repair to Rome; to have the reunion of the Churches solemnly proclaimed there; he bound himself by hostages; he would agree to anything, if only they would drive back the Turk. This was again happily done, and the expedition returned home in the course of the summer of 1367.

Two years later the Emperor did, to some extent, carry out his promises. He came to Rome; acknowledged, "in the presence of four cardinals, the supremacy of the Pope and the double procession of the Holy Ghost,"* and paid public homage to Urban V. in the Church of St. Peter. But all this was probably due as much to future hopes as to past promises; and the real business of his visit to Italy would seem to have been to enlist some of the free companies in his service, and especially their distinguished leader, John Hawkwood. In this, for whatever reason, he was unsuccessful; but we are scarcely doing injustice to Hawkwood's memory if we suppose that he insisted on some more tangible recompense than promises; and the empty state of the imperial purse is proved by the fact that the Emperor was detained at Venice, virtually a prisoner for debt incurred on account of the expenses of his journey.

With this adventure the earlier part of Jean de Vienne's career may be said to close. He was still only twenty-six years of age; but since he was eighteen, he had been engaged in almost constant service of one sort or another: and though we have no account of the successive steps by which he rose to distinction, it appears throughout that by mere force of character, and independent of the claim his birth might have

* Gibbon: chapter lxvi.

Digitized by Google

given him, he took at once a foremost position in the armies of France. To have held responsible command, in a time of such unceasing peril, under Philip the Bold and Bertrand du Guesclin, was a training equivalent, and more than equivalent, to the experience of a score of years.

It was in 1369 that the King of France, Charles V., had resolved no longer to endure the disgrace and the issue of the Treaty of Bretigny. He had prepared for the inevitable resumption of hostilities with England by an unscrupulous economy, by a wise administration of his finances, by secret negotiations with the gentry of Guyenne, themselves unwilling subjects of the English rule, and by a close alliance with Henry, the reigning King of Castile, whose personal inclinations were naturally adverse to the supporters of his brother and rival. The immediate cause of quarrel was the feeling that he was ready; that his great enemy, Edward III., was old and incapable; and that the terrible Black Prince was worn with sickness. The war that ensued was primarily, and of necessity, one on shore. To speak of it, as such, is no part of my present plan; in its general results the story of it is familiar to every child amongst us; and in its military details, would be but the description of an empire disintegrating itself from the natural want of cohesion, rather than from the force of the enemy's blows. How much this was accelerated by the physical incapacity of the Black Prince, by the incompetence of his deputies and successors, and by the prudence of the French King, is all perfectly well known; but there are probably many who have not realized the decisive character of the naval operations during the following ten years, and how curiously, how fatally, the supremacy of the sea was—for the time being—reversed.

From the beginning, Charles V. would seem to have appreciated the advantage which the command of the narrow seas had given to England, ever since the Battle of Sluys, in 1340, and of "Les Espagnols sur mer," in 1350. He had wished to contest it, and had assembled a large number of ships at Rouen and in the Lower Seine. But the naval resources of the country proved to be too weak, the war on shore too absorbing; and the expedition to England, projected in 1369, fell through. But the alliance with Spain furnished means

Digitized by Google

far beyond the power of France. The King of Castile had at his disposal ships of a size and strength unknown in other countries, formidable opponents to the petty trading vessels which constituted the greater part of the English Navy; and though these, when arrayed under the great Edward and his greater son, had been able to defeat and destroy the Spaniards off Winchelsea, in 1350, they would fight at a vast disadvantage when barely equal in numbers and under unskilled guidance.

The first meeting was decisive. It was on the 22nd of June, 1372, that the young Earl of Pembroke came off Rochelle with some forty vessels, armed, indeed, for war, but laden also with stores and reinforcements for the army. They were there met by the Spanish fleet, which had been waiting for them, under the command of the Admiral of Castile, Don Ambrosio Bocanegra. Although the Spanish force was superior, both by the size of the ships and their purely naval equipment, the English advanced at once to the attack, confident of victory, mindful of their past glories, and persuaded that the Spaniards were quite unable to withstand them. It took them but a short time to find out their mistake, and the fight became one not so much for victory as for life. The English, though in disorder and without cohesion, fought desperately; but their ships—so far as we can interpret the details of the battle—were driven on shore before nightfall, and were the next day burnt or captured; whilst of the men, those that were not killed were taken prisoners. The consequences of this defeat were most serious; the Constable, taking advantage of the panic spread amongst the English, advanced in force into Poitou, and captured, almost on his march, Moncontour, Saint-Sévère, Poitiers, Rochelle and Thouars; whilst the Duke of Lancaster, hastily ordered to Guyenne with reinforcements, was unable to sail by reason of continued bad weather, or was perhaps unwilling to do so, whilst the Spanish fleet commanded the Bay of Biscay.

It has been suggested by some modern French writers that Jean de Vienne commanded a French Division in the action off Rochelle; but this is not warranted by any evidence: there is no reason to suppose that even one French ship was there present, and it is sufficiently well established that, in the

Digitized by Google

month of July, Jean de Vienne was serving under Du Guesclin at the siege of Saint-Sévère. So far as history goes, he held his first command at sea in the spring of 1373. It was then that the English fleet, under the Earl of Salisbury, had taken up a position at the mouth of the Seine, to the hindrance and stoppage of the coast and river navigation. To oppose this, the Count de Narbonne, then Admiral of France, having Jean de Vienne as his Vice-Admiral, assembled a force of one hundred ships, before which Salisbury had to retire. He drew back to Saint-Malo, whither he was followed by Narbonne; and considering himself unequal, passed on to Brest, where he remained for some months, virtually blockaded by the French, who kept possession of the Channel, and that with so firm a grip, that the expedition under the Duke of Lancaster, instead of landing in Guyenne, as had been intended, was compelled to cross over at the Narrows, to land at Calais, and to undertake that disastrous march through France in the summer and autumn of 1373,* the result of which, more, perhaps, than any single episode of the war, sealed the fate of the English provinces.

Almost as soon as it was known that Lancaster had landed, Jean de Vienne quitted the fleet, and had an important share in the military operations of that autumn; but afloat, the conclusion of the campaign of 1373 was less favourable to the French than its beginning had been. They lost the command of the Channel, several of their ships were taken, and the rest were content to seek for safety in their own harbours. The Viscount de Narbonne was old and feeble, and as the departure from the fleet of his second in command seemed to mark the turning point in its success, Jean de Vienne was not unnaturally appointed Admiral of France in his stead. In this there was nothing exceptional: the Admiral, as the Constable of the Kingdom, was at that time an active, not a mere honorary or titular rank; and the greater number of former Admirals had held the office for only a few years. Jean de

* This account of Salisbury's expedition to Brest is very different from that generally given, and adopted by Longman ("Life and Times of Edward III.," Vol. ii., pp. 221-5,) and Nicolas ("History of the Royal Navy," Vol. ii., p. 150). I would submit that the tests of its truth are the two facts that Lancaster did land at Calais instead of Bordeaux, and that in July a general array of all fencible men in the maritime counties was ordered, to prevent invasion.

Digitized by Google

Vienne, appointed on the 27th of December, 1373, held it till his death.

The rights of the Admiral of France were then relatively more extensive, and the power greater, than afterwards. He was the chief and ruler of the whole shipping of the country, not only from an administrative, but also from an executive point of view; at once the Minister of the Navy and the Commander-in-Chief; and in each capacity nearly absolute and autocratic. Without his leave, no merchant ship could sail on a distant voyage, or on a cruise against the enemy; and it was his duty to see that every ship, so cruising, was suitably equipped, manned and armed. He could levy, for the King's service, all the ships of every French port. The jurisdiction of the Admiralty Courts included all nautical matters, civil or criminal; the judges were appointed by the Admiral, and their decisions given in his name. As direct emolument, he received two-thirds of all property found at sea, one-third of all thrown up on the shore, a tenth of all prizes from the enemy, a payment on the launch of each ship, and a yearly tax, bearing some relation to her size; besides large perquisites arising from his charge of provisions and stores; and as a personal honour, differing from and exceeding anything ever granted in England, every ship wore the Admiral's banner.*

With the exception of a few ships belonging to the King, the naval force of France then consisted of merchant ships levied by the Admiral. This was also the case in England, where, however, the special charters of the Cinque-Ports had in some measure provided a substitute for a standing navy. Charles V. was quick to see the disadvantage of the system, both to commerce, which it annihilated, and to warlike efficiency, which, in a fleet of small trading ships, hastily manned, without experience or discipline, could scarcely be said to exist. He had already endeavoured to increase the number of Royal ships, but it does not seem that any real advance was

* Droits et Pré-éminences de l'Amiral de France, in "The Black Book" of the Admiralty, Vol. i., p. 443 *et seq.* The usage of wearing the Admiral's banner continued far into the sixteenth century; in the French fleet of 1545 the ships wore the flag of Annebault, Gules, a cross vair. Jean de Vienne's arms, which would be worn by the French ships during the operations detailed in the following pages, were Gules, an eagle displayed or.

Digitized by Google

made until after the appointment of John of Vienne as Admiral. It is difficult to say that the energy then developed was all his; but it is at least permitted us to believe that it was very directly due to that man whose accession to office was the signal for victorious enterprize, and whose conduct on different occasions would show that he had himself a large share of mechanical and constructive genius. The combat off Rochelle had established the superiority of ships built and equipped for war; the progress almost daily made in the use of guns tended continually to make this superiority greater; and the naval efforts of France took the direction of building ships distinctly as ships of war, bigger and stronger than any that England could oppose to them. A small dockyard and arsenal at Rouen, dating back in its origin to the early days of Norman rule, and now enlarged, was chosen as the cradle and nursery of this infant navy; and ships on the Spanish model, of the then enormous size of 300 tons, were built and launched under the personal orders of Aubert Staucon, the master of the yard.

The construction of such a navy was, however, a work of time; and during the years immediately following his appointment as Admiral, Jean de Vienne remained on shore, rendering good service to France, and notably, in command of the siege of Saint-Sauveur,* a fortress of great strength, from which the English, without too strict a regard to the distinction between time of war and peace, dominated the Cotentin and the whole of Western Normandy. In consideration of payments, something of the nature of black-mail, they refrained from plundering or destroying in their immediate neighbourhood; but their marauding parties spread far and wide; and, with or without their sanction, free companies carried their evil fame to a still greater distance. Complaint after complaint had been laid before the King; but the siege of a first-class fortress, with no sympathising inhabitants to render treacherous assistance, was a serious affair; and the course of the war, occupying the Constable in Poitou, did not permit him to undertake it. It was thus left untried, till in the summer of 1374, Jean de Vienne, being in Normandy, and with no active

* The conduct of this siege is generally, but wrongfully ascribed to Du Guesclin, who was not in Normandy at the time.

Digitized by Google

employment, received orders "to take all necessary measures to reduce the place." The means, however, were not put at his disposal; it was left for him to devise or create them as he best could.

His first care was to isolate the garrison; and by fortified works on the Ouve, as well as by a sufficient squadron at its mouth, he succeeded at once in closing the direct water communication with England. But the troops under his orders were raw levies, which were laughed at or chased away by the hardened veterans of the garrison, who scourged the country more severely than ever, gathering in an enormous quantity of stores and provisions. Little by little, however, the Admiral succeeded in forming his army, and in establishing it in front of Saint-Sauveur. Then followed, with varying fortune, those daily encounters which Froissart has loved to describe. But the event of the siege was to turn on the employment of the new artillery. By the beginning of 1375 the French had several large guns in position, throwing stones or masses of lead, which knocked down the ramparts or crushed through the houses. The effect of the cannonade, kept up, however slowly, by night as well as by day, rendered the position of the garrison difficult, and when the Admiral, determined to make it still more so, had had specially constructed two cannons, of the enormous weight of 2,000 lbs., to throw a shot of 100 lbs., with the unheard of charge of 5 lbs. of powder, the result declared itself almost instantaneously. The making of these guns was commenced on the 21st of March, and finished on the 3rd of May; they were in position before Saint-Sauveur on the 10th, and the agreement to surrender, if not relieved within six weeks, was signed on the 21st.

In signing this, the garrison had hoped to be relieved by the Duke of Bretagne, who did, indeed, advance at the head of 10,000 men. The French Army prepared to meet him, supported by thirty small guns which the Admiral had had newly constructed. These were of copper, with strengthening rings of iron, and had a wooden handle; they threw a leaden ball of small weight, and though actually swivels or wall-pieces, may be fairly considered as amongst the earliest types of the more modern musket. No engagement, however, took place; for on learning that a truce had been concluded between the

Digitized by Google

Kings of England and France, and being persuaded by Lord Latimer, King Edward's Lieutenant in Bretagne, the Duke drew back. But in spite of the truce it was maintained by the French that the convention was binding; and as they held the eight hostages given by the English, and were backed up by the two 100-pounders, their reading of the convention was admitted, and Saint-Sauveur was delivered up on the 3rd of July.

The conduct of Lord Latimer was afterwards the subject of a formal accusation; he was impeached by Parliament as "unprofitable to the King and the realm," and as having—amongst more than "three-score notable faults," not now to our purpose—"sold the Castle of St. Saviour's." Of these crimes he was found guilty, and by judicial sentence, was deprived of his office of Chamberlain; his goods were confiscated, and he was ordered to be imprisoned during the King's pleasure, and "thenceforth to be holden as infamous."*

Meantime, and whilst the ships were building at Rouen, the command afloat devolved on two foreigners, the one, Renier Grimaldi, a son or nephew of that elder Grimaldi who honourably commanded the Genoese contingent at the Battle of Sluys; the other, Evan, or Owen—or, as he appears in the French chronicles, Yvain de Galles—who claimed to be, by right of birth, a Prince of Wales, robbed of his territory by the English. Evan may or may not have been an impostor; the question is of little consequence, and there is no evidence to decide it; but he was undoubtedly a brave man and an enterprising corsair; whether with the main fleet, or in command of detached squadrons, he, as well as Grimaldi, proved himself an able partizan; and the two, together with a Spanish squadron, during the years 1374-5, well nigh swept the English from the Channel, and wound up the campaign by the wholesale capture of a rich fleet of merchant ships returning from Bretagne on the faith of the truce.

The English owners and merchants petitioned for vengeance, but in vain. The only answer they received was that the King had done, and would continue to do his best to procure redress. He was, in point of fact, powerless. The Navy of England, which, thirty-five years before, had sufficed

* Contemporary Chronicle, in "Archæologia," Vol. xxii., p. 225.

Digitized by Google

to exterminate that of France; which, twenty-five years before had crushed that of Spain, had now almost ceased to exist. The causes of this were numerous; but—bearing in mind that an English fleet was composed mainly of merchant ships levied for the King's service—they may be stated briefly as, Firstly: the frequency of these levies during the thirty or forty years that the war had lasted, and the custom of enforcing the levies, often, several months before the ships were wanted, during which time they were kept up at their owner's cost; and Secondly: the granting to foreigners, in return for heavy loans or payments, such privileges and monopolies as virtually put into their hands the whole export trade. By the action of these, it had come about that the merchants were impoverished, the seaport towns fallen into decay, their walls in ruins, the shipping not kept up, and the sailors, unable to find employment, had taken to other means of earning a livelihood. The evils were repeatedly stated in detail, both in petition to Parliament, and by Parliament to the King; but no remedy was applied, and for many years their effects continued.

In France, the interval of truce had been carefully utilized by the Admiral. By the spring of 1377 he had, actually afloat and ready for sea, thirty-five large ships, built as men-of-war, armed with the newest guns, and well equipped; besides smaller vessels, merchantmen, which raised the total of his fleet to 120. These were manned by about 15,000 men, sailors, men-at-arms, and archers. The force in itself was sufficiently formidable, and was still further increased by a Spanish contingent, which, by the terms of the treaty, numbered at least thirteen large ships.

The truce of two years ended on the 24th of June, 1377; and the fleet, assembled at Harfleur, immediately put to sea, under the command of the Admiral in person, Grimaldi, Jean de Roye—a seaman of repute, the Sire de Torcy, and many other nobles and knights. A few ships were left to blockade the islands of Jersey and Guernsey, and prevent their attempting any raid on the coast of Normandy during the absence of the fleet, which at once, in accordance with a prearranged plan, crossed over to the coast of Sussex. On the 29th of June—eight days only after the death of King Edward

Digitized by Google

—Jean de Vienne landed in the neighbourhood of Rye; the inhabitants of which, trusting in the natural strength of their town, and in a long immunity, had made but little preparation to receive the enemy. The troops which opposed the landing were driven back with great loss; and the town itself was occupied the same afternoon. It was proposed by the Sire de Torcy to keep possession of it as a stronghold on English soil, a counterpoise to Calais; but the Admiral, whether unwilling to weaken his force by division, or judging that the place was not strong enough, refused; and notwithstanding the fierce anger and abusive language of De Torcy—who would seem to have had the more immediate command of the army, or landing party—he set fire to the town. From Winchelsea he was repelled with considerable loss; but at Rottingdean he was more successful, although opposed by a strong force levied by the Prior of Lewes. Having defeated this, after a sharp encounter, he marched inland; took, plundered and burnt the town of Lewes and the neighbouring villages, and withdrew slowly to the ships. Folkestone was sacked and burnt on the 20th of July; Portsmouth—already rising into note as a naval port—came next; and further west, Dartmouth and Plymouth were reduced to ashes. It would seem that nowhere, after the combat of Rottingdean, was any serious opposition offered. In the West, little preparation had been made; for it was expected that the first force of the invasion would fall —as it had fallen—on the coast of Sussex, and would there—as it was not—be broken.

Laden with booty, the fleet returned to Harfleur by the beginning of August; and after refitting in haste, sailed again, to assist in the siege of Calais, then undertaken by the Duke of Burgundy. It was proposed on the way to threaten the coast of England, so as to prevent reinforcements being sent over to the beseiged town; and the accident of weather turned the threat into a reality. An easterly wind drove the fleet to the Isle of Wight, this was found to be practically undefended; and on the 21st of August the Admiral effected a landing—apparently near Yarmouth, which was immediately occupied; the island was ravaged, and a heavy contribution levied. The invaders then made a demonstration against Southampton; and hastily re-embarking, landed at Poole, which they burnt.

Digitized by Google

On their way eastward, they sacked and burnt Hastings, threatened Dover, and finally arrived at Calais on the 10th of September. It was hoped that a more decided success than had yet been obtained would win back this town to France; but the season was too far advanced, and bad weather compelled the fleet to withdraw to Harfleur. But the confidence of the English was rudely shaken; and up to the beginning of winter a few active cruisers sufficed to blockade the coast, and by preventing the fishing, to cause very real distress to the inhabitants.

With the year 1378, the prospects of England in Normandy seemed to brighten. The King of Navarre had offered his daughter in marriage to Richard II., and with her, the several towns which he held in Normandy, Cherbourg alone excepted. The proposed treaty came at once to the knowledge of the King of France, who was quick to anticipate it, by seizing on the possessions of Navarre before they could be given up to the English. The Duke of Burgundy and the Constable conducted the war by land; by sea, the Admiral occupied such places as were near the coast, and guarded against the possibility of any relief being sent from England. By the end of April, Pont Audemer alone remained, a town carefully fortified, strongly garrisoned, and held to be of considerable strategic importance by reason of its position near the mouth of the Rylle, and threatening the navigation of the lower Seine. The siege of this was intrusted to Jean de Vienne, whose success at Saint Sauveur had stamped his reputation; and he proceeded to reduce it by means of the same guns which at Saint Sauveur had proved so effective; whilst Grimaldi, with a sufficient force, guarded the approach by water. An English fleet of some 120 ships, under the Earls of Salisbury and Arundel, attempted to relieve it; but being unable to force Grimaldi's defences at the mouth of the Rylle, wasted their energy in a vain attack on Harfleur. Left thus to itself, Pont Audemer surrendered on the 12th of June; and its walls, like those of all the other captured places, were razed, so that they might not, in future years, afford shelter to the enemies of France.

Cherbourg was now the only town in Normandy remaining to the King of Navarre. In his treaty with England, he had

Digitized by Google

specially reserved this to himself; but alarmed by the rapid capture of his fortresses, and threatened in Navarre itself by the *de facto* King of Castile, he resolved to pledge Cherbourg to the English, as the price of their support; and it was accordingly given over to Salisbury and Arundel on their way home, after their unsuccessful attack on Harfleur.

The news reached Jean de Vienne whilst engaged in the razing the fortifications of Pont Audemer. He sent immediately to the Spanish squadron, of probably twelve ships, then on the coast of Bretagne, to meet him off Cherbourg, whither he himself went with such force as he had with him, twenty-five of the King's ships and a number of smaller vessels levied from the country. He found the English fleet at sea, weakened, we must suppose, by the garrison it had left at Cherbourg; but in numbers so superior to that of the French that it did not hesitate to attack. Though fewer, however, the French ships were superior in size, equipment and armament, and held their own with advantage until, as fortune determined it, the Spanish squadron arrived on the scene of action. This decided the day. The account is vague and confused to an extreme degree; but we are led to conclude that a general rout followed, and that the devoted courage of Sir Peter Courtenay—a son of the Earl of Devon—in command of the rear-guard, alone saved the fleet from utter destruction; but Courtenay's ships were overwhelmed, he himself and many with him taken prisoners; and the loss in killed and drowned was very great.

This was in the early days of July; and for nearly two months the French fleet continued in command of the Channel, and keeping up an effective blockade of Cherbourg, against which the Constable was advancing by land. To preserve Cherbourg to the English, a serious effort had to be made; and the Duke of Lancaster in person, having collected a large force at Southampton, sailed to its relief in the end of August. The number of ships with Lancaster is not stated; but the 12,000 soldiers, which they carried, would represent a fleet of vast numerical strength. Such as it was, Jean de Vienne felt unequal to oppose it, and retired into the Seine; and Lancaster, having thrown a sufficient garrison into Cherbourg, passed down the coast and laid siege to Saint-Malo. There the

Digitized by Google

Admiral of France permitted him to stay undisturbed, whilst he with the Spanish ships, crossing the Channel, ravaged the coast of Devon and Cornwall, the resources of which had been drained to supply the absent fleet; burnt Fowey, then a leading seaport, and returned, laden with booty. But Saint-Malo could defend itself; and when winter approached, Lancaster went back to Southampton, the only result of his great and costly expedition having been the laying open the coast of England, so that a small squadron of the enemy was able to harry it with impunity, which is thus commented on by an unknown chronicler:—"Sicque, sub ducatu ducis nostri, hic illicque percutimur, ubique vero generaliter flagellamur. Quia

Si bubo lapidi jactetur, vel lapis illi,
Ictus dampna gravis semper habebit avis."*

The next year, 1379, opened less unfavourably. Sir Hugh Calverley had been recalled from his government of Calais to take command of the western fleet; Sir Thomas Percy was Admiral of the northern; and the two together maintained the navigation of the Channel with at least equal fortune. But the year closed with a disaster equal in degree to any the fleet had ever sustained, although different in character. Sir John Arundel, the brother of the Earl, had taken command of an expedition to assist the Duke of Bretagne. With him were Calverley, Percy, and a large number of knights and gentlemen. They had scarcely sailed before a violent gale sprang up, which drove them towards the coast of Ireland; on which, by the ignorance and obstinacy of Arundel, some twenty-six ships were lost with all hands, Arundel himself among the number. The name of Arundel during these years had not been of good omen to the English arms; nor indeed had it deserved to be, if we are to judge of its owner's capabilities of organizing an army or of maintaining discipline, by the fact of Sir John's having sacrilegiously and violently billeted his men in a nunnery at Southampton, whilst waiting to sail on this last voyage; conduct repugnant alike to religion and humanity, and which, by the then Articles of War, was punishable by death.†

* "Chronicon Angliæ," 1328—1388. Auctore Monacho quodam S. Albani (Rolls' Series. No. 64.) p. 206.

† "Black Book of the Admiralty," Vol. i., p. 24.

Digitized by Google

The loss of this fleet seems to have, for the time, completed the ruin of the English navy. The seacoast, practically undefended, was harried, almost at will, by the Admiral of France and his active cruisers. At Kinsale, indeed, they were repulsed with some loss; but on the coast of England, from Yorkshire to Cornwall, no point was secure from their attacks; they sacked and burnt Scarborough; they sailed up the Thames and burnt Gravesend; they captured Winchilsea after a stout resistance; Hastings and Portsmouth were destroyed for a second time; and nearer home, they captured and held the islands of Jersey and Guernsey.

In England, the disgraceful conduct of the war, the insolence of the invader, the loss of property and life, the destruction of shipping, the ruin of trade, and the oppressive taxation, all combined to give rise to great excitement and irritation, which, among the better class, took the form of petition and remonstrance, and among the lower orders, culminated in popular and dangerous insurrections. These, our historians have described and discussed, without perhaps sufficiently marking the train of events which ushered them in. The special outrage which provoked John Tyler at Dartford might have passed as a private injury, or at most have caused a local riot, had there not been a widespread and deep feeling of dissatisfaction and indignation. That the lower orders, more especially in the country, had many and very real grievances, social, political and religious, is not to be disputed; but the one then immediately present seems to me to have been not so much the levying of a cruelly oppressive tax, as the fact, so plainly proved to the most ignorant, that the money was misspent. The flames at Gravesend, in the autumn of 1380, were characters that the unlettered peasants could quite well read and understand; and which they proceeded to expound, in their own rude fashion, at Whitsuntide, 1381.

The exhaustion of England on the one side, the death of the King of France and the minority of his successor on the other, rendered a cessation of arms mutually acceptable; and a truce, agreed on in the spring of 1381, was nominally continued for six years; although war of a veiled or irregular character was waged through almost the whole time. Much

Digitized by Google

of this was in Flanders, where the French, as supporting the Duke of Burgundy, were summoned to reduce the revolted Flemings under Philip von Artevelde, backed up by the English. In this war, Jean de Vienne took a leading part, as became his post of Admiral of France; but that part was on shore, not at sea, and in the main against the Flemings; it may therefore be passed over with a bare mention. Afterwards, on the renewal of hostilities between England and Scotland, the opportunity of carrying the war into the enemy's country seemed to offer itself. This had always been his favourite idea: to expel the English from France by giving them work to do in England; to make them feel, in their own homes, the horrors of war. "What an indignity is it," he had urged to the King, "to see everlastingly at our gates these English, who, after all, are but few; to nurture them in our bosom, and to provide them with weapons to use against ourselves! Can we not, in our turn, go and destroy their homes, so that in their distress they may leave us masters of Guyenne, of Normandy and of Flanders? The Saxons conquered England with but a handful of men, far from their own country; William the Bastard, with nothing but his sword. Is it to be doubted that you—with a kingdom full of men, of provisions and of money—would surely attain the desired end?" Such arguments, when addressed to Charles V., had fallen on stony ground; when addressed to his son, Charles VI., they took root, and finally led to the Admiral's expedition to Scotland in 1385.

The story of that expedition is too well known to need relating here; but it may be necessary to remind the reader that, such as it was, it was only a small part of the plan which the Admiral had devised. According to this, in fact, it was merely a feint, to draw away towards Scotland the available army of England, and leave the country, void of defenders, to be invaded without opposition. And notwithstanding the difficulties which he met with in Scotland, and in his intercourse with the utterly unsympathetic Scotch, the result, so far as he was concerned, was quite commensurate with his expectations. King Richard, his court and chivalry, and an army of some 70,000 or 80,000 men, advanced northwards as far as Aberdeen; and, had the projected invasion of

Digitized by Google

England been made at that time, the result must have been most serious. As it was, the great fleet of nearly 600 vessels assembled at Sluys, could not be got ready, and the project fell through. It was revived the next year, but without the same chances in its favour. John of Vienne had returned from Scotland; and the treatment he had received there was not such as to encourage him to a repetition of his visit. Of the fleet, too, many ships had been lost, many had been captured whilst seeking winter quarters. It was then proposed—apparently by John of Vienne, whose genius seems to have favoured engineering works, to construct a large fortress of wood, which should be transported to England, and there erected near the landing place, as a place of refuge for the invading army. Such a scheme did not augur well for the invasion; it seemed to savour of timidity; and notwithstanding the invasion panic in the summer of 1386, became ridiculous in the eyes of the English when the seventy-two ships, which were carrying the "ville de bois" to Sluys, were dispersed by a gale. Two or three of them were driven up the Thames and captured, and the pieces of the fort with which they were laden were set up as as a public show in the neighbourhood of London. And so, waiting for their "wooden town" and other equipments, the season passed away, and it was again proposed to put off the invasion till next year. But every one felt that the opportunity had passed. The money was spent, the men were wearied and disgusted. The collection, too, of ships at Sluys had left the English free to recover their losses, and the cruisers from the English ports began again to be active; Dartmouth and Portsmouth had specially distinguished themselves; and private enterprise was doing more than the King and his ministers could even promise.

I see no reason to doubt that this improvement in the maritime affairs of the kingdom was due to the abolition of some of the offensive privileges granted to foreigners, and to the edict of 1382, ordering "that none of the King's liege people do from henceforth ship any merchandise in going out or coming within the realm of England in any port, but only in ships of the King's liegeaunce," under penalty of forfeiture. The improvement, at any rate, is certain, and in the spring of 1387, the Earl of Arundel, appointed Admiral of the North

Digitized by Google

and West, was able to get together a numerous fleet, with which he scoured the Channel, and seemed to resume the supremacy which England had of late years ceased to hold. It was in the course of this cruise that he captured nearly the whole of a mixed French and Burgundian fleet numbering 120 ships, laden with wine and other rich merchandise; a prize so great, and following so many disasters, that it has been specially spoken of as though a glorious victory. It was nothing of the sort, and, even as it was, was not entirely a success; for on the homeward voyage, a part of the fleet, commanded by Sir Hugh Spenser, was met on the coast of Normandy by a number of French ships, and after a stubborn fight was overpowered, taken, or destroyed. In concert with the Constable, Olivier de Clisson, Jean de Vienne had determined to attempt a smaller but more united expedition against England, and for that purpose had assembled his fleet at Harfleur. It may fairly be presumed that the squadron which overwhelmed Spenser was a part of this, and was acting under instructions from the Admiral; and the victory was a good omen for the forth-coming campaign.

The expedition was on the point of sailing, with the intention of landing near Dover and marching on London, when it was suddenly stopped by the news that Clisson had been taken prisoner by the Duke of Bretagne. The Admiral was anxious to go on; but, under the circumstances, the nobles and knights refused to leave France. The army melted away, and when, after a month, Clisson was set at liberty, it was too late to begin again. But it by no means follows that even had the expedition sailed, it would have arrived at Dover or the coast of England; for the English fleet was strong in numbers and in spirit; the men at arms were under the especial command of Sir Henry Percy, better known perhaps as Hotspur; and every day, the nation was recovering confidence in itself; so much so, that the next year, 1388, they kept the sea from May to November, and cruising beyond the Channel, ravaged the enemy's coast as far as Poitou. But this was about the end of the war for the time being; for in 1389 a truce was concluded, which lasted, however imperfectly, beyond the end of the century.

Of the part which Jean de Vienne took in politics or diplo-

Digitized by Google

macy during the closing years of his life I do not propose to speak; and the crusading adventure to Barbary in 1390, in which English and French fought side by side, may be lightly passed over. It was in 1396 that the great man, enemy though he was, whose career I have here hastily sketched, fought his last battle, and died honourably at Nicopolis on the 28th of September. But Gibbon's account of this battle is sufficiently incorrect. Neither Jean de Vienne nor the Sire de Coucy can properly be styled "gay and thoughtless youths," and the statement that at ten o'clock in the forenoon they were "heated with wine" is unwarranted. The fatal charge was due solely to the youthful vivacity, impatience and jealousy of the Constable, Philippe d'Eu, who ordered his own immediate followers to advance. The two seniors hastily consulted as to what they should do. "Sire de Coucy," said the Admiral, "rashness must command when truth and reason can no longer be heard; and since the Count d'Eu is determined on fighting, it becomes our duty to follow him." It was thus that the little French army plunged into the enemy's ranks; and at their head rode Jean de Vienne, bearing on high the banner of Our Lady. "The battle," says Gibbon, "would not have been lost if the French would have obeyed the prudence of the Hungarians, but it might have been gloriously won had the Hungarians imitated the valour of the French." This, however, they did not attempt; and the French, overwhelmed by numbers, were slain to a man, Jean de Vienne amongst them, still clutching in his death grip the sacred banner which he carried.

To an Englishman, even after the lapse of 500 years, it is not a pleasing task to recount the disasters of his countrymen: but we can, none the less, honour the memory of this great man, in the foremost rank of those who won back—even though from our own princes—the independence of France in the fourteenth century, and who has stamped on the pages of our naval history a bitter lesson which we would do well to lay to heart.

Digitized by Google

The French Galleys of the Eighteenth Century.*

By E. Shippen, Medical Director U.S.N.

"Swallowing the tainted rations scanty dole—
Tempered with toil of body, moil of soul."—Camoens.
"Qui diable allait il faire dans cette galère?"—Molière.

In the years following upon the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, many of the Reformed religion in France conformed to the State Church, forced thereto by the dragonnades of the king. Hundreds of thousands emigrated, carrying their thrift and industry to enrich the Low Countries, England, the American colonies, and other localities, where they were gladly and hospitably received. But in the west and south-west, and notably in the south of France, a fierce religious warfare was carried on, and Louis XIV's troops were stubbornly resisted by thousands of the middle class and peasantry who had taken up arms.

The "Camisards" of that labyrinth of hills, the Cevennes, worthy descendants of the Albigenses of the twelfth century, took to their glens and ravines, where they made a manful and vigorous defence. Count Roland, their chief, Cavalier, the baker's boy, their military leader, and Castanet, their chaplain, prayed and sang psalms and fought the troops of the Grand Monarque with all the fervor of zealots,—of narrow minds, perhaps, but of most sincere convictions.

"Possessed by the devil," Marshal Villars said they were; "possessed by the Spirit," they said themselves. In the course of their persecution nearly 500 villages and hamlets were destroyed by pickaxe and fire while the Camisards were in their fastnesses, from the peaks of which they anxiously scanned the Mediterranean, vainly watching for the topsails of Sir Cloudesley Shovel bearing promise aid from England. The troubles of the English Dissenters themselves were not light about those times, and, although they were not hung or cut down by dragoons, many were im-

* By special arrangement with the Publishers of the *American "United Service,"* this article appears simultaneously in both Magazines for October.

Digitized by Google

prisoned and fined,—notably, De Foe, who, for his "seditious libel" against the Established Church and the Queen's majesty, was fined, pilloried, and imprisoned during her majesty's pleasure. But their burden was light indeed compared with those of the Huguenots, who resembled, in the zeal with which they resisted persecution for conscience' sake, the Covenanters of Scotland, being, however, as became their southern blood, more light-hearted under their sufferings.

Lamoignon de Basville tyrannized over them as governor, and Langlade du Chayla (himself a former martyr in China, narrowly escaping death there) was one of the most hated of their ecclesiastical persecutors, judging them with fearful and unrelenting severity. At last he was done to death by a band of more than fifty Camisards, who stormed his house, rescued his prisoners, and each man gave him a stab, saying, "This for my father, killed!" "This for my sister, immured for life in a convent!" "This for my brother in the *galleys!*"

The Huguenot history was indeed a bloody one, but those who fell in the skirmishes and massacres had a merciful fate compared with those who escaped death to be consigned to the king's galleys under Louis XIV.

The galleys of Louis XIV. were the last of European vessels where Christians were employed as slaves. The Moorish galleys had Christians as rowers up almost to our time, and the Maltese held many Turks and Moors to that hard labour, but the French of the Louis Quatorze period chained to the same bench felons who had been reprieved from the gallows—murderers and robbers—and those whose only fault was that they wished to worship God in their own way.

Macaulay says that galleys were not seen in the English Channel before the time of Louis XIV., and that their discipline and economy were very strange and shocking to Englishmen. But the English had been through the "galley period," like most other maritime nations. Alfred introduced the Mediterranean galley to obtain a space for a larger force of fighting-men to resist his Norse neighbours; and in England, as elsewhere, the galley remained the fighting-vessel until the use of cannon rendered other arrangements necessary. These galleys were the principal means of securing England from invasion; and, pulling from forty to sixty oars, they are described as "twice as long, deeper, more

Digitized by Google

nimble, and less wavy or rolling," than the Danish ships which vexed the British shores.

When Edgar was king he circumnavigated his dominions every year with a fleet of galleys. Ethelred established a regular tax for the support of his navy, which appears to have consisted of galleys.

After the Danes came in, Earl Godwin (whose name is perpetuated in the Goodwin Sands) gave Hardicanute a galley, sumptuously gilt, rowed by eighty men. To come down later, Henry II. still used galleys for war purposes; but sailing-vessels of size were becoming a necessity for increased commerce, and this necessarily caused a change in the constitution of fleets prepared for war, as they were drawn from the merchant marine.

In 1190, Richard Cœur de Leon took to the Crusades nine ships of great size, 150 smaller, and only thirty-eight galleys.

By 1340 the English seem to have abandoned galleys entirely and taken to sails, and no galleys appear in the list of Edward III.'s great fleet, which was at the seige of Calais, were cannon were first used by the English.

In 1405, Henry IV. applied to the King of Portugal to lend his galleys to assist the English navy against the French.

From that period to the reign of Louis XIV. galleys appear not to have been used within the "narrow seas," and when they appeared again, Englishmen might well be shocked at them.

The late Commodore F. A. Parker, in his valuable and interesting book "The Galley Period," says that galleys were used on the high seas (outside of Gibraltar, of course, is meant) for the last time in the Invincible Armada. The existence of the galley-fleet of Dunquerque, and its use in the North Sea in naval warfare nearly a century later seems to have escaped him.

When modern galleys are in question we are apt at once to think of those of Malta, as being best known to us by pictures and descriptions. There the war-galley lingered longest, and rich Maltese supported a galley (what was called *tenir galère*), just as rich nobles, in former times, supported a regiment. The French galleys differed but little from those of the Maltese. The latter was a narrow vessel, bearing the proportion of one to seven or even one to eight in length and breadth, very sharp and fast, decked, steered by a rudder and tiller, propelled by oars and sails, these latter being triangular or of lateen-shape, generally two in

Digitized by Google

number, with the long, graceful, tapering yards which still survive in the felucca of the Mediterranean

The oars of a first-class galley were about fifty in number, and from forty-five to fifty feet long, each being pulled by six men, who sat on benches on deck, placed a little obliquely to the keel. These oars were never taken inboard while the galley was at sea, but when not in use were cocked-billed by depressing the looms and making them fast with a toggle. The large and heavy loom had grips bolted to it, so that the slaves could easily grasp them. Along the middle of the deck, between the benches, ran fore and aft a raised bench or walk, called the *coursier*, upon which an officer called the *comite* walked back and forth, armed with a long and cruel whip, with which he enforced silence and stimulated the slaves to the utmost exertion at the oar. The poop was high and castellated, decorated with armorial shields and gilding, and often having a gallery. In it were the commander's quarters. At the bows was a raised battery, called a *rambade*, with protective breast-works, and from two to five or six guns mounted and pointing over the long, low, sharp bow, for the galleys always fought head-on, if possible. Before guns were carried the beak or ram was the great weapon of the galley.

The French galleys answered the foregoing description, except that they had greater beam in proportion to their length.

The recruiting for the *chiourme*, or oarsmen for the galleys, varied in system at different periods. In ancient days the place of a rower was considered honourable service. In later Roman days prisoners of war and black slaves were forced to do the same service. In the Middle Ages, while galley-rowers were sometimes enlisted, the labour came to be mostly performed by criminals and infidel prisoners. To these, when necessary, were added mendicants, poachers, and other vagrants, as well as slaves bought from the Turks, and criminals purchased from nations which did not maintain galleys. Even Iroquois Indians were kidnapped by Denonville and sent to France for the same purpose; which caused so much trouble with the tribes that the few which had survived the labour and hardship had to be sent back to Canada.

Pautero Pautera, quoted by Ial, says of the Italian galleys of the period of about 1590: "The *ciurma*, or *chiourme*, is composed of three classes of individuals,—convicts, slaves, and *benevoglies*, which may be rendered volunteers,—and says that each class might

Digitized by Google

be readily distinguished by certain marks. The convicts were criminals sentenced for a term of years or for life, and these were known by having the head and beard completely shaved. The slaves were Turks or Moors, and the volunteers, or *benevoglies* were criminals who had served the term for which they had been sentenced, and were then working out a fine, or vagabonds who had no other means of existence. This class took part, under arms, in actions, and, as a rule, were only chained at night. The *benevoglies* were distinguished by wearing the moustache. They went on shore, when allowed to go at all, under guard. The *chiourme* had an allowance of three ounces of biscuit per day, water to drink, and a soup, every day in port, made with three ounces of beans and one-quarter of an ounce of oil for each man. At sea they had soup only every other day, because it was troublesome to cook while the galley was under way, and "because it (this heavy feeding, be it understood) makes them heavy in their movements at a time requiring great agility." They have a ration of meat and wine four times a year,—at Christmas, Easter, Pentecost, and Carnival.

In the time of Henry II. of France all felons were hung when the galleys were laid up; and Richelieu, as has been said, directed heretics to be sent to the galleys instead of being hung. Thus justice in France inclined to capital punishment more or less according to whether many galleys were in commission.

While the galleys were in service the slaves were never allowed to leave their benches, to which they were chained, eating and sleeping in the exact place where they toiled at the oar. In very rainy or cold weather an awning was tented over the galley and stopped to the gunwale. This was generally gayly striped. Victor Hugo somewhere says that the galleys of Louis XIV. answered the same purpose as the steamers of our day; and, indeed, a first-class galley, going at steamer speed over the smooth blue Mediteranean, gayly painted, with gilt carving, streaming pendants, trumpets sounding, and armoured soldiers at their posts, must have been a beautiful sight to those who could close their eyes to the wretched, emaciated creatures who toiled at the oars.

The great port of the French galleys was Marseilles, which was the headquarters of the corps of officers for that service, which corps was merged into the royal marine in 1748. By this time galleys, as part of a naval force, were becoming disused in France,

Digitized by Google

and the "galleys" came to comprehend the convicts who were confined in the *bagnes* or convict prisons of Toulon, Rochefort, and elsewhere. To the *bagne* were confined the Huguenots who were arrested by St. Florentin, the minister of Louis XV., and treated as severely as were those of his predecessor's time. The case of one of them—Jean Fabre (who substituted himself for his aged father, arrested at a field-meeting or conventicle)—became famous throughout France. He was finally pardoned through the exertions of the Duke de Choiseul, Minister of Marine. His story formed the groundwork of a celebrated play, which occupied the French stage for half a century, and which afforded one of the best parts for the celebrated tragedian Talma.

The last slave consigned to the galleys for political reasons was liberated in 1739, large sums having often been paid as ransom by their friends as the ardour of persecution died away. All who remained after this time were felons, and worked in the dockyards.

As has been stated, the French galleys were much wider than the Maltese, and the complement of one, including slaves, was over 500 souls. There was no regular accommodations for the soldiers and sailors, who were only on board during their short cruises. When in port as they for the most part were, these slept and messed in barracks in the dockyard. At sea they occupied the forecastle and a gangway platform about two feet wide, which ran fore and aft above the gunwale.

The hold of such a galley was about nine feet deep, dimininishing to six at the side, so that the deck rose in the middle like a turtle-back to turn off the water, which was shipped in the slightest sea. The cabin of the commander was very small, having room for little more than a bed. The hold was devoted to stores and provisions, and in a compartment in the centre of the vessel was the "tavern" or canteen, where wine and liquors were sold,—a perquisite of the *comite* or boatswain. Oddly enough, from the tavern opened the door of Sainte Barbe, the powder magazine. The forward compartment of the hold was the hospital for the sick and wounded. Each of the rowers' benches was ten or twelve feet long, covered with coarse sacking or baize, and extending from the *coursier* to the side. To each bench six slaves were chained by a ring about the ankle. There was a footboard or stretcher for keeping their feet out of the water when seas where taken on board. As has been said, the oars were about fifty feet long,

Digitized by Google

balanced so that thirteen feet of their length was inboard and thirty-seven out. The *comite* or boatswain, had his post aft, near the captain, while his mates, or *sous-comites* were on the *coursier*, armed with long and heavy whips. When the captain gave the order to move, the boatswain used his silver whistle or "call," which was repeated by his mates, and the slaves gave way together, the fifty oars rising and falling like one machine. They ceased pulling at the same signal, and great precision was absolutely necessary to prevent the slaves of the next bench being struck by the loom of the heavy oar.

In these days of steam we are apt to forget how rapidly a low vessel of considerable size may be propelled by oars in smooth water. Many years ago the writer was attached to the brig 'Dolphin,' on the coast of Africa, which vessel was fitted with six sweeps, by which she was able to make from two and a half to three knots in smooth water, and more than once we found them very useful in calm weather.

The labour of a galley-slave—the most fatiguing possible—has passed into a proverb. Six naked men (for they were only clothed when not at work) with shaven heads, chained to a beneh, one foot on the stretcher, the other on the bench before them, bending forwards towards the stern of the galley, and pushing the oar at arm's length above the backs of those in front of them, raise the loom, dip the oar, and fall back upon the seat with their full weight. This often continued for many hours without intermission, and when there was danger of utter exhaustion pieces of bread dipped in wine were crammed into their mouths by the *sous-comites*. If one of them fell dead, as not unfrequently occurred, the signal was given, rowing suspended for a moment, the shackle knocked off, and the body pitched overboard.

A touching picture of the sufferings of the French galley-slaves of the eighteenth century is given in a song of the period, supposed to be by a young man who, unfortunately for the romance of the thing, was sentenced to the gallows for life for the crime of beating his father and mother, *meschamment*. He sings—

"Tout me, las, en chemise
Me faut ramer
Nuit et jour, sant feintise,
Sar cette mer.

Digitized by Google

De nerf de bœuf sans cesse
  Battu je suis,
Je nais plus de caresse
  De mes amis.
Du pain d'orge et d'avoine,
  Manger me faut,
Et de l'eau trouble a boire,
  En grands travaux:
La vermine à toute heure
  Mange mon corps.
Hélas! je plains, je pleure
  Sans nul comfort.
D'une cruelle chaine
  Suis attaché,
Qui me fait mille peine,
  Las! endurer," etc., etc.

A most interesting account of life in the French galleys has been left us in the little work entitled "Mémoires d'un Protestant condamné aux galères de France," first published at Rotterdam in 1757 anonymously, but now known to have been written by Jean Marteilhe, of Bergerac. An English translation, by no less a hand than that of Oliver Goldsmith, was published at The Hague in 1758.

Goldsmith, who was still an usher and bookseller's hack, had but lately returned from his wanderings upon the Continent, and for some reason chose on this occasion to assume the *nom-de-plume* of James Willington. It seems probable, from a passage in his preface, that he had, during the previous year, met Marteilhe in Holland.

Marteilhe's sufferings—most of the time in the galleys—endured from the year 1700 to 1713, a momentous period in the history of Europe. While he was chained to his oar Blenheim and Ramillies, Oudenarde and Wynendael, and Lille and Malplaquet saw battles which will never be forgotten. Marlborough, and Prince Eugène, and Webb, and other leaders inflicted upon the old French kings defeats which the world looked upon as retribution for the sorrows ruthlessly inflicted upon so many of his best and most useful subjects.

Born in Bergerac, in Périgord, in 1684, Marteilhe, with many other Huguenots of the neighbourhood, was driven by the unheard-of cruelties of the Duke de la Force—who rivalled on the Dordogne the performances of the inquisitors of the Cavennes—to endeavour to flee the country. He was but sixteen years of

Digitized by Google

age, but well grown and strong. His father was in prison, the younger children imprisoned in a convent, his mother forced to abjure her faith, and twenty-two dragoons quartered upon them for an indefinite time.

Flight from the country was declared a capital crime, but Marteilhe and a companion managed to leave Bergerac, and made their way to Paris, where they were advised to make for Holland, *via* Mèzieres and Charleroi. After a number of hair-breadth escapes from arrest, they were finally imprisoned, and reported to the Marquis de la Vrillière as Huguenots escaping from France, and this report was speedily followed by their condemnation to the galleys for being on the frontier without a passport. They were thrown into the vilest dungeons and most barbarously treated, while it was intimated to them that if they would abjure they would be at once released. In spite of the terrible prospect of the galleys they refused to conform, and in January, 1702, they, with many others, were sent in a chain of convicts to Dunkirk, they were all placed on board the galley 'L'Heureuse,' the *capitane* or flag-ship of the squadron of six galleys belonging to that port. Here they were chained to separate benches, so as to prevent communication, and they witnessed the punishment of the bastinado on the very day of their arrival. A villainous bench-mate demanded money of Marteilhe for drink, and, being refused, reported him for blaspheming the Virgin and the saints, and the *comite* was about to give him the bastinade when he was rescued by the major of the galleys, who investigated the case, and had the wretch who had reported him punished in the same way and then chained to the criminal bench, for there was a hell within a hell in the galleys.

The bastinade was inflicted by stripping the victim and laying him across a bench, while two convicts held his legs and two his arms. The *comite* then set a muscular Turk to beat him with a thick rope. As the Turk knew he would suffer if he did not put out his whole strength, great wales were raised at each stroke. Marteilhe says that few could bear more than twelve blows without becoming insensible, but that the strokes were continued until all that were ordered were received. Thirty or forty were the usual number for slight offences, but he had seen one hundred given, in which case the victims scarcely ever survived. After the punishment vinegar and salt were rubbed in to restore the circulation and prevent gangrene.

Digitized by Google

After remaining on board the 'Heureuse' about a fortnight the distribution of the new-comers was made, and Marteilhe was allotted to the 'Palme,' which galley was noted as having the most cruel *comite* of the whole squadron. As Marteilhe did not know the man, he was asked by the very person why he was bewailing his fate; he replied that it was because the *comite* of the 'Palme,' to whose lot he had fallen, was a perfect fiend in human shape. The *comite* then said, "I wish I knew who had told you that: he would repent it!" As it turned out, however, this blunder rather had a good effect, and the notorious *comite* always favoured Marteilhe, as if to prove that his reputation was ill-founded. The *argousin*, or galley-guard, had put upon him an extra heavy ring and chain because he was young and strong, but the *comite* made him change it, saying that he did not want his strongest and best oarsman crippled. He then had him chained by a very light chain to his own bench—on which was raised a table with iron legs, surrounded by a small tent. The convicts of this bench were under the table, which was unshipped when they were rowing. The six convicts of this bench waited upon the *comite*, standing at attention while he ate, and disputing eagerly for the fragments of his meal; and these "reserved seats" were eagerly sought after. As Marteilhe would not wait upon him or eat the fragments which he left, the *comite* removed him to another bench, lest his conduct should form a bad example, but he still privately favoured him, and ordered his *sous-comites* not to strike him. Marteilhe says that this was remarkable, as when work was going on the whip flew in the most indiscriminate manner, and the *comite* "would not have regarded his own father." The commander of this galley was very bitter against Huguenots, and used to urge the *comite* to use the whip freely upon them, especially when they were naked and rowing. The friendly *comite* generally managed to hit someone else than Marteilhe, however.

A captain of the galley was allowed five hundred francs a month for his table, and he had a steward, purveyor, and cook, some of whom were selected from the slaves, and the post was of course much sought after, as they were excused from other work and got better fare.

In the July following Marteilhe's committal to the galleys, the squadron left Dunquerque for a cruise upon the Flemish coast, and overhauled a fleet of Dutch men-of-war becalmed. One of them

Digitized by Google

was a league astern of the rest, and her captain, not knowing the size and formidable character of the galleys, which were so low in the water, instead of getting out his boats to tow up the rest of the fleet, made light of them. His surgeon, who was a French refugee, knew their strength, and warned the captain that if he allowed them to approach too near they would capture him. The galleys pulled up, firing from their long bow-guns; and when they drew near the slaves raised their appalling *chamade*, or cry of battle. Three hundred naked men, simultaneously rising and falling, yelling, and shaking their chains, formed a sight to make any stranger shudder. The Dutch crew were so dismayed that they ran below, and the ship, which was of fifty-four guns, was easily boarded and taken by the soldiers of the galleys. She was called the 'Unicorn,' and the captors succeeded in towing her into Ostend, the becalmed fleet being unable to offer any assistance. After this cruise the galleys proceeded to Dunquerque, and remained there all winter.

During the season of 1703, whenever calm weather permitted, the galley squadron kept the English coast in constant alarm, firing at small towns and at merchant shipping.

In 1704 they had a rough experience in another encounter with a Dutch squadron. They had been for some time cruising about Ostend, harassing the Dutch blockading squadron with their long guns, which carried farther than those of the ships, and when their enemy had a working breeze, taking refuge in the channels among the sand banks on the coast.

At last the Dutch admiral played a ruse to draw the galleys farther away from their safe retreat, by causing a report to be spread in Ostend that a Dutch East Indian fleet, richly laden, was in the offing, and much disabled by sickness among the crews. The six galleys sailed that night with much secrecy of movement, and after a long pull found themselves at daylight in sight of the fleet, which showed every evidence of alarm, and made all sail to escape. This was the blockading fleet disguised as merchantmen, and with drags overboard to retard them, while apparently crowding sail. The galleys, in line abreast, at once opened fire, which was responded to by a few small guns. The slaves were forced to the utmost exertion, and the fighting crews stood axe and sword in hand, prepared to board, when suddenly the chase hauled their wind and poured in broadsides at close quarters, which cut away

Digitized by Google

the galleys' masts and made great slaughter among the crews. They at once made off, pulling for shallow water, before reaching which some of them came near sinking from the shot holes received. The six galleys carried about three thousand men, and they reached Ostend with a loss of two hundred and fifty killed and wounded, among the former the cruel *comite*, who had, however, been so good a friend to Marteilhe. This lesson had such an effect upon the French that the galleys did not go out again that year; and, the Dutch admiral sending in a peremptory demand for the French refugee surgeon who had been captured in the "Unicorn" the year before, he was actually allowed to escape, the way to do so being made easy for him.

In the next year occurred the seige of Ostend. The galleys were sent from Dunquerque to assist the garrison in the defence, but the blockading fleet prevented them from entering the harbour, and they were obliged to return without accomplishing anything. Three days after Ostend was taken, and the galleys remained idle for the rest of the season.

The year 1707 was one of great hardship for the galleys, as they were constantly cruising in the Channel, and two of them were very nearly lost in a gale. The pilots having predicted fine weather, the *capitane* and another put to sea to annoy the English along the Channel-coast. This movement was opposed by the pilot of the flag-ship alone, who, in the council, predicted a heavy storm, and begged hard to be permitted to stay on shore. He was not only laughed at, however, for differing from the other pilots, but forced to go to sea. This pilot's name was Peter Bart, a drunken fisherman, but the brother of the celebrated Jean Bart, and, like his distinguished relative, a thorough seaman. The galleys sailed on their cruise with beautifully fine weather, and spent the next night in cannonading the English coast about Dover. The next morning they ran for the French coast, between Calais and Boulogne, where Marteilhe's galley anchored in a cove where she was sheltered from the east and north-east winds, while her consort remained in the open roadstead outside. Peter Bart earnestly opposed anchoring in the cove, saying that before daylight they would have a violent gale from southwest, and, being where they were, all hands would be lost. He was again laughed at for his prediction, but at the time he had indicated the southwester burst upon them with great fury. With four anchors down

Digitized by Google

the galley dragged, and when they tried to ease the cables by rowing the oars were carried away. The chaplain of the galley gave absolution to the ship's company *en masse*, and the convicts, reckless of danger, seeing their masters unmanned by the close approach of death, cried out with impunity, "Ah! we will all soon be equal and drink out of the same glass!" At last Peter Bart was applied to to devise some means of escape, and, after many appeals, consented to try, saying, however, that if his own life were not involved he would let them all die like pigs. He then stipulated that they should obey his orders without question and in silence. This was instantly ordered by beat of drum. Some of the seamen were induced, by the offer of a large sum, to carry out an anchor on the quarter in the *caique*, or large boat. "Please God, we shall see," says Peter. He then had the sails reefed close, furled, and hoisted again with stoppers on them, so that a pull of the sheets would let them fall, When all was ready four men cut the bower-cables, while they roused in on the one on the quarter, the galley swung off, and as the wind came abeam the sheets were boarded, the sails took the wind, the stern cable was cut, and with Peter at the helm the galley shot out of the rocky cove like an arrow from a bow. Once out the wind was fair for Dunquerque, but the convicts hoped the galley would be unable to enter, and be obliged to run past to bring up on the Dutch coast—a thing which the officers and crew most dreaded. No one could render them any assistance, and they staggered along, all hatches closed, and the galley washed by every wave. The harbour of Dunquerque was very difficult of approach, being formed of jetties nearly a mile and a half long, and the sand-banks made it necessary to keep close along the shore, and then turn suddenly into the narrow space between the jetties. For a long vessel like the galley this was a very difficult manœuvre. As they approached it was high tide, and the sea was breaking clean over the jetties, the gale was increasing, and they must either enter or perish. Galleys always entered port with furled sails, as they were hard to steer under canvas, particularly in a heavy sea; but Peter Bart said they must go in like the fishing-boats did, under sail or not at all. The officers said it could not be done. They were drenched with rain, and had nothing to eat since the day before, and, moreover, knew if the galley touched she would go to pieces. the drunken Peter only swallowed some more gin, laughed at the

Digitized by Google

officers dismay, and swore he could take them in. And so he did, lowering his sails when he got within the jetty, and bringing up against the quay with a force that smashed the galley's long, low prow. After this escape they were anxious for Peter Bart to continue as pilot of the squadron, but he took himself off, saying that a thousand francs a month would not tempt him to risk his life with them.

The next year, 1708, the galleys re-armed in April, and were actively employed in annoying the English. Anne was now queen, and had a large fleet cruising in the Channel and the North Sea. One of the fleet, a ship of seventy guns, was commanded by a certain Captain Smith, who turned traitor, carried his ship to Sweden, where he sold her, and then made his way to France and offered his services against England. The king received him with apparent warmth and promised him the first vacant captainship, but advised him in the meantime to go to Dunquerque and serve as a volunteer in M. de Laugeron's galley. This advice was equivalent to a command, and Smith was forced to obey, taking part in all the expeditions to the English coast, and even wishing to land and burn some small towns, but the coast-guard and frequent bodies of troops prevented this. In his hatred for his country Smith was always planning some mischief. Among other projects was one he had for pillaging and burning the town of Harwich, on the east coast of England; to accomplish which he required that the six galleys of the Dunquerque fleet be put under his command. The king acquiesced, and, to Laugeron's disgust, gave the order for Smith to have the command for this cruise only.

Taking on board much combustible material and an extra force of soldiers, they put to sea on the 5th of September, with smooth waters and everything favourable, and reached the mouth of the Thames the same evening. While lying by and waiting for darkness, the sentinel at the masthead discovered a large fleet of merchant vessels, escorted by a frigate, making for the river. A hurried consultation of the officers took place, and, against the protestations of Smith, it was determined to attack the convoy. Two of the galleys (of which Marteilhe's was one) were to attack the frigate, and the other four the convoy.

The frigate chanced to be commanded by an exceedingly brave and skilful officer, who made signals to his charge to crowd all sail for the Thames while he fought the galleys. Drawing the *capitane*

Digitized by Google

away by feigning to run, he was pursued with ardour, the galley firing and edging down for his quarter, with the soldiers, sword and battle-axe in hand, prepared to board. When close aboard the frigate shifted her helm, avoiding the galley, which glanced along her broadside and splintered her oars. The English then grappled her and held her alongside the frigate, opening from her lower-deck guns with canister and grape. Every man on board the galley was exposed as if upon a raft, and a frightful carnage ensued, especially as the English kept up a shower of hand-grenades in addition to the fire of the guns. The French crew threw themselves down to avoid this fire, and at the moment the English boarded the galley and cut down nearly all but the slaves at the oars, whom they spared. Laugeron, on his poop, hoisted signals of distress, which the other galleys perceiving ceased the pursuit of the convoy and came pulling up to his relief. Surrounding the frigate, they fired into her for some time, and at last boarded her with twenty-five grenadiers from each galley. They found the quarter-deck barricaded and the deck of the waist composed of gratings; and, while the English behind the barricade plied the boarders with musketery, the crew, which were below, poked up their boarding-spikes through the gratings, and the French were forced hastily to regain their galleys. A second attempt had the same result, until at last a party boarded with axes and chopped the gratings through, when the English between decks were overcome by force of numbers. Then the officers who were defending the barricades were overcome by dint of hard hand-to-hand fighting, and the English captain was left alone in his poop-cabin, firing upon all who approached, and when he was summoned to surrender, threatening to apply a match to magazine. (Men-of-war then had the bulkheads of their cabins loopholed for musketry, and the quarter-decks and poops were genuine castles or strongholds, with "murdering pieces" mounted and pointing towards the waist, where boarders were alone likely to effect a lodgment.) Finally, a sergeant and twelve grenadiers broke down the door, the sergeant's brains being instantly blown out by the captain's pistol, and the soldiers fled from before the desparate man. Having thus delayed all the galleys until he was sure that the convoy under his charge had had time to get safely into the river, the English captain came quietly out and surrendered. When brought on board the galley, the Frenchmen were surprised to find him a little man and quite deformed. Laugeron, in recog-

Digitized by Google

nition of his bravery, returned him his sword; and the captain at the same moment recognised among those present the traitor Smith, upon whose head a reward of £1000 was set. The little man rushed at him to kill him, "as the executioner in London could not do so," and the by-standers had quite a struggle to prevent the fiery little fellow from accomplishing his purpose. The prize, which was called the "Nightingale," was safely towed into Dunquerque, the galleys taking three days to accomplish it. Marteilhe was badly wounded during the fight by one of the frigate's guns. To his bench were chained five convicts and a Turkish slave, and, when they ran alongside the frigate, they happened to be just in the line of fire of one of her guns, and it was evident they would all be killed if the gun was fired. Five of them laid down flat upon the bench, but Marteilhe stood up as far out of range as his chain permitted. He saw the gunner apply the match, and he was thrown unconscious upon the *coursier*, over the dead body of the lieutenant of the galley. At dark he recovered consciousness, and, feeling no pain, he crawled back to his bench, saying, "Get up, lads! the danger is over." The Turk who had been a Janissary, and boasted that he had never felt fear, did not reply, and when Marteilhe tried to raise him by the arm the limb came off in his hand; indeed, all five of his benchmates had been literally torn to pieces. Marteilhe now began to feel something cold and wet about his naked body, and discovered that he was wounded in three or four places. The other galleys came up and were assisting the disabled one to reach the offing as well as towing the captured frigate, but no lights were shown for, fear of pointing out their position to the English men-of-war which had come out of the river on hearing of the engagement Seventeen out of eighteen of the slaves on the three benches about Marteilhe had been killed by grape from one gun of the frigate, and killed and wounded encumbered every part of the galley. The *coursier*, four feet wide, was completely covered with the dead, and among the benches dead slaves, soldiers, and sailors were all piled together. After obtaining an offing they began to throw overboard the dead and place the wounded below. Marteilhe himself narrowly escaped being thrown overboard for dead, for he had fainted again; but when the *argousin* came to unchain him, the pain revived him, and he was thrown pell-mell with the other wounded on the coiled cables below.

Digitized by Google

Here they remained for three days, until they reached Dunquerque, without treatment, and with all the filth and vermin incident to their forlorn condition. No wonder that gangrene set in, and that the wounded "died like flies."

At Dunquerque the wounded slaves who remained alive were hoisted out by ropes about the body and placed in the hospital, where they were chained to the beds by the neck.

Marteilhe had a secret friend in the town, who recommended him to the head-surgeon, who, although he usually only ordered the treatment, not only dressed his wounds himself, but reprimanded the galley-surgeon for having neglected him. Owing to this care he got well, but he says that at least three-fourths of the wounded died.

After three months in the hospital he left there "sleek and fat," but with a certificate that his injuries would prevent him from rowing. He was chained to his old bench again, however, and remained there all winter. But when the galleys were fitted out, in 1709, he was lucky enough to have a change of labour. There being six slaves to each oar, the largest and strongest was strokesman, having the hardest work and being nearest the *comite's* whip. The weakest were placed near the side. Marteilhe had always been stroke of his oar, but now his arm was so weak that he could hardly lift it. In such cases the *comite* usually flogged until the man was half dead, to see if he was shamming, and Marteilhe expected nothing else. Upon going out of harbour the *comite* conned the galley out until she was clear, and then came aft along the *coursier*, seeing how the rowers were classed and using his whip freely. When he came to Marteilhe's bench he called out, "Dog of a Huguenot, who ordered you to row?" He replied that he was doing his best with one arm. Disguising his kindness under rough language, the *comite* called the *argousin* to "unchain the incapable dog and put him in the store-room. If those who were wounded were not released at least they should not row in his galley."

Poor Marteilhe had seved seven years at that bench, and would have been released after he was wounded had he not been a Huguenot. The rough but good-natured *comite* excused himself for his leniency by saying that "as he (Marteilhe) would be d——d for his religion in the other world, he should suffer less in this."

After this our slave was made clerk to the captain of the galley,

Digitized by Google

and was allowed to wear the convict's red coat and cap all the time; his hair was allowed to grow, and he only carried an iron ring about his ankle, without the chain to which he had so long been accustomed

In 1710 and 1711 the condition of naval affairs in France was so low that no attempt was made to fit the galleys for sea.

In 1712, Marteilhe had added to his other duties the distribution of their rations to the slaves, of whom he gives many interesting particulars, especially praising the Turkish slaves for their sobriety, industry, and truthfulness, and saying that they were allowed to go about without a guard. The Moors, on the contrary, he paints in the darkest colours, saying that they were the greatest scoundrels even in the *chiourme* of a galley.

In 1712 peace was concluded with England, with the disgraceful stipulation that the English should occupy the town and fortifications of Dunquerque till they could demolish the forts and fill up the port. The English accordingly took possession with five thousand troops in September. The French navy was so reduced that they colnd not fit out the galley-fleet, and an agreement was entered into by which those vessels, their crews, and gangs of slaves should remain in the harbour during the winter, and that no boat, seamen, or galley-slaves should leave the port without permission of Her Majesty of England.

As soon as the English troops took possession they ran in crowds to gaze at the terrible galleys of which such heartrending tales were told. Among them were some officers who were French refugees, and these sympathized with the Huguenot slaves, sitting on their benches to talk with them in spite of the filth and vermin and stench which they encountered. There were then twenty-two of them remaining in the galleys, and the English soldiers became much excited by their miserable condition, and swore they should be released. De Laugeron and the chaplains tried to prevent them from coming on board, but it was found to be impossible, and so the plank to the quay remained opened to all visitors. At last the excitement rose to such a pitch that the English commander, Lord Hill, consented to permit the Huguenots to be smuggled away in a fishing-boat under his pass. The poor wretches supposed that they were being taken out to sea by night to be privately drowned, and were rather surprised when they reached Havre alive. Here they were chained

Digitized by Google

together, eleven couples, and forced to march south through France, suffering from cold and wet, damp dungeons at night, galled by their chains, and covered with vermin and severe skin diseases brought on by their entire want of cleanliness. At Lyons the whole chain was put into a flat-bottomed boat, and thus taken to Avignon, where they resumed their weary march, and at last reached Marseilles. Marteilhe says that he suffered more on this winter journey than in the whole twelve years of his service in the galleys. At Marseilles they were placed on board the galley "Grande Reale," with every prospect of indefinite servitude. But England and all the Protestant powers exerted themselves after the peace of Utrecht to effect the liberation of the Hugunots, and in spite of clerical efforts to the contrary they were at last set free on condition that they left the kingdom by sea and at their own expense.

After innumerable difficulties and disappointments, 136 of them left Marseilles in a tartam for Italy, whence they scattered, some going to Switzerland, some to Holland, and some to other countries where they had friends and sympathizers.

Digitized by Google

Mr. Childers and the Purchase and Superseded Captains.

When pleading the cause of the purchase and superseded captains sometime back, we ventured the expression of an opinion that Mr. Childers would prove something more than a nominal head to the War Department; that however much dependent on the permanent officials—at times—for details, it would be found that in all cases involving a question of policy, or of principle, his own vigorous intellect and sound judgment would be brought actively into play; that whether the question submitted to his consideration affected the interests of the State, the interests of a class, or the interests of an individual, he would be careful to acquaint himself with as much of its history as would enable him to deal with it on its merits; that whilst holding the interests of the State steadily in view, and in his every act—involving expenditure—exhibiting a due regard for economy, he would be careful to be justly and discriminatingly economical; careful not to permit his desire for economy, however commendable, to cloud his sense of justice, or to lead him into acts of palpable breaches of faith, and especially breaches of faith with those who had not only honestly served the State for many years in all parts of Her Majesty's dominions, but who had on the faith, and under the indirect pressure of Government regulations, paid very highly for the honour of doing so. When we expressed this opinion some months back, a review of Mr. Childers' parliamentary and official career enabled us to do so with considerable confidence, and we are glad to find that that confidence is justified by the thoroughly practical way in which he has so far dealt with the numerous questions awaiting solution at the War Office when he was inducted into that department. Those who do not get what they want from Mr. Childers have not long to wait for an answer. They are not only accorded a reply at once, but they are frankly told why their requests cannot be acceded to, and this we feel is some satisfaction to those who are disappointed. His replies to questions in connection with army affairs

Digitized by Google

are invariably characterised by a frankness, an unambiguousness, and a thoughtful consideration to which we have not always been accustomed of late years. In reply to Colonel North's question, asked through Sir William Bartelot, he says, "I have studied with much care what is known as the case of the purchase captains of the army, but to deal with it conclusively requires more time than I have been able to give to the subject since I took office. I have, however, suspended for a year the action of the Royal Warrant, which made succession brevet promotions cease on October 1st, 1880. These promotions, therefore, unless in the meanwhile determined by the introduction of other regulations, will continue until October 1st, 1881."

There is about this reply a straightforwardness and a smack of John Bull-like honesty that one can't help admiring. It is a reply that contrasts very favourably with the petulant and practically point-blank refusals to be troubled with such matters, to which we have for some years been accustomed. It is a reply suggestive of the notion that had Mr. Childers found his way earlier to the War Office the purchase captains would earlier have been relieved of the anxiety and depression under which they have laboured since Mr. Hardy's advent to office.

In dealing with the question of the purchase and superseded captains, in our June number, we ventured at the risk of being considered prolix, to put the case so plainly that he who ran might read; to supply such details as would make it easily understood by those who were not personally interested, or whose attention had not previously been drawn to the subject. We were especially anxious to make the just claims of those whose interests we advocated intelligible, not only to non-professional members of both houses of the legislature, but also to non-professional War Office officials, and we are gratified to find, by communications from numerous friends, professional and otherwise, and by the comments of the press, that our efforts have not been altogether unsuccessful. Among other things, it will be recollected that we stated that many of the purchase captains had expended their all, and some more than their all, in the acquirement of that position, and that, too, with the specific object of qualifying themselves for brevet promotion, and that could they have foreseen that the conditions of their service would be changed for the worse, and faith broken with them after a lengthened period of service, that they never would

Digitized by Google

have incurred this outlay. It had been the invariable practice in old days, when regulations were altered for the worse, not to give them a retrospective application, but to accord to those who entered the service previously to their issue the option of either serving under the old regulations or, if they preferred it, relinquishing their rights under those regulations and electing to serve under the new; and, until the issue of Mr. Hardy's Warrant of August, 1877, the rights of the pre-abolition captains in this particular were to some extent respected.

It will also be remembered that, in view of the length of service of the majority of the pre-abolition captains and the recent radical changes of system, we urged that, under the circumstances, common justice demanded the grant to them of brevet majorities while serving, so as entitle them to the rank of lieutenant-colonel on retirement. We felt that not only had all the pre-abolition captains legal and equity rights to promotion to this extent at least, but that to withold that promotion, while serving, from those superseded by the ordinance captains in 1872, and who were about to be forced out of the service under the operation of Mr. Hardy's Warrant of August, 1877, would, we believed, be an act such as no statesman, with any pretentions to the name, would be guilty of.

There is a something about Mr. Childers reply to Colonel North's question that is suggestive of a new departure; something so encouraging, as to to justify the hope that at last the whole case of the pre-abolition officers will be carefully reviewed, and that a modicum of justice may even yet be vouchsafed to them. In ignoring their just claims, we believe that Mr. Hardy never contemplated doing them an injustice. We believe that he persistently ignored them simply because that he did not understand them; simply because that the reality was not brought home to himself by immediate, or even remote injury to the prospects of any in whom he had such an interest as would, in their individual cases, have induced him carefully to review the whole situation; added to which some of those who are mainly responsible for the Warrant of August, 1877; those on whom was devolved the duty of embodying therein the details of the arrangements arising out of the abolition of purchase, did not extend their sympathies in army affairs to the case of combatant officers; certainly not to the cases of those who had the misfortune to enter in purchase days.

Digitized by Google

We find that in all modern warrants departmental officers are munificently cared for, and whilst we do not envy them their good fortune, we are free to confess that we would like to see at the War Office some few who understood, and to some extent sympathised with combatants, whether officers or men; some few who would recognise the fact that the War Office and its pampered affiliations are maintained for the army, and not the army for them.

Mr. Childers' allusion to the possible issue of other regulations before the termination of the period during which the action of a portion of Mr. Hardy's warrant has been suspended, foreshadows the grant of at least the brevet so long, so justly, and so anxiously looked for by the purchase captains, nor will we be surprised to find that it foreshadows a good deal more; that the reconsideration of the whole question in such a way as Mr. Childers contemplates; in such a way as will enable him to deal with it conclusively, will make it but too apparent that very many officers now serving, and who have left the service, but especially the older ones, have suffered severely by the mode in which purchase was abolished, and by the operation of the Warrant of August, 1877; and that, too, in the face of Lord Cardwell's official declaration that existing interests would be respected; that after the abolition of purchase no officer then serving would find himself in a worse position, pecuniarily, than he was in previously; and with a view to a right understanding of this part of the question, we wish that Mr. Childers would aid his researches by eliciting from some of the older officers a declaration, not of opinions, but of facts on the subject. In asking for a reconsideration of the whole question, not only as regards the captains but also as regards the old lieutenants, we do not shut our eyes to the fact that Mr. Childers is entitled to the gratitude of the army for the just concession to the claims of the older captains which his reply to Colonel North's question announces, and on that concession we very heartily congratulate those to whom it has been made. Small as it is, it is more than we ventured a short time since to hope for.

Digitized by Google

The Progress of Torpedo Warfare.

By Lieutenant-Commander F. M. Barber, U.S.N.

(*Concluded.*)

Every one who has seen a kite flying knows how it will rise when the small boy runs away with the end of the string, and how it will dive if the string is suddenly let go. Transfer the kite to the water and imagine it flying *horizontally* from a boat or ship, and you have the Harvey torpedo, the invention of Captain Harvey, of the English navy. The kite is a box containing from sixty to one hundred pounds of explosive, and the tail consists of two cork buoys strung on a rope in rear. The ship or boat, streaming rapidly ahead with the end of the line, causes the torpedo to sheer out to an angle of nearly forty-five degrees with the path of the towing ship. the distance being regulated by the length of the line. By slacking the tow-line suddenly the torpedo will dive, and by holding fast the line after slacking it will rise under the bottom of the vessel attacked and explode on contact. This system was quite popular at first, and Harvey's own pattern was adopted into the Russian, English, and United States navies, while other nations, particularly the French, Danes, and Germans, made important changes in the form of it. Experiments have also been made in the United States, and a great variety have been produced, some with tails and some without, some to go always on the surface with the charge to drop on striking, and some to go always at a certain depth. The tow-line has also, in some cases, been made electric, and the torpedo thus rendered safer; but the defect of all of them lies in the system itself, and they not only require extraordinary skill and judgment in the handling, but one is in constant danger of being "hoist by his own petard" with most varieties in consequence of their tendency, particularly in a heavy sea, to capsize and come towards the towing ship. It is difficult to use them in a night attack

Digitized by Google

with boats, as the distance cannot be correctly estimated, and more than two boats cannot be used in attacking the same ship. Two attempts were made during the Turco-Russian war to use this species of torpedo, and both failed. The first time the torpedo was well placed directly under a large Turkish transport, but failed to explode. In the second case the cable fouled the launch's own propeller, and she was compelled to return before getting within range of the enemy. A few months ago all Harvey's in service in the English navy were ordered to be "turned into store," and it is probable that in that country little more will be attempted with them; but the French still continue to arm their heavy ironclads with a towing torpedo having a dropping charge. One of these torpedoes is carried on each quarter, and on going into action they are to be towed astern, so that if during the fight the enemy can be outmanœuvred and brought under the stern, or if he goes there of his own accord to obtain a raking fire, they may be used."

We now come to the Whitehead, or projectile system, which, as the name indicates, is a method of throwing or discharging the torpedo under the water. Avoiding at once the obvious difficulties of obtaining anything like a great range with an ordinary gun projectile, Mr. Robert Whitehead (an Englishman, living at Fiume, in Austria) conceived the ingenious idea of constructing a large cigar-shaped projectile or fish, which should be discharged through a tube under water by a charge of compressed air behind it, the cigar being able to continue its motion by means of a small propeller driven by a compressed air-engine *inside* it. To many the idea did not appear practical for many years, but the ultimate result has been that the different nations of Europe, seeing the obvious necessity of a submarine projectile of some kind, have expended more money on the Whitehead than on all other torpedoes combined. Their cost is about nineteen hundred dollars apiece; but a purchasing nation must pay down from thirty to forty thousand dollars for the right to use it, and those instructed in its use are sworn to secrecy as to its peculiar construction. Nearly every nation in Europe has become a purchaser, and Mr. Whitehead's manufactory is said to be turning them out at the rate of five hundred per year. Most nations have merely bought the invention from Mr. Whitehead, with his successive improvements, but in England the right to manufacture was also

Digitized by Google

obtained; and the weapon has been improved at Woolwich u
results have been reached which are certainly remarkable. T
"Woolwich fish" may be briefly described as follows: It i
cigar-shaped boat, from fourteen to eighteen feet long, and fr
fourteen to sixteen inches in diameter. It contains an explos
charge of forty to sixty pounds of gun-cotton in the bow; an
reservoir, in which is a supply of air compressed to a pressure
fifteen hundred pounds per square inch; a three-cylinder engi
which receives the air at a pressure of eight hundred pounds
square inch, and exhausts it at three hundred pounds. T
engine weighs only thirty-five pounds, and will exert sixty ho
power. There is also an hydrostatic apparatus, termed the sec
for regulating exterior rudders, by which the torpedo is enab
to run at any depth which it may be desired. It is driven
two propellers working in opposite directions, and it attains
enormous speed of *thirty miles per hour* for a distance of ei
hundred yards, though it will run a mile at over fifteen miles
hour. Laternal rudders are also attached, which can be fixed
any angle. The methods of discharging the implement
various. It can be driven from a tube under water, it can
dropped from a vessel's rail into the water, or it can be let
from a frame over the side of a small boat. Great difficul
are experienced in discharging it from the broadside when
attacking vessel is going at full speed, either from below
water or above, the result being loss of direction on the par
the torpedo, or fouling the propeller of the ship. At prese
frame is used over the side, like the paddle-wheel of a steam
when wishing to fire, the frame is revolved in a direction cont
to the motion of the vessel, and the torpedo is started the mom
it touches the water. With the immense speed attained
unexpected result has become manifest; the rebound is so g
and so rapid on striking a hard object that there is great dar
that no fuse will act quickly enough to fire the explosive ch
when in contact with the enemy,—a condition which is
essential. The difficulty can be overcome, but the radical de
of the implement—and it is the defect of any projectile—is
after having left the hand of the operator it is uncontroll
For harbour defence this defect is vital. No matter how delica
rudders may be adjusted, they have found in England that
with the present speed the torpedo is unreliable in an irreg

Digitized by Google

current or tideway, and they are now endeavouring to attach an electric wire to it,—that is, to convert it into a torpedo on the Lay system, which will be described farther on.

In the German experiments at Kiel last fall, two Whitehead torpedoes were exploded against a vessel. Each made a large hole, and either would have destroyed her; but the distance chosen, so as to be sure and strike the object, was only between six and seven hundred feet, although the implement was possessed of much greater range. There is no doubt, however, that when used in actual warfare by *intelligent operators* the Whitehead will prove a terrible weapon. All European nations appear to realize this, and England has over twenty sea-going cruisers and large numbers of launches fitted for its use, while Italy has gone so far as to fit tubes for their use in those enormous ironclads the "Duilio" and "Dondolo." So far but three attempts have been made to use the Whitehead in warfare, only one of which was successful. The first attempt was by the English man-of-war "Shah" against the pirate "Huascar," but the torpedo was one of the earliest type, and did did not possess nearly the speed of the "Huascar." The other two attempts were made by the Russians, and it is a significant fact that of the eight attacks made with offensive torpedoes in their war, the last two were made with Whiteheads alone. The first attempt, which was on the night of December 27, 1877, was a failure, and the accounts are somewhat conflicting. It seems, however, that the Turkish fleet was lying in the harbour of Batoum, protected by guard-boats and a boom of logs, to which are attached boards, kept upright in the water by means of weights. The night was extremely dark, and when at a supposed distance of sixty or seventy yards three torpedoes were discharged. One of them struck the admiral's vessel (an ironclad), one struck the mooring-chain of another vessel, and the third hit nothing. No explosion was heard from any of them, but two were found on the beach in the morning, one with its fore-compartment knocked entirely off, and the other perfectly intact, *with its safety-pin still in place.* It is probable that the safety-pins had never been removed from any of the torpedoes, for both the ship and the chain were struck hard enough to polish the point of impact. The Turks thus obtained the secret of the Whitehead without purchase. The second attempt of the Russians was on the night of January 25, 1878,

Digitized by Google

but this time the two attacking boats met a Turkish revenue-vessel on guard at the mouth of the harbour. Two torpedoes were discharged at a distance of seventy to ninety yards, and the vessel was instantly sunk, the noise of the explosion arousing the squadron inside and preventing further operations.

It is believed that neither Chili nor Peru are in possession of the Whitehead, so that no results can be looked for in that quarter.

Very little has been done in experimenting with submarine guns, properly so called, or submarine rockets, though there is undoubtedly a large field, and a fruitful one, for both. Captain Ericsson is at present making some interesting experiments with the "Destroyer," a fast vessel of his invention, lying very low in the water, so as to present a small target to the enemy, and fitted with a tube in the bow, below the water-line, from which he discharges, by means of compressed air, a huge bolt some twenty feet long. His final results are not known, though he had succeeded some time ago in driving it some two hundred feet at a velocity of sixty miles per hour. It is probable that experiments in this direction will eventually produce a much smaller projectile driven by gunpowder, which, with a range of even one hundred feet, will be able to take the place of the present spar-torpedo.

During the early part of our war some experiments were made with a species of rocket by Major Hunt of our army. They were of different dimensions and construction, the average size being about six feet long and one foot in diameter. His experiments were unsatisfactory, and were prematurely brought to a close by the unfortunate death of the major from suffocation through the escaping gas of one of his implements. Since that time no experiments have been made on a large scale, although Mr. Weir, of New York, has been remarkably successful with some small-sized water-rockets of peculiar design. Experiment in this direction will be found quite expensive, as, indeed, has been the case in every other implement that has tended to improve the science of destruction; but it offers theoretically the most favourable field for the production of a weapon which will supersede the Whitehead in its use from ships and boats. It has never been found possible to make the rocket a weapon of accuracy in the air, for the simple reason that through the consumption of the composition the implement is continually growing lighter and the

Digitized by Google

position of the centre of gravity is constantly changing. In the water the consumption, of course, takes place, but here we have the rocket travelling in a medium which is nine hundred times as dense as air, and by so constructing the rocket as to take in, through appropriate apertures, a quantity of water equal in weight to the composition consumed, and in proportion as that comsumption takes place, we remedy entirely those difficulties which in the air are insurmountable. A water-rocket seven feet long and one foot in diameter would carry at least forty pounds of explosive in its head, and such a weapon could be stowed on board ship as ordinary shell are now stowed, and would require no more care than they do in the handling, while the delicate machinery which is necessary in the Whitehead to maintain its locomotion requires constant care and the attention of the most skillful mechanics when it is desired to use it.

The last variety of movable torpedoes is the Lay, or controllable system, by which is understood a locomotive species of torpedo at all times under the control of the operator after it has left his hands. There are but three varieties of this system that have yet been produced. The first in which control is affected by means of lines attached to a rudder, the second by compressed air, and the third by electricity. Of the first it is only necessary to remark that the lines become twisted and will not work. The second method is the invention of Captain Ericsson, whose torpedo is a boxed-shaped wooden vessel about fourteen feet long by eighteen inches wide and three deep. In its interior is an air-engine, a hydrostatic apparatus for diving rudders. It is driven by two propellers, and the power is communicated by compressed air forced from shore through a rubber tube 1·5 inches in diameter, which the torpedo drags behind it, the rudder being affected one way or the other by a greater or less pressure of air. With this torpedo a range of six to seven hundred feet has been obtained (the total length of the tube), and a speed of about four miles per hour. A greater range could undoubtedly be obtained, but the difficulties of perfecting an apparatus of this description into a practical weapon are obvious, and the use of electricity affords a readier solution of the problem in question. With the electrically-controlled torpedo Colonel J. L. Lay, of Buffalo (the inventor of the spar apparatus used in the sinking of the 'Albemarle,') has been the earliest inventor and the most

Digitized by Google

indefatigable experimenter. Practically the Lay torpedo is a controllable Whitehead, with greater range, but without the speed. Generally speaking, it is a cigar boat twenty-two feet long by twenty-two inches in diameter. It contains one hundred pounds of explosive, a reservoir of liquid carbonic acid, a coil of electric cable, a gas motive-engine, an apparatus for steering, and another for raising or lowering two guide-rods, all the machinery being fitted with electrically-controlled valves. It is driven by a propeller on a hollow shaft through which passes the end of the cable to the shore. By means of an electric battery at the shore end of this cable the torpedo-engine can be started or stopped, the rudder put to starboard or to port, the guide-rods raised or lowered, and the explosive in the bow of the boat fired either by contact with the enemy or at will of the operator, the cable being paid out from the torpedo as it advances through the water. The ordinary boat will run 1·25 miles at a speed of nine miles per hour, but the range is only limited by the amount of cable, as the larger the boat to contain the cable the greater amount of gas it can carry, and some have been made with a range of 2·5 miles. It has been found that compressed air will not give the great range that is desirable to make this weapon useful for harbour defence, and liquid carbonic acid contains more power to the pound than any other chemical yet found available; but it is the heavy nature of this material when in a gaseous form at a low temperature which renders it difficult to work through an engine, together with the friction of the cable in paying out, that has so far prevented the attainment of the Whitehead speed. The Lay torpedo floats with its upper part just at the surface, and when in motion is covered with a slight ripple of water; the guide-rods, which rise to a height of four or five feet and carry hooded lamps at night, serving to guide it. It can be fitted with automatic apparatus to cause it to run entirely under water at any depth like the Whitehead, but great difficulty is already experienced in seeing it when at a great range, and it is at present deemed advisable by the inventor to so adapt it. There is no doubt but that one hundred pounds of dynamite would, even at the water-line, crush through the side of the strongest ironclad ever constructed, but as no experience has actually demonstrated this point the ordinary torpedo is constructed with an automatic arrangement, whereby the whole explosive compartment is made to drop a

Digitized by Google

distance of six feet under water on coming in contact with the enemy and there explode by electricity.

In the Lay torpedo both the science of electricity and chemistry have been brought to bear to accomplish results which are beyond the reach of mechanics. It has consequently taken a longer time to develop it than it has the Whitehead, and here, too, we meet with the uncomfortable items of expense continually rising in the scale as we approach nearer the submarine weapon which shall overcome all theoretical objections. The Whitehead has cost over one hundred thousand dollars to develop it, and the Lay over double that amount. As is evident from the nature of the Lay, even more intelligence and education are required to use it than the Whitehead, and the Russians have recognized this fact in establishing a school and a manufactory for the Lay, which is to be used extensively in the defence of Cronstadt and other Russian ports. A series of trials of the implement have lately been successfully carried out at Antwerp before a committee appointed by the Belgian Government, the trials being largely attended by representatives of other nations, who were very much impressed with the remarkable evolutions and perfect controllability of this "Yankee notion." In the United States experiments have been made with it for several years, the opinions as to whether it is too complicated or not for a practical weapon being very much divided.

The Lay at its only trial in actual warfare has failed, and for the same reason as did the Whitehead on its first two trials—a lack of intelligence on the part of the operators. One was on board the 'Huascar' in one of her successful raids on the Chilian coast previous to her capture. At early daylight a Chilian transport was sighted at anchor, and the 'Huascar' approached within six hundred feet, as the crew were all asleep. The torpedo was lowered into the water and successfully started, but suddenly the rudder, for some unknown reason, became jammed, the torpedo turned a complete circle and came back, passing under the stern of the 'Huascar.' Comment is needless. It may be added, however, that, according to the *New York Herald* correspondent, it was the fear of the Lay torpedo which caused the Chilian fleet to suddenly raise the blockade of Arica during the early part of the war after having closely invested that port for some time.

It is evident from what has been stated with regard to the value

Digitized by Google

of electricity in controlling torpedoes of the Lay system, that the ultimate result of experiment in that direction will be a torpedo which is worked entirely by electricity, without the intervention of any compressed air or gas whatever. Mr. Bridges, of New York, and probably others, have been working in this direction, and there is no doubt whatever of ultimate success, although it may be some distance in the future. At a recent trial of the Bridges torpedo at Willet's Point, the implement ran a distance of four thousand feet at a mean speed of 8·8 miles, and a maximum speed of ten miles per hour, being perfectly under control during the time—a most flattering result, considering that its entire motive-power was derived from a dynamo-electric machine on shore.

Whether the speed of a Whitehead or a Rocket will ever be obtained by a torpedo on the Lay system is exceedingly problematical. The drag of the cable, even though paying from the boat as freely as possible, will always be an important obstacle, and if the strain is very great the cable itself cannot be made to endure it; but at the same time it is also a question whether, for harbour defence, this enormous speed is essential. Vessels do not usually go at full speed in entering port, unless the channel is long and straight, and once inside an ordinary harbour to manœuvre at full speed is impossible. Of course smaller specimens of the Lay system will be adapted to use from ships, but the true field for its application is in coast and harbour defence, and here it possesses four great advantages over fixed mines, or at least qualifications which supply their deficiencies: First. It goes *to* the enemy instead of waiting for the enemy to come to it. Second. However complicated it may be in construction, you at least have it on shore, where it can be kept in order until it is actually wanted. Third. It can be transported from place to place along the shore as exigency may require. Fourth. It can be used in harbours, straits, and rivers, where it is either physically impossible to plant any fixed mines at all, or where there is no time to plant them. Besides the foregoing there are other theoretical advantages of the Lay system, but they pertain more particularly to use by an attacking force in the clearing away of fixed mines. It would be theoretically possible, for instance, to send such an implement into a harbour, turn it round and drop a grapnel, the rope of which it would bring back to a tug in waiting, which

Digitized by Google

could then, by hauling on the rope, cut any wires which might be caught by the grapnel. These considerations are, however, remote from the main use of the weapon, whose primary object is to destroy ships.

The subject of submarine boats has not been heretofore touched upon except in the description of Bushnell's apparatus, because, notwithstanding their manifest advantages in the way of secrecy, they have so far laboured under two insuperable disadvantages,—the lack of any sufficient artificial light and the lack of speed. All the other difficulties (and they are many) have been practically overcome in the best invention of this kind is known to exist, that of the late Mr. Phillips, an ingenious shoemaker of Michigan. His boats were cigar-shaped, from thirty to sixty feet long, and four to eight feet in diameter. Compressed air was "put up" in a number of large iron tubes before descending, and they supplied the means of doing almost everything. The boat could be sunk to any depth and maintained at that depth, and also kept horizontal in the water by a series of most ingenious automatic arrangements. He purified the air after breathing it by forcing it through water, and thus ridding it of carbonic acid and other impurities. So successful was he in this that he was able to stay under water with three or four other people for twenty-four hours, although he had no means of supplying oxygen. He sunk a small vessel by means of a small 6-pounder gun which he had mounted in a ball-and-socket joint in the top of the boat, and a rocket arrangement was devised for towing a small torpedo, but it is not known to have been tried. The bow of the boat was fitted for using a number of saws, chisels, &c., and was surrounded by glass plates, so that obstructions could be seen and removed, and it is said that he made a practical demonstration of the utility of this arrangement by cutting the piles from a neighbour's wharf. He also proposed to anchor his boat and remove obstructions by means of a diver, who passed out through a door in the bottom, the water being kept out by the pressure of the air in the boat. The speed of the boat was not, however, greater than two miles per hour, and the lantern which he had constructed did not give sufficient light. Mr. Phillips was unfortunately drowned a few years ago near Buffalo by, as is supposed, the crushing of his boat at great depth; but had he lived, it is difficult to say what he might not have accomplished in the way of propulsion and

Digitized by Google

light. He had already devised a steam-engine the coal fire of which was to be fed by compressed air, and the smoke of which was to be forced into the water; but this arrangement was never tried, and would probably have heated the boat to an unendurable degree if it had been: still he might have produced something useful, and as it is the field is still open for other inventive spirits.

In conclusion, it may be remarked that the old adage of not putting all your eggs in one basket is as applicable to harbour defence as to any other undertaking. Where torpedoes can be used, the moral effect on the enemy will always be very great. Fixed mines are admirable for keeping the enemy under the fire of the forts. The Lay system is a most valuable adjunct to both, and it is invaluable should the enemy get past the fixed mines, or should he attempt a landing where there are neither fixed mines nor forts. Specially fitted projectile torpedo-boats will always be useful, as they will allow the sea-going vessels to be spared from coast defence. But nature in some cases seems absolutely determined that no species of torpedoes should be used. In Holland, for example, with the most tremendous tides and tidal currents, a muddy water and a wretched bottom for the confusion of the advocate of fixed mines, they have, in addition, masses of seaweed from two to four feet thick, moving on the surface with every tide for the special demoralization of movable torpedoes; and again, on most parts of the bold coast of Peru and Chili, with deep water and a tremendous surf, it is almost impossible to operate any kind of torpedo from the shore. Our own country, however, from the shallowness of its harbours, the great extent of its sea-coast, and the comparatively moderate tides, offers superior advantages for the employment of all kinds of torpedoes to assist its ordinary means of defence; but they can only assist after all. As long as foreign nations build ironclads, and there is not the slightest evidence that they intend desisting from this unkind practice, we must have guns that will penetrate them, and ironclads and fortifications to use the guns from. General Abbot, at the army torpedo station at Willet's Point, has perfected a system of mines that is probably unequalled in the world. A complete plan of mine defence for each of our great harbours is already "on file," and a considerable amount of material is ready. It is the offensive system of torpedoes which is the most expensive to develop, however, and through lack of money the

Digitized by Google

naval torpedo station at Newport has been able to do little more than prepare to accomplish something. Take, for example, the defence of a straight channel a mile wide, with moderate depth of water—a most favourable case for the employment of numbers of fixed mines. There would, according to modern ideas, be three lines of mines across the channel, planted in groups of say four each, for simultaneous explosion, at a distance of about one hundred and fifty feet between groups, and there would be say thirty more outlying mines on either side. They would cost about one hundred and fifty dollars a-piece, and an armoured cable costs from two hundred and fifty to fifteen hundred dollars per mile according to number of wires, quality, &c. Roughly, then, the mine defence, including electrical apparatus, would be about eighty thousand dollars. Now, the selling price of torpedoes on the Lay system, of which there should be at least ten, is from ten to fifteen thousand dollars apiece (though they could probably be manufactured for something less). Fully equipped, fast launches, armed with three projectile torpedoes each, would cost fifteen thousand dollars a-piece, and there should be at least ten of these launches. If the defence were supplemented by large torpedo-vessels, like our 'Alarm' or 'Intrepid,' an additional sum of three hundred thousand dollars would have to be allowed for each of these. It is evident from this comparison, which cannot be considered an exaggerated one, that offensive torpedoes and the means of applying them are much more costly than defensive ones, though at the same time the total cost of the torpedo defences of such a channel would be no more than the price of a modern ironclad. This, however, it must be remembered, is only one channel, and that one very favourable for the use of fixed mines.

The popular method of estimating the relative value of torpedoes and ships is well exemplified in the case of the Peruvians, who only desired to purchase two Lay torpedoes, because the Chilians had but two ironclads, and the idea that we usually see expressed is that a fixed mine worth one hundred and fifty dollars will certainly effect the destruction of an ironclad worth one million dollars. It should always be borne in mind that a torpedo of any description can be used once, and no more, like the charge from a gun. The cost of such a charge is anywhere from five to five hundred dollars, and yet no one thinks of comparing taht, or even h e cost of the gun itself, with the cost of a vessel. If the ship

Digitized by Google

came in contact with the torpedo she would be destroyed; but so she would if the shot penetrated her boiler or her magazine, and there are a great many more opportunities for using the gun than the torpedo. Moreover, suppose the torpedo has fulfilled its mission, there could then be no more fixed torpedoes in the same spot or within several hundred feet of it, and an energetic commander who would be willing to sacrifice several of his fleet, as Farragut was obliged to do at Mobile, could still make progress as far as the other fixed mines was concerned.

The importance of movable torpedoes is so manifest that nearly all the nations of Europe possess one or two large torpedo-vessels, and the number of small special craft, for Whitehead and spar torpedoes, that have been constructed by the firms of Thorneycroft and Yarrow in the iast six years is something enormous. England and Russia possess them by the hundred, and every maritime continental nation seems to be following rapidly in their footsteps. It is probable that there are not less than one thousand specimens of these and other builders' handiwork at present afloat in European harbours, and England is now sending them abroad to assist in the defence of her foreign possessions. Germany, as long ago as 1870, realized the necessity, and commenced building small craft to assist her submarine mines. In Copenhagen every private yacht and launch is provided with its torpedo fittings, which the government take care of until they may be needed. Sweden, one of the first nations to buy a Thorneycroft, is now experimenting in the propulsion of small torpedo-craft by hydraulic power. In France every engineer of the navy is obliged to receive a course of instruction in manipulating the Whitehead at the torpedo school at Boyardville. We only, the country which originated the torpedo, have but six or seven boats specially fitted for its appliation, even in its most primitive form. Ideas are as plentiful as in any other field to which American inventive genius has turned its attention; but private inventors cannot afford to develop their ideas, and the government authorities have no money. A few "bags of powder on the end of a pole" and a few Harveys are supplied to cruising ships and their launches; but "our torpedo flotilla," which the newspapers were so fond of alluding to during the "Virginius" excitement, although a very desirable and necessary institution, was then and is now—a myth.

Digitized by Google

The Recall of Sir Bartle Frere,

AND THE SITUATION IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The recall of Sir Bartle Frere may be politic as a party move. It is doubtless a move calculated to propitiate the honourable member for Carlisle, and those who endorse his opinions, but it is certainly not a statesmanlike or a generous move, or one the wisdom of which is concurred in by the majority of the Cabinet, who, as a matter of expediency, have reluctantly sanctioned it. Viewed in connection with the circumstances that have preceded it, and which have been made the pretext for its adoption, it is an act that a great nation ought not to look back on with complacency, even was the subject of it one having only ordinary claims to consideration, or to national gratitude. But when it is remembered that the good services of the late governor at the Cape have not been confined to South Africa; that, in various positions in other quarters of the world, he has zealously, conscientiously, and successfully devoted to the service of his Sovereign and country the greater part of a life now far advanced; those who have clamoured for his recall, and those who have, contrary to their convictions, been weak enough to yield to that clamour, have in our estimation, nothing in connection therewith on which to congratulate themselves. The act is one not only calculated to damp the zeal of servants of the Crown in all parts of the world, and to divest them of the moral courage so necessary for possible emergencies, but also of that confident reliance in a generous and discriminating interpretation of their motives and actions when confronted by perplexing difficulties at a distance from home, which is so essential to an efficient performance of their duties. If Sir Bartle Frere had been a governor of the ordinary stamp, he would not have let his zeal for the public service, and his anxiety for the safety of others blind him to his own interests. He would, in the face of self-evident facts, have affected a necessity for, and spent much time in making inquiries; he would have framed a prosy dispatch, have referred to Downing-street for

Digitized by Google

instructions, folded his arms in the meantime, and calmly contemplated the course of events. He could have done this, too, at Cape Town, where his personal safety would have been ensured, and had he done this, the chances are that he would have retained his popularity and position; but at a terrible risk to the colonists of Natal and others with whose safety he was entrusted. By a course of action such as this, or such as would have accorded with the views of such patriotic and enlightened politicians as the honourable members for Carlisle and Cork, *et hoc genus omne.* Sir Bartle Frere might have staved off the struggle for a time, but in the estimation of those who ought to be the best judges to a question of time, the commencement of that struggle had been reduced.

To Sir Bartle and experienced Cape statesmen, it was very apparent that neither a diplomatic effort nor a course of placid inaction would much longer succeed in restraining the Zulus within their defined territorial limits, and this conviction once forced on him, he was not slow in exhibiting the courage of his convictions. In the face of much oracular discouragement, if not of specific instructions from home, he not only recognized the gravity of the crisis, but on his own responsibility at once adopted the course which appeared to him the one best calculated to avert impending calamities, and to protect the lives and interests of those entrusted to his care.

In adopting this course, the impression exists on the part of some that Sir Bartle was wrong. Our own impression is that he was right. This opinion we formed at the outset, and all that has since occurred has only tended to confirm its correctness. We feel that Sir Bartle Frere in anticipating Ketchwayo, and spoiling his plan of attack before his preparations were complete, has saved Natal and the Transvaal, if not from utter ruin, at least from terrible calamities, and done a service to the whole of our South African possessions, which the inhabitants, or at least the European portion of them, are sufficiently descerning to appreciate; but for which an ungrateful Cabinet, if not an ungrateful country, has compensated him by recall. Among the best informed of the colonists, the opinion prevails that had Sir Bartle delayed, that had he not promptly crossed the Tugela, the Zulus in overwhelming force would have poured into Natal, and not have left a white man, woman, or child on whom they could lay hands, alive. Whilst they believe that Sir Bartle Frere is about the last man living who would knowingly do a wrong either to an individual or to a nation, they also recog-

Digitized by Google

nize the fact that it is to his discrimination and cool courage they are indebted for the safety of Natal, and for the security which the South African colonies generally now enjoy.

A Conservative Government yielded to an ill-informed popular outcry, and, contrary to its own judgment, and in the face of the best professional advice, superseded Lord Chelmsford, and that at a time when he had entitled himself to their thanks and gratitude by the successful accomplishment of the task entrusted to him; and now a Liberal Government, whilst evidently recognizing the fitness of Sir Bartle Frere for the position he held at the Cape, and desirous of keeping him there, lacks the courage of its conviction, and, in deference to a persistent outcry on the part of a few free lances in the House of Commons, recalls him also, and that in the face of a strong protest from the South African colonists, who place a high value on his services, and who surely ought to be the best judges of their own affairs. They not only place a high value on the services Sir Bartle, but as evidenced by the opinions expressed at their public meetings, they also place a high value on the services of Lord Chelmsford. But the opinions of South African statesmen , and other representatives of intelligent South African opinion, would appear to have but little influence in moulding our South African policy in Downing-street, and we can not helping feeling surprise at this, as surely such opinions ought to have greater weight in framing a policy for the government of our Cape colonies than the never-ending "chatter of irresponsible frivolity" with which we are afflicted now-a-days, both in and out of Parliament. For our own part, we venture to predict, notwithstanding the much-to-be-regretted acts of the late and present Cabinets, that time will do justice to the services of both Sir Bartle Frere and Lord Chelmsford; that the names of both will be handed down to posterity, not only among those who have left their impress on their own times, but also among those who have been the greatest benefactors of our race in South Africa.

Since the foregoing lines were written news has reached this country which fully establishes the correctness of our opinions; news which makes it unmistakably apparent that if successive cabinets have failed to do justice to the services of Sir Bartle Frere, those whose interests are immediately concerned have not failed to do so. They are quite alive, not only to the unmerited humiliation inflicted on their late governor, but they look on his recall at the

Digitized by Google

present moment as a real calamity to the colony, and some go farther, and interpret the action of the Cabinet as a punishment on the Cape colonists for their refusal to give effect to the Government policy of confederation. Crowded meetings have taken place at Cape Town, at Port Elizabeth, Grahamstown, and other chief towns of the colony. At these meetings, the colonists of every nationality and of all shades of opinion, have expressed their profound regret at Sir Bartle's removal; their warm appreciation at the great services he has rendered to the colonies, and their sympathy with him in the troubles and difficulties he has had to encounter during his tenure of office; troubles and difficulties which, in our estimation, have been much added to by the time-serving policy of successive Cabinets. Before these lines can meet the public eye, Sir Bartle will be well on his way to England, and we venture to hope that on his arrival he will receive such an ovation as will satisfy him, and his friends, that whatever may be the opinions or action of Cabinets, whether Whig or Tory, there are still people in England who know how to appreciate valuable public services, and who are desirous to do honour to a statesman who has had the moral courage to act on his convictions in a grave national crisis.

The following extrac tfrom a recent issue of the *Times* may be some consolation to Sir Bartle Frere and Lord Chelmsford while smarting under the injustice of the treatment they have received.

"ZULULAND.—From several quarters we hear that matters in Zululand are quiet. Visitors are struck with the altered demeanour and behaviour of the people. Respect and civility have taken the place of violence and defiance. The subjugation of the Zulus appears to have been as complete in a moral as in a territorial sense. How long this salutary change may last is another matter. The establishment of European magistrates throughout the country, and the presence of a resident clothed with effective authority, would go far to make it permanent, and in Dunnsland and Ohamsland these requisites will not be wanting. Mr. Osborne, the resident, is travelling about the country, and it is believed that he will establish his abode somewhere near Rorke's Drift, in Hluhi's territorry. We are glad to learn that there has been a manifest improvement in that chief's relations towards his people, the result, no doubt, of a judicious remonstrance, The people are poor, and the crops have generally to be gathered in. It is possible that their needs will compel a good many of them to seek employment in Natal."

Digitized by Google

In addition to the above, the *Broad Arrow* says :—

"Notwithstanding all that has been said against the scheme of settlement of Zululand, both by the English and the colonial press, each report which reaches us concerning the conduct of the natives and the aspect of affairs in the country, is more fortunate than the last. Visitors to Zululand state that the demeanour of the Zulus, which three or four years ago had become overbearing and insolent, is now quiet and civil. Numerous gangs of young Zulus now gladly enter the colony and act as labourers in the plantations along the coast for several months at a time. Traders are again busy in Zululand buying cattle for blankets or cash. Zululand is rich in cattle."

This is a state of things of Sir Bartle Frere's creation; one on which he and Lord Chelmsford are to be congratulated, and one on which we do congratulate them very warmly.

Digitized by Google

With the Roumanians in the '77 Campaign.

By Captain Salusbury.

Not every officer in the Roumanian Army before Plevna was so fortunate as to boast of a tent for his habitation, and as there were very many combatants of high and low degree who were tentless, it was not likely, nor to be expected that I, a non-combantant and a foreigner, would enjoy more luxury than those gentlemen. If I were not lucky enough to obtain shelter, and some sort of a bed in an empty wagon, I lay myself down to sleep on the "cold bare ground," and considered the fates propitious and exceeding kind if rain did not fall in the course of the night. Perhaps there are some who will not credit me when I state that with the exception of the clothes I habitually wore, I had nothing to protect me from the cold, nor anything to render the natural couch softer; no rug, no great coat, *no nothing*, as a four-year-old child would express the sad fact, and I never lay a-bed any longer than I could possibly help. That I escaped fever so long appears to me marvellous—many a night I was wet through by rain or dew, and would stand up to dry in the rays of the hot morning sun, when the steam would rise from my saturated self so thickly as to envelop me as it were in a mist. To make an elaborate toilette without water is a difficult task, and very often for two or three days together I was not put to any further trouble in this respect than entailed by the combing of my hair. Oh, the campaigner's is a life of luxury! And yet, in spite of all the inconveniences attending it, I would ask nothing better than to have the chance of trying it for the third time. Campaigning has its advantages as well as its disadvantages. The friends you make are friends indeed, they don't dine at your table to-night, and run you down at another fellow's table to-morrow night. You share your tobacco with a fellow this evening; to-morrow he risks his own life to save yours. Soldiers are not the hard-hearted men some people think them, nor do they become less tender and kind to one another the more fighting and bloodshed

Digitized by Google

they see. On a campaign death comes more suddenly and more frequently than in a land and time of peace. Nor does one forget more speedily the friend who has gone from us for ever, slain on the field of honour, than the friend death has removed from our midst with a peaceful hand. We may restrain the outpouring of our grief, but in the stillness of the night, when alone, with no one and no matter to disturb our reverie, then our mind flies to a distant land, and our heart and thoughts are full with the memory of many a brave, noble-hearted fellow, whose hand we shall never clasp again, whose face when last we saw it was white and ghastly and void of power of expressioon. Let those who laugh at *sentiment*, who make sport of any mention of *feeling*, and deem it effeminate—let them lose a valued friend by the sword or bullet of the enemy, and they will learn that when the softer nature of the woman enters into the heart of man it does not follow that an iota of manliness is driven out. Many are the old Plevna friends I would like to see again—many I know are never again to be met on earth, but there are some I hope to meet once more among the living. I wonder if I shall ever see any of those gallant gentlemen who were wont to gather together at eventide in the large tent used by the head-quarters' mess. Among others whom I remember having met at the long table where General Cernat persided, *Don* Carlos comes to mind. *Don* Carlos some call him—I shall not be surprised one day to hear him universally spoken of as Charles XII. of Spain. One afternoon I was told that this famous Spaniard would arrive in camp during the evening, and I asked my informant by what title he intended to address him. He answered me in French that he should simply style him "Sir." Many others who had never before seen him told me they hated his very name, and would not speak to him at all. In the evening he arrived, attended by two gentlemen, who acted as his aides-de-camp, the Marquess of Montserrat, and the general whose name has become rather widely known lately in connection with the Spanish claimant's "Golden Fleece"—at least, I think he is the same. They entered the large mess tent in company with General Cernat; we were all seated round the table at the moment. With the exception of myself and one or two others whose sympathies were "Carlist," not one present rose from his seat when the general's guests came in. *Don* Carlos (to use the address by which he is more generally known) soon made friends with his immediate neighbours, and when the meal was finished he asked the general to

Digitized by Google

invite me to be introduced to him, and begged me to seat myself next to him. Had I no other reason to think kindly of him, I should ever be grateful to the *Don* for having given me the most delicious cigarettes I ever smoked. I found him exceedingly agreeable and entertaining. He told capital stories, and before long, he had, in everyone around, an amused and ready listener. When he rose from table, he invited me to his tent to drink tea and have a chat, and as he passed through the tent the whole company stood up and in response to his salutation, bowed, and said, "Good night, *your majesty.*" Now that is a fact; and, further, I never again heard a single word spoken in disparagement of *Don* Carlos. Many officers, who had fought *against* him in past wars, declared to me that if he ever again raised his standard they would offer their services for his acceptance, and would gladly risk life to aid him in obtaining the Crown of Spain. If I were to hint here what under such circumstances, I should myself feel inclined to do, I should very speedily receive a yard of blue "official" requiring me "to explain for the information etc."—and the result would probably be that I should one fine morning receive another blue "official" which would remove all doubt from my mind as to the military legality of allowing my beard to grow. In Roumania the official eye is not so stern, and if Carlos now known as *the Don* ever be recognized as Carlos XII., King of Spain, he will find among those whom it will be necessary to reward for valorous service, not a few officers who have already won the "Star of Roumania" in the service of their own sovereign Prince Charles I. of Roumania. The old saying was, "They manage these things better in France," and in the management of "these things" Roumania has not been slow to copy France. On many a manly Roumanian breast shines a foreign order. The Prince permits it, and the army and the country applaud their sovereign's wisdom. In these islands it is different, so Archibald Forbes with the "Iron Cross" of Germany, and a dozen other orders and medals gained on the most famous battle fields of this century, must perforce, when passing before his Prince or Queen, go by without a mark of honourable distinction on his plain court coat, while another man, who has not seen as much fighting in all his campaigns as Forbes has on a single field, will attract universal attention by the glitter of his three or four crosses and stars and dozen medals. On the continent Forbes is entitled to receive a salute from every sentry, and to have the guard "turned out" at every barracks he

Digitized by Google

may pass: at home, in the country he has added honour to—he has to give place to any knighted noodle who may have entertained during his year of mayoral office any Royalty. Alas! and alas! I must repeat, how I am wandering from Plevna. Forgive me, and I will try not to offend again. I could fill a number of pages with an account of the fighting I witnessed round about Plevna during my stay in the Roumanian Camp. I had the good fortune to be under fire, in one way and another, pretty nearly every day, but what fighting I saw has been better described already than my pen is able to write of, and, as to those who have not participated in the events themselves fights must read pretty similar, I shall not occupy space by going into a description of each occasion of my having been under fire. Generally, the only difference in the result of one day's battle from that of another lay in the number of killed and wounded, and, as I daresay that at this lapse of time few would care to read about 300 being killed yesterday, and 600 to-day, I shall pass such incidents over with the solitary observation that on every occasion, when I saw the Roumanians in action, they behaved with the most marked gallantry and discipline, and proved themselves worthy to be ranked with the best soldiers in Europe.

One day's fighting, perhaps, deserves more than a passing notice. I speak of the gallant assault made by the Roumanians on the 11th of September, with the intention of taking the famous Grivica or Gravitza Redoubt. I had reason to know that grim work rather well. I think it was on the 10th of September, or a few days before, I had obtained permission to go in front of our advanced posts for the purpose of making a sketch of the Redoubt. Two Roumanian soldiers, one of them a gentleman who had volunteered for the war and was a sergeant in an infantry regiment (he spoke French), accompanied me by order—outwardly as a mark of attention and a protection, really, I do not doubt, to keep a watch on my movements, and if the latter was their duty I think it was perfectly correct. Neither of them had ever been under fire; both were anxious for their military baptism. I, for my part, it must be confessed, most fervently prayed that I might be allowed to complete my sketch and notes without any unseemly interruption at the hands of the Turks. We had to go across a plateau which was exposed to the fire of three batteries, and I felt very thankful when we succeded in passing over this dangerous ground without having attracted the attention of the Sultan's gunners and riflemen. Very

Digitized by Google

close we went to the frowning redoubt, and when we had gone as near as we could, we hid ourselves behind a friendly and solitary tree, and I commenced my sketch. For a time all went well; then my friend the sergeant begged that he might be allowed to have a shot at the red fezzed gentleman who was in front of us, quite unconscious of our propinquity. He would so much like to try if he could hit him, he pleaded. I refused permission point-blank, and told him that if he fired we should immediately find ourselves in a regular wasp's nest; that, in fact, the infernal regions would be a far cooler locality than our present situation, as the Turks would instantly return the fire with compound interest. Again, for a time, peaceful and undisturbed sketching. Alas! another red fez pops up. The two Turks confabulate. The temptation is too great. My martial friend, burning to distinguish himself, and overcome by the desire to render such service to his country's cause as could be effected by slaying two of the enemy, declares and vows by all the gods of Roumania that he will essay his skill, and, before I can expostulate, fires. He was kneeling at the time just behind me, and one knee only was outside the protection of my body. A tremendous bang is the answer; a whole volley is fired into our direction, and—crack!—my friend receives his baptism of fire, and a bullet in the knee-cap. The bone is completely smashed, and the poor sergeant is in a sad plight. Not knowing how many of us there might be, the Turks maintain rapid independent firing. My sketching was over for the day. If we had not successfully *drawn* the redoubt itself we had most certainly succeeded in *drawing* the fire of the redoubt. I called to my other companion, whose blood was up, and who was now engaged in firing away as hard as he could, and bidding him hold up the wounded man on the one side, I took his other arm in mine, having bound up his knee as best I could with a strip of my flannel shirt, and we commenced to beat a retreat. It was rather ticklish work crossing that plateau. I remember that I halted once to light a cigarette, thinking that by so doing I might make my companions think *light* of the risks we were exposed to, but I can also remember that I did not exactly bless the first match for going out without producing the desired effect, and thus causing further delay while I struck another. The Turks fired high—I thank them most sincerely for having so done—but they fired uncommonly often, and I thought a most unnecessary number of them devoted their attention to us. They fired at us from three different

Digitized by Google

quarters, and I would have been better pleased if they had hit our man in the arm instead of in the leg. I think in that case we should have gone over that plateau at a faster pace than the funeral one we adopted. Indeed, if we did not *run*, we should, as the American said, have made "pretty considerable *tall walking*." Poor fellow, he begged us to leave him and run; but we brought him along—he never uttered a cry—until at last we reached the ambulance and safety. Ah! my sergeant, that was an unfortunate shot! It was his last as it was his first. The surgeon tried amputation, and then a greater power took him in charge. He expressed his gratitude to me for the little I had been able to do for him—and then he died. An officer of rank, who saw us bringing the sergeant in, told me that he should mention our names for reward, and that he would take care that I received the Order of the "Star of Roumania." I thanked him, of course, and told him that I did not expect any reward for what was but a bare performance of duty, but that I should be obliged to him if he would get something for the other soldier. Blessed are they that expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed. I don't know that the soldier ever received the promised reward, I know I never did. It was not the first time either that I had been assured of the Roumanian Order. Once before I received very hearty thanks for a slight service I had been able to perform, and was informed that my name would be sent in for appointment to the Order, I didn't expect it, and I didn't get it, so I was twice blessed. But if I never received cross, medal, or star, I have no reason to complain of the treatment I received in Roumania. On the contrary, I shall never cease to be grateful to the Roumanian soldiers, from the Prince to the least among them, for the great kindness and the ready hospitality they ever accorded me, and if I find any, should I again visit the country, who remember me kindly, I shall be amply rewarded for doing what any man should have done, and would have done, without any need of reward. My days were never unoccupied in front of Plevna. Sometimes I rode about with "Don" Carlos, visiting the batteries engaged in the bombardment, and a more pleasant companion I would not desire. Many an hour has his entertaining conversation and wonderful art of story-telling wiled away, and the more I saw of him the more I liked him. He always carried with him a folding album, so to speak, of the photographs of his family, and if he ever does wear the Spanish crown I can vouch that the fairest Princess Royal in Europe will be found not far from Madrid. One day I rode

Digitized by Google

with that gallant soldier and accomplished gentleman, the Prussian Baron Liegnitz (whose valour throughout the campaign was most conspicuous) from the Roumanian batteries, in which we had been during a bombardment, to the Russian battery of siege guns. In the neighbourhod we found the Emperor of Russia, surrounded by a numerous and brilliant staff. I was much struck with the altered appearance of the handsome Czar. I never saw any man so changed in so short a time. He looked terribly ill, haggard, and anxious, and yet he stood, every inch, the Soldier and the Emperor. I wish some of the people who are so fond of abusing the poor grand old Emperor, could have seen him as I saw him; not a couple of yards distant—they would not only have pitied him, but they *must* have admired him. I had two or three narrow shaves that day. Once my horse was hit by a shrapnel ball, another time a shell killed a horse close to me, and finally I was mistaken for a Turk by an over-zealous and too-suspicious Roumanian militiaman, whose bayonet I only just managed to elude. I had every ground for wondering whether it was more dangerous to be in the neighbourhood of a friend or a foe, and I think the militiaman turned the scale against the former. A curious place, Plevna. Round about, unfortunately within range of the enemy's cannon, were fields of delicious, fresh, juicy melons, and many a scamper I had among them.

Sometimes a shell would burst—plump, squash, smash into a dozen of them, and a nice mess there would be—perhaps the very one you were about to select for your own enjoyment would be spoilt in this manner. Oh, those naughty, gentlemanly Turks! They took a most unchristian-like, devilish delight in "searching the reverse slopes," and instead of having a nice, sweet melon inside one, one stood as much chance sometimes of having a mixed pill to digest in the form of an ugly shell. Many a Turk grew tired of "Plevna, the Sultan, and the Porte," and came over to our lines "to be photographed like this, and photographed like that, and photographed sometimes with and sometimes without a hat," and I would defy a single Turk, prisoner or deserter, to say truthfully that he ever met with any but the kindest possible treatment from the Roumanians. Sometimes Prince Charles would go round the batteries—I accompanied him more than once, and can bear personal testimony to his bravery. Indeed, I thought he exposed himself too freely, and that he should have kept more in the background; as for his having lived in luxury, that's all nonsense. Fever was no luxury,

Digitized by Google

and we all lived in the midst of that. Some little time before I was laid down by that terrible malady, I felt the cold chill of the shadow of the coming event. I began to wonder if I should ever see Constantinople, then I went on to marvel if I should ever live to witness another action, and then the 11th of September came, and what happened on that day, and how it affected me shall be told in the next chapter, which will bring the relation of what I saw when with the Roumanians in the '77 compaign to a close.

Digitized by Google

Duelling Days in the Army.

In the House of Commons, January 25th, 1809, Lord Castlereagh, among the names of other generals, mentions that of Lord Paget, as connected with the retreat upon, and the battle of, Corunna; and we need only refer to the despatches of that period, describing what took place when in the Peninsula, to know, that of the many generals referred to, none deserved greater praise than Lord Paget.

As is well known, the British troops embarked at Corunna immediately after the battle, and Lord Paget with them; while that an intimacy between him and the Lady Charlotte Wellesley existed previous to his departure for Spain, cannot well be doubted, as will presently appear.

We may now state that on Monday, the 6th day of March, 1809, Mr. Henry Wellesley, who was then secretary of the Treasury, spoke very pointedly to his wife about the very marked and constant attentions of Lord Paget to her, which (though from the long and confidential friendship that had subsisted between the families, he did not apprehend to be dishonourable) might affect her reputation in the world. Lady Charlotte was indignant at the idea of being accused, and hurried out with her servant to take the air in the Green Park. She desired the footman to remain at the gate, as she would walk for a short time, and it appears that her ladyship then took a hackney coach instead of a stroll, sending a note at the same time to Lord Paget at Uxbridge House. They met, and in a state of irritated feeling, whether from guilt, or a conciousness of being wrongfully accused, it is not easy to tell. All that is known is they at once set off together.

As Lady Charlotte did not return to dinner, inquiries were made. The servant continued at his post, where she had left him, until a late hour, and on his return home, being questioned, he gave the above account. The truth, which was already suspected, was confirmed by a letter that Lord Paget wrote to his father, in which he acknowledged his trespass, and that he had in vain, "even in the

Digitized by Google

heat of battle, sought a refuge from the agonies of a distracted mind." This much is certain, that on every occasion in Spain he displayed an almost adventurous gallantry, amounting to rashness.

As in the melancholy case we mentioned in our last issue, Lord Paget was not a single man, being married to one of Lady Jersey's daughters, by whom he had already a numerous family. We may add that Lady Charlotte and Lady William Cadogan had married two brothers, Henry and William Wellesley.

Why the man chiefly wronged did not challenge his wife's seducer we cannot attempt to say, beyond that the first consequence of the elopement was a duel between Lord Paget and Lady Charlotte's brother, Captain Cadogan, of which the following account appears in the *Annual Register*, under the date of May, 1809:—

"In order to prevent the appearance in the papers of any misstatement respecting the duel which took place this morning between Lord Paget and Captain Cadogan, we, the respective friends of the parties, feel it incumbent on us to submit the following as the correct statement of the event as it occurred

"In consequence of a challenge having been received by Lord Paget from Captain Cadogan, and every attempt to prevent a meeting having failed, the parties, attended by their respective friends: Captain Cadogan by Captain Mackenzie, of the Navy, and Lord Paget by Lieutenant-Colonel Vivian, of the 7th Light Dragoons, met, as agreed upon, at seven o'clock on Wimbledon Common. The ground having been taken at twelve paces distant; they were to fire together. Captain Cadogan fired, but Lord Paget's pistol only flashed.* This having been decided to count for a fire, a question arose whether Lord Paget had taken aim as if intending to hit his antagonist. Both the seconds being clearly of opinion that such was not his intention (although the degree of obliquity he gave the direction of the pistol was such as to be discovered only by particular observation), Captain Mackenzie stated to Captain Cadogan that, as it appeared to be Lord Paget's intention not to fire at him, he could not admit the affair proceeding any farther. Lieutenant-Colonel Vivian then asked Captain Cadogan whether he had not himself observed that Lord Paget had not aimed at him. To which he (Captain Cadogan) replied in the affirmative. Captain Mackenzie then declared his intention not to remain any longer in the field to witness any further act of hostility on the part of Captain

* That is, did not go off, not an unusual thing with flint-locks.

Digitized by Google

Cadogan. Captain Cadogan replied that of course his conduct must be decided by his second; declaring at the same time he had come prepared for the fall of one of the parties.

"On Captain Mackenzie and Lieutenant-Colonel Vivian making it known to Lord Paget that, as he evidently did not intend to fire at Captain Cadogan, the affair could go no further, his Lordship replied, 'As such is your determination, I have no hesitation in saying that nothing could have induced me to add to the injuries I have already done the family by firing at the brother of Lady Charlotte Wellesley.' The parties then left the ground.

(*Signed.*) "R. H. VIVIAN.

"GEORGE CHARLES MACKENZIE."

The next we learn of this affair was that an action for *crim con*, had been brought by Mr. Henry Wellesley against Lord Paget, when Mr. Garram, on the part of the plaintiff, depicted the previous happiness enjoyed by Mr. Wellesley and his wife, and mentioning as well their large family, winding up with a description of the defendant's conduct, who, he said, "had courage enough to conquer every enemy but his own passions," The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff, damages *twenty thousand pounds.*

The sequel of all this is, that on the 31st of May Lady Charlotte wrote to a mutual friend of hers and her husband's, expressing great contrition for what she had done and wishing, naturally, to hear of her children often as well as to see them. On receipt of this from Mr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Henry Wellesley replied, "That for the sake of her welfare and that of her children he would consent to receive her again, provided she would return and break off all correspondence or connection with the person she was then with; but that she must return instantly for the next day would be too late."

She, however, elected otherwise, and Lord Paget having purchased a house for her and made a settlement upon her, returned to his own family and went straight away with his wife to Beaudesert in Staffordshire.

A duel that took place on April 6th, 1803, shows how little provocation was considered provocation enough to, as it were, dictate an appeal to arms. On that morning, as Lieutenant-Colonel Montgomery, of the 9th Foot, and Captain Macnamara, R.N., were riding in Hyde Park, each followed by a Newfoundland dog, the two dogs first snarled at one another and then began fighting. Colonel Montgomery leapt off his horse, managed to separate them, and not

Digitized by Google

having seen Captain Macnamara, exclaimed angrily, "Whose dog is that? I have a good mind to knock him down;" when Captain Macnamara replied, "Have you the impudence to say you will knock my dog down? You will have first to knock me down."

An altercation ensued, followed by an exchange of cards, and an agreement to meet at seven o'clock in the evening near Primrose Hill, the consequence of which proved fatal; Captain Macnamara's ball having entered the right side of Colonel Mongomery's chest and passed through his heart. Colonel Montgomery instantly fell, never uttering a word, but groaning as he rolled over two or three times in his agony. Colonel Montgomery's ball went through Captain Macnamara, entering on the right side, just above the hip, and passing through the left side carried part of the coat and waistcoat in with it, and took part of his leather breeches and the hip button away with it on the other side.

Colonel Montgomery was carried by some of the persons standing by into Chalk Farm-house, where he was laid on a bed attended by Mr. Heaviside. As they were carrying him he tried to speak and spit, but the blood choked him. His mouth foamed much, and in about five minutes after he was taken into the house he expired with a heavy sigh.

Captain Macnamara recovered from his wound, and was tried for murder at the Old Bailey on the 22nd of April. His defence, which was prepared by Lord Erskine (then Mr. Erskine), was to the following effect:—

"I am a captain of the British Navy. My character you can hear only from others; but to maintain my character in that situation I must be respected. When called upon to lead others into honourable danger I must not be supposed to be a man who sought safety by submitting to what custom has taught others to consider as a disgrace. I am not presuming to urge anything against the law of God or of this land; I know that in the eyes of duty and reason, obedience to the law, though against the feelings of the world, is the first duty, and ought to be the rule of action; but upon putting a construction of my motives, so as to ascertain the quality of my actions, you will make allowance for my situation. It is impossible to define in terms the proper feelings of a gentleman, but their existence has supported this country for many ages and she might perish if they were lost."

A few days, or rather a week before the trial, Mr. Heaviside the

Digitized by Google

surgeon was arrested by Townsend, the Bow Street runner, under authority of a warrant from Sir Richard Ford, wherein he stood charged with having aided and abetted the murder of Colonel Montgomery; and after undergoing a private examination before the above-named magistrate at Bow Street, he was fully committed to Newgate for trial at the ensuing Old Bailey Sessions. Several witnesses were also privately examined respecting the duel, and bound over to appear at the trial. The same day this took place (14th March), Captain Macnamara was declared to be out of danger though not well enough to be removed. At the inquest, a verdict of manslaughter was brought in, after which the remains were buried on Saturday (April 9th) in a vault in St. James's Church. The funeral was attended by General Loftus, Mr. Byng, and Mr. Beresford, the representatives of the three families to whom he had been nearest related.

When the evidence at the trial was closed for the prosecution, the prisoner addressed the jury in mitigation of his conduct, and called upon Lords Hood, Nelson, Hotham, and Minto, and a number of other gentlemen, all of whom gave Captain Macnamara an excellent character. Mr. Justice Heath, in summing up, said "that from the testimony of the witnesses, and by the prisoner's own admission, the jury must find a verdict of manslaughter." The jury were, however, of a different opinion for, after retiring a quarter-of-an-hour, they brought in a verdict of "not guilty."

On the 1st of April, 1829, a duel, also attended with a fatal result, took place at Boulogne, between Captain Helsham and Lieutenant Crowther, formerly of the 1st Regiment of Foot, which arose out of an objection made by the former to the admission of the latter to a club established at Boulogne. The objection, which we may as well state, was that the Lieutenant had, when in England, been horse-whipped by some one, and had not as an officer and a gentleman challenged his assailant. The Lieutenant demanded an apology, which the Captain refused to make; a challenge was sent by the former to the latter through his second, Mr. Maloney, of the 5th Dragoon Guards. Mr. Grady acted as Captain Helsham's friend, and the meeting took place near the pier at Boulogne in presence of a great number of people, and at the first fire Lieutenant Crowther fell, shot through the neck, and died almost immediately.

A year and a half afterwards Captain Helsham was tried by special commission at the Old Bailey, on a charge of murder, under

Digitized by Google

the Act of the 9th of George IV., in which it is provided "that if any of His Majesty's subjects should be charged in this country with murder or manslaughter of any fellow-subject on land abroad, and beyond His Majesty's prerogative, it should be lawful, although such murder or manslaughter be in a foreign land, to try such party accused of either of these offences in England.

According to the evidence given by William Cocksley, an inhabitant of Boulogne, at the trial, his attention was called to the duel from seeing so many people hurrying towards the pier. After some time had elapsed, Mr. Maloney beckoned to Lieutenant Crowther to come up, he being some distance away. Mr. Maloney put a pistol into Lieutenant Crowther's hand, and the two principals having taken their positions, the Lieutenant fired when the signal to do so was given." Cocksley goes on to say "that hearing the report he turned and watched why Captain Helsham's pistol had not gone off, when he observed the Captain's arm raised, and, after I had looked at him some short time, his pistol was raised and Lieutenant Crowther fell. I ran towards him and found him almost dead, the ball had passed through his neck. He never spoke afterwards. Captain Helsham walked off the ground immediately, having first told a servant, who was attending him, to take his pistols home." Another witness, William Hopkins, who had seen the whole affair as well, corroborated the evidence that Mr. Cocksley had given.

Mr. Maloney, whose evidence is very important, we will give nearly in full. On being questioned, he said: "I am an officer in the 5th Dragoon Guards, I resided at Boulogne, and was acquainted with the late Lieutenant Crowther, who consulted me as a friend on the 31st day of March respecting something that had affected his character. In consequence of what he told me, I went to Holt's hotel on the evening of that day to meet Mr. Grady. Before that gentleman came to me, Colonel Conway and Captain Helsham came; the Colonel arriving first. When the Captain came he said he would neither apologise or fight Lieutenant Crowther, assigning as his reason, that he (Lieutenant Crowther) had been horse-whipped some time back, and he had not resented it as an officer and a gentleman ought. I solicited him to apologise, telling him that Lieutenant Crowther had assured me upon his honour that the story was false. To this he replied, Lieutenant Crowther's word was not to be believed. . . . . I renewed my endeavours to prevail on Captain Helsham to apologise, upon which the prisoner said, 'An

Digitized by Google

apology, sir! nonsense!' At length I delivered a message that if he would not apologise, Mr. Crowther expected he would meet him in the field. After some further conversation, the Captain said, 'Well I give him a warning. I am ready to meet him; but I will make it an affair of business.'

"Shortly after this Mr. Grady came in, and Colonel Conway and the prisoner left the room; the latter had conducted himself during the whole interview with great rudeness. Mr. Grady and myself conversed on the subject, and I made a proposal to him for terminating the difference, which he appeared to approve of, and left the room. In six or seven minutes he returned with an unfavourable reply, when arrangements were made for the parties to meet the next day at eleven o'clock, at Napoleon's Column. I accompanied Lieutenant Crowther to the spot, and in about a quarter of an hour Captain Helsham and Mr. Grady joined us. Having sent Mr. Crowther a distance off, I commenced with Mr. Grady objecting to the number of persons present, saying, 'Why did you bring all these people here?' The prisoner was near enough to hear the remark. He replied that Captain Helsham wished them to be there, or that they wished to be there, I do not recollect which. Mr. Grady said the captain would have no firing, unless it was separate, and we then proceeded to arrange the manner in which the duel was to be fought. While we were doing so, the prisoner interfered. He would be present, and listened to all that passed between Mr. Grady and me. I objected to that several times. Captain Helsham was in the ditch with us when we loaded the pistols, and I observed to him that that was a most unusual thing, and contrary to all duelling usage. He said he did not care a d—n for the usage; he would see the pistols loaded himself. The distance agreed upon was twelve paces, and that the principals were to stand with their pistols even down by their right sides, until Mr. Grady pronounced the words, 'Now, gentlemen,' and when these were said, they were to raise their arms, and fire as near together as possible, and no second aim was to be taken.

"The parties were then placed, when Mr. Grady pronounced the signal loud enough for both to hear. Lieutenant Crowther immediately raised his right arm with rather a quick motion, fired, and then dropped his arm by his side, Captain Helsham did not fire till some time afterwards. Not hearing the report of his pistol after that of Lieutenant Crowther's, I looked about, and observed the captain's

Digitized by Google

pistol pointed towards his opponent in a position, that had he fired the ball would have fallen short, his arm not being fully raised. He leaned his head to the right to get a good view of the lieutenant, raised his arm gradually, and did not fire for some seconds, until he had fairly covered his man, that is, got his pistol in a direction to him, and was looking along it. He appeared to take a deliberate aim. He fired, and Mr. Crowther fell, the ball having passed through his neck."

For the defence, it was urged that there could have been no animosity on the part of the prisoner, an assertion difficult to disprove, and several witnesses gave the prisoner an excellent character for kindness, generosity, and humanity. There were probably in England at the time men less humane, generous, and kind than Captain Helsham; and such could conscientiously testify to his being exceptionally endowed with these virtues. In our opinion, however, he was guilty of manslaughter at least, seeing that he had made his accusation on hearsay evidence alone, would not withdraw it, and so compelled Lieutenant Crowther to challenge him, while he fought the duel in the unfairest manner it was possible to do. The jury, however, thought otherwise, for after a short consultation of twenty minutes, they returned into court with a verdict of "Not Guilty."

Coolness was evidently a *sine qui non* with a successful duellist. Mr. Crowther seems to have been rather deficient in coolness as well as in nerve. Dr. Cobb gives a very good instance of coolness and presence of mind, under adverse circumstances, which we may as well quote. Being near Steven's Hospital in Dublin early one summer's morning, he noticed some carriages containing gentlemen proceeding in the direction of the Phœnix Park. He tells us how "impelled by curiosity I followed until they halted near the Under-Secretary's lodge. I then observed two gentlemen, armed with pistols, placed opposite to each other at a short distance, and that one of them faced the dazzling sun (his second having evidently lost the toss for choice of position). The man thus exposed to so dangerous an impediment of vision, wheeled round, and with perfect *sang-froid* transferred the pistol to his left hand, with which he fired and hit his adversary. Such presence of mind made a strong impression upon me."

(*To be continued.*)

Digitized by Google

Field-Marshal the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

By Captain Salusbury.

CHAPTER IX.

Conway, in Scotland, to Walpole, a Letter—How the epithet "Butcher" became applied to the Duke of Cumberland—Letter from Walpole to Conway: Gray's Ode on Eton College—The same to the same: Allusion to Conway's Poetry: *Cynthia* and *Elmedorus*: A Description of Conway—The Seven Years' War: Another Campaign opened: Conway once more on Active Service—The Duke of Cumberland appointed Captain-General of the Armies of the Confederation—Sir John Ligonier—The Duke's Staff—A Letter from Walpole to Conway: George Selwyn's *bons-mots*: Lady Townsend's Peculiarities—The Duke takes up a position to cover Maestrich tand Bergen-op-Zoom—The Confederates' Order of Battle The Battle of Laffeldt or Val commences—Advance of the French Infantry—Desperate efforts of the French—The Duke orders an advance—Disgraceful conduct of the Dutch Cavalry: "Dutch Courage"—The Royal Welsh Fusiliers—Charge of the French Cavalry—Sir John Ligonier and Conway make a counter-charge with three British Dragoon Regiments—A Noble Feat of Arms—Sir John and Conway taken Prisoners—Losses of the contending Armies—The Defeat due to the Duke's want of skill—Walpole's account of Conway's capture—Termination of the "Seven Years' War."

The following letters form in themselves the whole story we can find relating to Conway during the year 1746. He seems to have passed a considerable portion of that year in Scotland, and our first letter is from that country, and is the only one that we can find written by him in that year after the date of the last quoted:—

"Inverness, Wednesday, May 7th, 1746.

"Dear Horry,—I wish I was at London, and you at Inverness, that I might find something to say to you, but in such places and such a life as ours, what can one have to talk of but swords and fire-locks, marches and dispositions, and is not it better to say nothing? When we have a battle or the smallest skirmish to treat you with, you are sure to have it; but I know you too well, and have too much consideration for you to torment you with all the fiddle-faddle stuff

Digitized by Google

that makes the body of our views and conversations—in short, it is unreasonable of you, most unreasonable, indeed, to complain of a soldier, in the heart of a dismal northern campaign, for not writing news or being entertaining. It is a mercy we can write at all, and if we don't tell you bad news, I think you ought to be mighty well contented.

"However, to stop your mouth for a little time at least, I wrote you not only an account of our victory, but I assure you a much longer account than I wrote anybody, and if I continue in the same style, I have a notion I should soon tire you out of your complaints, and make you sure that it is in writing as in other things—*Il vaut mieux rien écrire qu'écrire des riens;* unless one had Madame Sévigné's (your favourite), or your own turn to say them agreeably; besides, they must be an agreeable kind of nothings that are capable of such a turn; but to think of the dry transactions of our camp turned by such a clumsy hand as mine!—it would really make you sick, and I say again, I have too much consideration for you.

Yet the history of our female captives I know would have flourished in your hands, and made a very good romance, serious or comic, as you happened to be disposed, Lady Macintosh, as they call her, because she is wife to the laird of that name, is very young, and they say very handsome. I have not seen her yet. She left her husband, who is in Lord Loudon's regiment, and led out her men, or rather *his*. I believe she was in the battle. Since her being taken, she has suffered no further confinement than that of being obliged to live with her laird, which, I believe, with the addition of two lovers that visit her constantly, the poor woman finds grievous enough—these are the old president whom you remember at your father's, and is now as old again, and Colonel Cockayne, whom perhaps you have seen—both seriously enamoured. She was said to be the first in the good graces of the *young gentleman*,* but I believe had only the name of it, for he is generally reckoned quite indifferent to women, and I believe a true Italian in all respects. Her favoured lover seems to have been one Macgillivray, whom she laments much (he was killed at the battle), and asks if he did not make a fine corpse? Lady Ogilvie, I believe, I told you of; she is very young, too, and rather handsome, but so foolish and insensible of her condition that my pity for her was soon worn out; yet she really is much of a heroine, and might make a very fine figure in

* Prince Charles—the "Pretender," as some call him.

Digitized by Google

romance. Amidst all her misfortunes, and such as one would think should affect a woman most, as the loss of a young husband, not dead, but in great danger at least, and the fears of imprisonment or death, she seems only to feel for the loss of the battle and the ruin of their cause; though she has told me in confidence that she was yet sure the prince would come to the throne. In short, she has been so very indiscreet, and talked treason to everybody so outrageously, that the Duke (Cumberland) now lets her see nobody—which she took so to heart, that yesterday I was told she was fallen very ill. Lady Kinloch and Lady Gordon are at liberty, and in their room we hear that Sir James, husband to the first, is taken, as is Lord Tullibardine; I think he surrendered himself. The young Pretender is gone towards the west coast, where he landed, and yesterday we had an account of two French men-of-war going into Loch Moidart, we suppose, in order to take him off. A twenty-gun ship, and I think a small sloop or two followed them in, and engaged them some time, but finding them too strong for them, were obliged to stand out again. Orders are sent to larger ships to sail immediately, and endeavour to intercept them. One, they say, is a good deal disabled, and even our small ones intend to lie by and wait for their coming out. We have another piece of ship news, which, if it proves true, is very great, and the authority is very good too, for the ship that brings the account from the West Indies to the Duke of Newcastle spoke to one of ours off the Orkneys, who sent the report to the commodore here. It is that a twenty-gun ship of ours, in company with a privateer, has taken the fourth galleon, the richest of them all, and worth a million in bullion. We hear of no rebels together anywhere, so that I fancy our remaining work will be pretty easy. The day before yesterday, one hundred M'Phersons' (I have a notion they were), surrendered themselves with their arms, and were brought in here by the Grants. We are preparing for our march, which, I fancy, will be in a few days. A shocking journey into the heart of the highlands, but it is all one. I mind much more the time than the conditions of my pilgrimage, and nothing shocks me now, but that I am not to see you till November; that is the term I set myself, and it is a dreadful one. Adieu! Compliments to Lady Mary, to Churchill, Mrs. Le Neve,

Yours ever, &c.,—H. C.

"P.S.—I am glad the Duchess of Q.'s (Queensbury) windows were broken, with all my heart, and think she deserved more for her

Digitized by Google

foolish obstinacy. I am only sorry a certain house (D. of Newcastle's) in Lincoln's Inn Fields did not suffer, as I hear it deserved. I had forgot Mr. Mann, nothing but the D.'s desiring it shall make me employ any other, but as I think he employs him himself, there is no likelihood of that."

It is well known that after the Battle of Culloden, the Duke of Cumberland became celebrated to high and low alike as "The Butcher," and it may be told here how this by no means pleasing epithet was bestowed upon him. On his return to London it was proposed by some City official that the freedom of some company should be granted to His Royal Highness, and one of the aldermen cried out, "Then let it be of the *Butchers!*" and we believe that the Company of Butchers actually did invite the Duke to accept the freedom of their corporation; hence the epithet, which is likely to be associated with the name of Cumberland for as long as Culloden fight lives in history.

In August, 1746, Walpole took a house at or near Windsor, and we find a letter from him to Conway written at his new address:—

"Windsor still, October 3, 1746.

"My dear Harry,—You ask me if I am really grown a philosopher; really I believe not, for I shall refer you to my practise rather than to my doctrine, and have really acquired what they only intend to seek, content. So far, indeed, I was a philosopher, even when I lived in town, for then I was content, too; and all the difference I can conceive between those two opposite doctors was, that Aristippos loved London, and Diogenes Windsor; and if your master, the Duke (Cumberland), whom I sincerely prefer to Alexander, and who certainly can intercept more sunshine, would but stand out of my way, which he is extremely in, while he lives in the park here,* I shonld love my little tub of £40 a year more than my palace *dans la rue des ministres*,† with all my pictures and bronzes, which you ridiculously imagine I have encumbered myself with in my solitude. Solitude it is, as to the tub itself, for no soul lives in it with me; though I could easily give you room at the butt-end of it, and with vast pleasure, but George Montagu,‡ who, perhaps, is a philosopher,

* The Duke of Cumberland was staying at the time at his Lodge in Windsor Park. Conway we believe was in Scotland.

† Alluding probably to his house in Arlington Street.

‡ George Montagu, Esq., of Roel, in the County of Gloucester, to whom many letters are addressed in the Walpole Correspondence, was the son of Brigadier-

Digitized by Google

too, though I am sure not of Pythagoras's silent sect, lives but two barrels off; and Ashton, a Christian philosopher of our acquaintance, lives at the foot of that hill which you mention with a melancholy satisfaction that always attends the reflection. Apropos, here is an ode on the very subject, which I desire you will please to like excessively. You will immediately conclude, out of good breeding, that it is mine, and that it is charming, I shall be much obliged to you for the first thought, but desire you will retain only the second, for it is Mr. Gray's,* and not your humble servant's."

In the letter we are about to quote we have Walpole's descriptions of Conway under the disguise of Elmedorus, and allusions to the lady destined to be his wife (Beautiful Mary Bellenden's daughter, whom he espoused on the 19th of December, 1747), under the name of Cynthia :—

"Windsor, October 24, 1746.

"Well, Harry, Scotland is the last place on earth I should have thought of for turning anybody poet, but I begin to forgive it half its treasons in favour of your verses, for I suppose you don't think I am the dupe of the highland story that you tell me; the only use I shall make of it is to commend the lines to you, as if they really were a Scotchman's. There is a melancholy harmony in them that is charming, and a delicacy in the thoughts that no Scotchman is capable of, though a *Scotchwoman*† might inspire it. I beg, both for Cynthia's sake and my own, that you would continue your De Tristibus till I have an opportunity of seeing your muse, and she of rewarding her: *reprens ta musette, berger amoureux!* If Cynthia has ever travelled ten miles in fairyland, she must be wondrous content with the person and qualifications of her knight, who in future story will be read of thus :—

"Elmedorus was tall and perfectly well made, his face oval, and features

General Edward Montagu, and grand-nephew of the first Earl of Halifax, of the Montagu family. He was the contemporary of Walpole at Eton, and maintained a brisk correspondence with him until a coolness rose between them, some years prior to Montagu's death. He was Secretary to his cousin Lord Halifax, when that nobleman was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; and he served in the same capacity to Lord North, when Chancellor of the Exchequer, to whom he left the greater part of his fortune. He died on the 10th of May, 1780. For some time he represented Northampton in Parliament. His brother John was a midshipman at the age of sixty!

* Mr. Gray's "Ode on a distant prospect of Eton College."

† His future wife.

Digitized by Google

regularly handsome, but not effeminate; his complexion sentimentally brown, with not much colour; his teeth fine, and forehead agreeably low, round which his black hair curled naturally and beautifully; his eyes were black, too, but had nothing of fierce or insolent—on the contrary, a certain melancholy swimmingness that described hopeless love rather than a natural amorous languish. His exploits in war, where he always fought by the side of the renowned Paladin William of England, have endeared his memory to all admirers of true chivalry, as the mournful elegies which he poured out among the desert rocks of Caledonia in honour of the peerless lady and his heart's idol, the incomparable Cynthia, will for ever preserve his name in the flowery annals of poesy.*

What a pity it is I was not born in the golden age of Louis XIV., when it was not only the fashion to *write* folios, but to *read* them too! or rather, it is a pity the same fashion does not subsist now, when one need not be at the trouble of inventions, nor of turning the whole Roman history into romance for want of proper heroes. Your campaign in Scotland, rolled out and well be-epitheted, would make a pompous work, and make one's fortune; at sixpence a number, one should have all the damsels within the liberties for subscribers; whereas now, if one has a mind to be read, one must write metaphysical poems in blank verse, which, though I own to be still easier, have not half the imagination of romances, and are dull without any agreeable absurdity. Only think of the gravity of this wise age, that has exploded 'Cleopatra and Pharamond,' and approves 'The Pleasures of the Imagination,' 'The Art of Preserving Health,' and 'Leonidas.' I beg the age's pardon: it has done approving these poems, and has forgot them. Adieu! dear Harry. Thank you seriously for the poem. I am going to town for the birthday, and shall return hither till the Parliament meets. I suppose there is no doubt of our meeting then.

"Yours ever.

"P.S.—Now you are at Stirling, if you should meet with Drummond's History of the five King Jameses, pray look it over. I have lately read it, and like it much. It is wrote in imitation of Livy; the style masculine; and the whole very sensible; only he ascribes the misfortunes of one reign to the then King's loving architecture, and 'in trim gardens taking pleasure.'"

We now arrive at a point in our story, when Conway has again to

* Although we cannot find the "lines" alluded to, yet it should be borne in mind that Conway was possessed of literary abilities of no mean order.

Digitized by Google

draw the sword against the enemies of his country. Various causes having enraged the King of France against England, one of them being the injudicious and cruel treatment of the "Pretender's" adherents, he threw a large army into the field, numbering some 150,000 men, who were placed under the command of that eminent soldier, Marshal Count Saxe, in the Netherlands, and some 60,000 men were despatched to Provence. From Dinan to Antwerp the French held sway in the Austrian Netherlands, and as it appeared likely that the French Marshal contemplated the invasion of the United Provinces, the Confederates determined to take the field to prevent his advance. To carry out the Confederates' plan of campaign, the Duke of Cumberland was appointed Captain-General of the forces. To Sir John Ligonier was given the position of General of Horse, with Hawley as his lieutenant. Sir John, at the tender age of fifteen, had received his baptism of fire in Flanders as a volunteer in Marlborough's army, had been present at the storming of Leige, the battles of Blenheim, Ramilles, Oudinarde, Malplaquet, the seiges of Tournay, Douay, Menin, Ghent, and Aire; and, for his distinguished conduct at Dettingen, was knighted on the field by the King under the Royal Standard.* He lived to receive an earldom, and attained such military dignities as Field-Marshal, Master-General of the Ordnance, and the Colonelcy of the Royal Horse Guards Blue. Lord Albemarle was placed in command of the British Infantry. On the Duke's staff were, among others, Colonels Lord Bury, Lord Cathcart, Fitzwilliam, and, we think, Conway. We speak doubtfully with regard to the latter because we know that his regiment, the 48th Foot, took part in the campaign, and we hear of his heading cavalry in an engagement, so that we are not certain whether he was employed on the Duke's staff permanently or whether he acted as an occasional aide-de-camp and at other times as a commander of troops. In February, 1747, the Duke opened the campaign, having under his command an army that has been over-estimated at 126,000 men, and these soldiers suffered much from the inclement weather at that early part of the year. Marshal Saxe waited to move until a more favourable season should come, consequently nothing of note had occurred when the letter adressed to Conway, that we are about to quote, was written by Walpole.

* This was, properly speaking, the last instance of the making a Knight Banneret. Knights Bannerets could only be made by the King under the Royal Standard displayed in open war; they took precedence of other knights

Digitized by Google

"Arlington Street, 16th April, 1747.

"Dear Harry,—We are all sky-rockets and bon-fires to-night for your last year's victory (Culloden); but if you have a mind to perpetuate yourselves in the calendar, you must take care to refresh your conquests. I was yesterday out of town, and the very signs (of the Public Houses) as I passed through the villages made me have very quaint reflections as to the mortality of fame and popularity. I observed how the Duke's (Cumberland) head had succeeded almost universally to Admiral Vernon's, as his had left but few traces of the Duke of Ormond's. I pondered these things in my heart, and said unto myself: 'Surely all glory is but a sign!' You have heard that old Lovat's tragedy is over; it has been succeeded by a little farce, containing the humours of the Duke of Newcastle and his man Stone. The first event was a squabble between his grace and the sheriff about holding up the head on the scaffold—a custom which has been disused, and which the sheriff would not comply with, as he received no order in writing. Since that, the Duke has burst ten yards of breeches strings* about the body, which was to be sent into Scotland; but it seems it is customary for vast numbers to rise to attend the most trivial burial. The Duke (Newcastle), who is always at least as much frightened at doing right as at doing wrong, was three days before he got courage enough to order the burying at the Tower. I must tell you an excessive good story of George Selwyn:—Some women were scolding him for going to see the execution, and asked him, how he could be such a barbarian as to see the head cut off? 'Nay,' says he, 'if that was such a crime, I am sure I have made amends, for I went to see it sewed on again.' When he was at the undertakers, as soon as they had stitched him together, and were going to put the body into the coffin, George, in my Lord Chancellor's (Hardwicke) voice, said, 'My Lord Lovat, your lordship may *rise*.'

My Lady Townshend has picked up a little stable-boy in the Tower, which the warders have put upon her for a natural son of Lord Kilmarnock's,† and taken him into her own house. You need not tell Mr. T. (Townshend) this from me.

* A trick of the Duke of Newcastle's.

† Walpole here alludes to the ridiculous attachment Lady Townsend professed to have for the ill-fated Scotch Lord. In one of his letters written at the time of the trial of the Rebels, Walpole says:—"It will be difficult to make you believe to what heights of affectation or extravagance my Lady Townsend carries her passion for my Lord Kilmarnock, whom she never saw but at the bar of his trial, and was smitten with his falling shoulders. She has been under his windows; sends mes-

Digitized by Google

We have had a great and fine day in the House on the second reading of the Bill for taking away the Heritable Jurisdictions in Scotland. Lyttleton made the finest oration imaginable; the Solicitor-General,* the new Advocate,† and Hume Campbell, particularly the last, spoke excessively well for it, and Oswald against it. The majority was 233 against 102. Pitt was not there; the Duchess of Queensbury had ordered him to have the gout.

I will give you a commission once more, to tell Lord Bury that he has quite dropped me; if I thought he would take me up again I would write to him; a message would encourage me.‡

"Adieu!"

To return to the seat of war. The Duke of Cumberland, with the Confederates' army, took up a position between the two Nethes, in order to cover Bergen-op-Zoom, which had been beseiged, and Maestricht. Marshal Saxe determined to blockade Maestricht in May, when the King should be at Brussels, and with this design advanced to Louvain. The Duke detecting the object of the French Marshal's movement, hurried his troops towards Maestricht with the intention of placing himself between the enemy and that town. As the day of conflict drew near, the positions of the opposing forces were taken up. Two days before the fight, the Duke's lines were drawn into battle array as follows:—The Guards, and head-quarters at Lonaken; the Austrians on the right, extending to Belsen and Spawe; and the Dutch at Wirle on the left, where they entrenched themselves. In front of the left wing was Laffeldt, where were stationed three battalions of British infantry, viz.:—"Pulteney's,"

sages to him; has got his dog and his snuff-box; has taken lodgings out of town for to-morrow (17th August), and Monday night, and then goes to Greenwich forswears conversing with the bloody English, and has taken a French master. She insisted on Lord Hervey promising her he would not sleep a whole night for my Lord Kilmarnock, and 'In return,' says she, 'never trust me more if I am not as yellow as a jonquil for him.' She said gravely t'other day, 'Since I saw my Lord Kilmarnock, I really think no more of Sir Harry Nisbett than if there were no such man in the world.'" Altogether Lady Townsend must have been a curiosity.

* William Murray, first Earl of Mansfield, eminent as a Barrister, a Judge, a Statesman, and a Patriot. One of Great Britain's most illustrious worthies. The present Marquess of Hertford, it may not be out of place to note here, married a daughter of the House which has the proud distinction of claiming this great man as a member.

† William Grant, Lord-Advocate of Scotland.

‡ Walpole in a note to this letter says:—"George Keppel, Lord Bury, eldest son of William, Earl of Albermarle, whom he succeeded in the title in 1755, was now, *together with Mr. Conway*, Aide-de-Camp to the Duke of Cumberland."

Digitized by Google

13th "Prince Albert's Own Light Infantry;" the Old Edinburgh Regiment, 25th "King's Own Borderers;" and "Dejean's," 37th "North Hampshire" Regiment, supported by Feudman's Hanoverians. This position was well fortified with cannon, and was the most important occupied by the allied troops. Another brigade, consisting of "Howard's," 3rd "Buffs;" "Wolfe's," 8th "The Kings;" "Mordaunt's," 18th "Royal Irish;" and "Conway's" Regiment, the 48th "Northamptonshire," was advanced in the direction of Val. The heights of Herdeeren and the vicinity were in the occupation of the French. At about nine o'clock on the morning of the 21st June (or 2nd of July, according to "style") Sir John Ligonier, while engaged in making a reconnaisance, discovered that the French were marching upon Laffeldt, and immediately he sent Colonel Forbes with the news to the Duke of Cumberland. At ten o'clock the French artillery opened a terrible cannonade to cover the attack of their infantry upon Val. In a dense column of ten battalions in front and seven in depth, many of which were Irish and Scotch corps, the King of France's infantry marched to the encounter. Around Val or Laffeldt, the battle, which commenced in that direction, continued to the end. As the French approached, the British field artillery played into their ranks with great effect, and before the screaming shot both infantrymen and cavalrymen, the latter supporting on the flanks, went down in numbers. The Duke of Cumberland's German aide-de-camp, Baron Ziggesaer, was literally cut in two by the second shot from the French cannon. With amazing courage and determination the French stormed the Confederates' position, and we are told that their first, second, third, and fourth attacks were repulsed with heavy loss. But the French were bent upon winning the little hamlet, and sent up numerous reinforcements, which were met with equal valour by the British infantry; and again and again did victory shift its fickle grasp. In the "Life of Cumberland" we read:—"The British and Hanoverian troops behaved so well in the line, that at noon the Duke ordered the whole left wing to advance upon the French, whose infantry gave way so fast that they were obliged to put cavalry behind them and on their flanks to drive them on with their swords." The Austrians, under the Prince of Waldeck, who were in the centre, now moved forward, but were slow in their advance. Still, at this moment, affairs looked well for the cause of the allies, and might have ended in victory but for the conduct, or should it not be termed

Digitized by Google

misconduct of the Dutch cavalry, who gave way all of a sudden, turned about, and galloped at, through, and over five British regiments that were sent to the front from the reserve. One of these regiments was that grand old corps, the 23rd "Royal Welsh Fusiliers," and they taught their useless allies, who did not seem to be possessed of even their traditional *Dutch courage*, a lesson they were not likely to forget, indeed some of the Hollanders never had the chance of again remembering or forgetting, for two hot and well-directed voilies were blazed into their retreating ranks by the irate Welchmen. Seeing the confusion caused by the Dutch cavalry, the French leader took advantage of the situation and ordered his more-courageous and better-disciplined horsemen to charge—and charge they did to some purpose. They tore through the lines of the allies, and, but for a happy action of Sir John Ligonier's, might have routed the Confederates utterly. Sir John put himself at the head of the three British cavalry regiments, the 2nd Dragoons "Scots Grey's," 6th Dragoons "Inniskillings," and, we think, the 7th Dragoon Guards, or 7th Dragoons. Conway, and one who, if he had survived, would have been his brother-in-law, Captain Henry Campbell, and other officers, accompanied the cavalry in their furious charge upon the French. Conway is mentioned as having shared the honour of being foremost in this gallant feat of arms with Sir John Ligonier, and, as it will appear, with the same result to himslf. We cannot do better than quote the official records in describing the splendid onslaught of the famous Ligonier's troopers. "The 'Greys,' with General Sir John Legonier at their head, led the attack with distinguished gallantry, and, having overthrown the enemy's first line, continued the charge, and routed a second line with equal vigour; then mixing fiercely with the French cavalry, the dragoons used their broad-swords with terrible effect, and captured several standards. Animated by this tide of success, the 'Greys' continued the pursuit too far, and received a volley from some French infantry posted in a hollow and behind the hedges, which brought down many men and horses, and Sir John Ligonier's horse was shot, and he himself taken prisoner. The 'Greys' and other dragoons turned from pursuing the French cavalry, and fell, sword in hand, upon the infantry, whom they chased from behind the hedges and hollow grounds; but the next moment a new line of combatants appeared; these were, however, attacked and dispersed by the gallant dragoon regiments."

Digitized by Google

Four or five standards were taken from the enemy in this charge. Sir John and Conway were taken prisoners, but it has been put on record that "these officers saved the army" by the noble and vigorous charge they so gallantly led. They must have been the Cardigan and Nolan, the Skobeleff and Dochtouroff of their day. Defeat was averted from being disaster, and an orderly retreat was enabled to be effected by the valour of Ligonier, Conway, and their gallant supporters. The losses sustained by the two armies were as follows:—The French had 1,200 cavalry and 9,000 infantry killed and wounded; and the Confederates lost, it is said, 6,000 men. Among the British killed were Lieutenant-Colonels Williams and Ross; among the wounded, John, third Earl of Glasgow, and Major-General Bland; and, besides the two we have mentioned, Lord Robert Sutton was captured. The battle of Laffeldt was undoubtedly a defeat, due, perhaps, to a want of skill on the part of the Duke of Cumberland, but it was rescued from being an absolute disgrace to British arms by the valour of a few, none of the few being more conspicuous in endeavouring to turn the tide of the fight by personal example and prowess than Henry Conway. We shall find an explanation of Conway's circumstances, and an account of his gallant behaviour, in the passage of Walpole's letter to Montagu which we quote:—"Harry Conway, whom Nature always designed for a Hero of Romance, and who is *déplacé* in ordinary life, did wonders, but was overpowered and flung down, when one French hussar held him by the hair while another was going to stab him; at that instant an English sergeant, with a soldier, came up and killed the latter, but was instantly killed himself; the soldier attacked the other, and Mr. Conway escaped, but was afterwards taken prisoner, is released on parole, and may come home to console, his fair widow,* whose brother, Harry Campbell, is certainly killed; to the great concern of all widows who want consolation." Three months after the battle, Walpole writes to the same:—"I had a letter from Mr. Conway, who is pitiously going into prison again; our great Secretary has let the time slip for executing the cartel, and the French have reclaimed their prisoners." Lord Albemarle, in that interesting work and autobiography, "Fifty Years of my Life," says on page 139, vol. i: "No better critique can be given of the action of Laffeldt than that contained in one of Walpole's letters, which was doubtless an echo of the opinion of his friend

* This is Walpole's fun: Conway was not married at this time.

Digitized by Google

Conway:—'We would fight, which the French did not intend. We gave them, or did not take, advantage of the situation. What part of our army was engaged did wonders, for the Dutch ran away, and we had contrived to post the Austrians in such a manner that they could not assist us.'" We suppose that Conway must have remained an inactive spectator during the remainder of the campaign, which was concluded, and the "seven years' war" ended also, by the peace signed at Aix-la-Chapelle on the 18th October, 1748, but prior to that welcome event he returned home and embarked upon a new phase of life, which we shall refer to in the next chapter.

Digitized by Google

Notes on the History and Services

OF THE THIRTY-SECOND REGIMENT.

On 18th June, the Oude men, having had a day's rest, came out to the assault. Charging in a mass across the plain and over the rampart, they bore down the defenders, overthrew and gun, a seemed for a moment to have carried the position. But the volunteer gunners slewed round a 9-pounder and gave them a few stockingsful of grape,* and the pickets coming up with an English rush, sent them back to their master fewer and wiser than they came .

A few hours later the following characteristic letter was written by Moore. Poor Sir Hugh would appear to have been hurt at Laurence's reply :—

18th of June, 1857, 10 p.m.

"Sir,—By desire of Sir Hugh Wheeler, I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 16th. Sir Hugh regrets that you cannot send him the 200 men, as he believes with their assistance we could drive the insurgents from Cawnpore and capture their guns. Our troops, officers, and volunteers have acted most nobly, and on several occasions a handful of men have driven hundreds before them. Our loss has been chiefly from the sun and from their heavy guns. Our rations will last a fortnight, and we are still well supplied with ammunition. Our guns are serviceable. Report says that troops are advancing from Allahabad, and any assistance might save our garrison. We, of course, are prepared to hold out to the last. It is needless to mention the names of those who have been killed or have died. We trust in God, and if our exertions here assist your safety, it will be a

* The ladies in the entrenchment had given up their stockings to serve as canister-cases for the field-guns.

Digitized by Google

consolation to know that our friends appreciate our devotion. Any news of relief will cheer us.

"By order (signed) J. MOORE, Capt. 32nd Reg."

A brave letter, worthy of the regiment and the day, but in its hopeful spirit sadly belied by the state of affairs at Cawnpore. Since the destruction of the thatched barrack, dearth of house-room had forced 200 of the women and children to spend night and day in the open air. At night they lay on the bare ground, exposed to every noxious influence and exhalation that was abroad in the air; and in the morning they rose, those among them who rose at all, to endure, bareheaded sometimes, and always roofless, the blazing fury of a tropical sun, amidst whirlwinds of dust, under a temperature of 120 to 138 degrees in the shade. The food supply of the garrison was now reduced to scant allowance of the poorest of native fare, save when a wandering troop-horse from the enemy's lines was shot and hauled into camp; their drink was putrid water fetched by bucketfulls under a heavy fire, from a well outside. Comforts and appliances for the sick there were none, and day by day the tale of deaths from sickness and wounds increased, and the fire seldom slackened.

On the night of Sunday, 21st June, Major Vibart, 2nd Cavalry, transmitted the following lines to Lucknow:—"We have been cannonaded for six hours a day, by twelve guns. This evening upwards of thirty shells (mortars) were thrown into the entrenchment. This has occurred daily for the last eight days; *an idea may be formed of our casualties*, and how little protection the barracks afford to the women. Any aid to be effective must be immediate. In event of rain falling our position would be intolerable. According to telegraphic despatches received previous to the outbreak, 1,000 Europeans were to have been here on 14th inst. This force may be on its way up. Any assistance you can send might co-operate with it. Nine-pounder ammunition, chiefly cartridges, is required. . . . . We have lost about a third of our original number. The enemy are strongest in artillery. They appear not to have more than 400 or 500 infantry. They move their guns with difficulty by means of unbroken bullocks. The infantry are great cowards, and easily repulsed.

"By order (signed) G. V. VIBART, Major."

The 23rd June was the centenary of the battle of Plassey—the day originally fixed for a general rising all over northern

Digitized by Google

India. All through the night of the 22nd the defenders of the outlying buildings were kept alert by sounds which betokened that the Sepoys in the adjacent buildings were more than usually numerous and restless. Lieutenant Thomson sent over for a reinforcement, but Moore replied that he could spare no one but himself and Lieutenant Delafosse (53rd Native Infantry). In the course of a few minutes the pair arrived, and at once sallied forth, one armed with a sword, the other with an empty musket. Moore shouted out, "No. 1 to the front," and the Sepoys, taking it for granted that the well-known word of command would bring upon them a whole company of Sahibs with fixed bayonets and cocked revolvers, broke cover and ran like rabbits.*

Towards morning they returned in force, and attacked with such determination that there remained more dead Hindoos outside the doorway of No. 2 barrack than there were living Europeans within. At the same moment, the entrenchment was assaulted by the whole strength of the insurrection. Field-guns pulled along by horses and bullocks, were brought up within a few hundred yards, and pointed at our wall. The troopers, who had bound themselves by the most solemn oaths of their religion to conquer or to perish, charged at a gallop in one direction, while in another advanced a dense array of Infantry, preceded by a host of skirmishers, who rolled before them great bundles of cotton, proof against our bullets. It was all in vain. Our countrymen, too, had their anniversary to keep, and kept it in a spirit worthy of those who fought at Plassey and Arcot in the days long gone bye. They shot down the teams; they fired the bales: drove the sharpshooters back upon their columns, and sent the columns to the right about in unseemly haste. They taught the men of the 2nd Cavalry that broken vows and angered gods, and the waters of the Ganges poured fruitlessly on the perjured head, were less terrible than British valour in the last extremity. The contest was short but sharp. The defeated combatants retired to brag and to carouse; the victors to brood, to sicken, and to starve. That evening a party of sepoys drew near our lines, made obeisance after their fashion, and requested leave to bury their slain.†

A change now came over the spirit of the Nana, and he resolved

* Trevelyan's "Cawnpore." † Trevelyan's "Cawnpore."

Digitized by Google

to cut short the troublesome enterprise he had in hand by a method swifter than famine, and surer than open force, to wit, treachery.

On the morning of 25th June, a note, attested by no signature, but superscribed, "To the subjects of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria," was brought to the British camp. Its contents, in caricature of a certain government proclamation, ran thus:—

"All those who are in no way connected with the acts of Lord Dalhousie, and are willing to lay down their arms, shall receive a safe passage to Allahabad."

The missive was referred to a council, consisting of Gen. Wheeler and Captains Moore and Whiting (Bengal Engineers), and after a prolonged debate, it was decided to accept the offer. Had the garrison consisted of fighting people only, a dash would have been made for Allahabad, but what could be done with a mixed multitude, in which there was a woman and child to each man, while every other man was incapacitated by wounds and disease? The rains, too, ware close at hand, when the entrenchment would be no longer tenable. The stores had dwindled down to a quart a head of nearly uneatable native food. The choice lay between death and capitulation, and if the latter were resolved on it was well that the offer came from the enemy.* So it was argued, and at last Sir Hugh gave way. Captains Whiting and Moore and Mr. Roche, the postmaster, were invested with full powers to treat with the Nana's commissioners, and their terms, that our force should march out with sixty rounds of ball-cartridge per man; that carriages should be provided for the conveyance of the women and sick; that boats sufficiently victualled with flour should be ready for them, were readily acquiesced in, and Mowbray Thomson states all due deliberations was observed, and every precaution taken to ensure fulfilment of the promises. The morning of the 27th June was fixed for the embarkation.

A little before 6 a.m. that day, the remnant of the heroic little garrison, with bayonets fixed, and Moore at their head, marched out of the camp to the landing-place, near to the village of Suttee Chowra, where were drawn up forty boats, of the usual up-country build, to receive the party.

How the mixed throng, some on foot, some in doolies, with here and there an elephant, went down the hollow way to the Ghaut; how a mob of peasants at once overran the abandoned camp to find there "three brass guns disabled, a bag of flour and the

* Trevelyan.

Digitized by Google

bodies of eleven Europeans, some still breathing, but dying of gun-shot wounds;" how, with much difficulty, the wounded and the women were hoisted on board the boats; how, at the last moment, the thatch of the boats was treacherously fired, and a storm of grape and musketry broke npon them from either shore; how but three boats got off, of which two drifted to destruction on the opposite bank, while the third, rudderless and oarless, went down midstream, are matters of history, and need not here be repeated in detail. Indeed, the story, so far as relates to the 32nd, is well nigh told.

Captain Moore, with other officers and men, were in the third boat which had taken a large party off one of the sinking boats, and now, with over a hundred persons crowded into a space which could barely hold fifty, alternately stranding and drifting, was tending down stream towards Allahabad at the rate of half-a-mile an hour, under a fire of canister and shells from both banks. Shortly afterwards, in assisting to heave the vessel off a sand-bank, Captain Moore was shot through the heart. Of the two other officers of the 32nd detachment, Lieutenant F. Wainwright had been killed some time before the end of the seige;* Ensign Evelyn Hill probably shared the same fate. No details ever reached the regiment, and nothing further can now be learned respecting them.

Meanwhile, some of the women and children whom the flames had spared, were collected and brought to land. Among this number, it is said, was poor Mrs. Moore with her infant child. Many were pulled out from under the charred woodwork of boats, and others were driven up from four feet depth of water. Before they emerged from the river, some of the ladies were roughly handled by the troopers, who tore away such ornaments as caught their fancy, with little regard to ears or fingers. But when all had been assembled, sentries were put round, and no one suffered to molest them. In the evening they were taken to a large building known as the Sevada House, in view of the old entrenchment. They are said to have been 125 in number. "I saw that many of the ladies were wounded," said one native witness, who watched them go by, and whose report was confirmed by others. "Their clothes had blood on them. Two men were badly hurt, and had their heads bound up with handkerchiefs. Some were wet, covered with mud and blood, but all had clothes. I saw one or two

* The writer is indebted to Colonel Delafosse, C.B., for this information.

Digitized by Google

children without clothes. There were no men in the party, only some boys of twelve or thirteen."*

The escaped boat continued its way down stream, and at 2 p.m. on the following day, 28th June, struck on a bank off the village of Nussufghur. Straightway the shore was covered with a multitude of feudal militia, intermingled with sepoys and mounted troopers. A gun was brought forward and unlimbered; but while the artillerymen were taking their aim, there came down from heaven that unbroken sheet of water for which men had been looking during the past fortnight. The rains had commenced in earnest. The piece could only be discharged once; but the storm did not protect our people from a heavy fusillade which cost several gallant lives. After five hours of this bitter work there hove in sight a boat manned by fifty or sixty mutineers, armed to the teeth, who had been deputed by the Nana to follow and destroy the relics of our force. This vessel likewise ran on a sandbank, not altogether against the inclination of her crew, who, probably, did not relish the notion of forming themselves into a boarding-party. They liked the idea still less when a score of Englishmen came dashing at them through the shallows. The half-dozen ablest swimmers alone escaped to tell their master that, after all they had gone through, those extraordinary Sahibs were the same as ever.†

At night the boat floated, but daylight showed that she had drifted into a back-water, whence there was no egress, and the musketry from the shore recommenced. Accordingly, Major Vibart, then dying of his wounds, directed Lieutenant Delafasse (late 53rd Native Infantry) and Thomson (56th Native Infantry) to land and drive back the enemy with a party consisting of Sergeant Grady, 32nd, and eleven men of 32nd, 84th, and artillery. They had not departed many minutes when a host of insurgents poured down upon the helpless troop of women and wounded men, and after a short but murderous conflict, the boat was captured and escorte to Cawnpore by a strong body of horse and foot.

Thomson and Delafasse, on gaining the shore, drove the enemy

* Four Englishwomen and three half-castes of this party, were seized by the troopers of the 2nd Cavalry, but were at once restored, with a single exception (Miss Wheeler), by order of the Nana, who appears to have regarded the women as useful hostages. It is perhaps scarcely necessary to add, that the prurient tales which were rife at the time were afterwards proved to have been utterly devoid of foundation.

† Trevelyan's "Cawnpore."

Digitized by Google

in style over a considerable space, but were imperceptibly surrounded in flanks and rear by fresh swarms of rebels. Then they faced about and cut their way back to the spot where they had started, bleeding, but still undiminished in number. The spot they recognized, but the boat was gone. No alternative remained but to retreat down stream. With twenty paces interval between man and man, they slowly retired, firing as best they might on the horde of pursuers, who pressed closer and closer.

At the entrance of a small temple, where they sought a few minutes' respite, Sergeant Grady was shot through the head. Again the insurgents returned to the attack, and made an unsuccessful attempt to dig up the foundations; finally, with a view of smoking the beseiged out of their citadel, they constructed and set alight a large pile of faggots. It was not until the enemy showed signs of an intention to mend the fire with some bags of gunpowder that the garrison began to be seriously alarmed. Then they rushed out, scattering the embers with their bare feet, and leaped the parapet, which enclosed the spot of dedicated ground. Six who could not swim, ran full into the middle of the crowd, carrying their lives for sale to the best market. Seven reached the bank, and flung in their firelocks and then themselves. The lead in their pouches dragged them so far down that the first flight of bullets passed over them harmlessly. By the time the sepoys had reloaded a score of rapid strokes had carried the fugitives well out into the stream. Two were shot through the head, another overcome with exhaustion, turned over on his back, and was carried by the stream towards a shoal, where his murderers were awaiting him; the four others, Lieutenants Delafosse and Mowbray Thomson, Gunner Connolly and Private Murphy, 84th, escaped down stream, and, after many adventures, reached Allahabad in safety.

Meanwhile, the captured boat slowly remounted the now swollen stream, reaching the Suttee Chowra Ghaut again about 10 a.m. on 30th June. There were in her, according to the account of witnesses, sixty-three men, twenty-five women, and four children.* Mowbray Thomson states that after careful inquiry, the only officers shown to be of the party were three of the Company's service, Captain Seppings, Lieutenant Masters, and Dr. Boyes. No mention was made of any soldiers. The whole party

* See the graphic account in Trevelyan's "Cawnpore," p. 278.

Digitized by Google

was slaughtered in cold blood at the landing-place by the Nadiree Regiment, in the presence of the Nana, immediately afterwards.

Of the thousand persons, who had found shelter within General Wheeler's entrenchment four short weeks before, there now remained (besides the four fugitives from Allahabad) but the captives in the Sevada House, who on 1st July were removed to the small building, afterwards known as the House of Massacre, about two miles nearer the bridge of boats on the Lucknow road. There were passed the last fourteen days of their durance.

Of them individually no particulars are known. Their names —who died of the pestilence that was among them—who lived to endure the unspeakable agony of the final scene—are secrets of the tomb.

Only, be it said of them, reverently, that they were of the "Great Company of Christian people, mostly Women and Children, who died at Cawnpore."

* * * * *

The morning after the treachery at Cawnpore, an advanced guard of the enemy's force marched upon Chinhut, a village on the Fyzabad road, eight miles from Lucknow. The best and most truthful account of what followed is that given by Colonel Malleson. "The movement," Malleson observes,* "gave Sir Henry Lawrence an opportunity at which he clutched. With the foresight of a real general opposed to Asiatics, he felt that for him to await an attack would be to invite a general insurrection; whereas, an effective blow at the advanced troops of the rebels would paralyse their movements, and spread doubt and hesitation among them. He hoped and believed, in fact, that it might not be impossible to reply to Cawnpore with Chinhut. To say that because he did not succeed, his plan was bad and impolitic, is not a logical argument. His plan was justified alike by military science and political considerations. Whilst he fought a battle in which victory would have been decisive, he lost nothing by defeat. He did not, in a word, risk part of his general plan, nor was he in a worse position after his defeat than that which he had occupied before he went out to fight. In some respects, indeed, his general position became more assured, because more clearly defined.

* Colonel Malleson's "History of the Sepoy Mutiny," vol. I., p. 422 *et seq.* The compiler of these "Notes" has taken the liberty of altering the topographical orthography, so as to conform with that of other published accounts.

Digitized by Google

"Sir Henry's first step was to withdraw the troops from the cantonments, and bring them into the residency. He then ordered that a force comprised of 300 men of the 32nd regiment, 230 Regular Native Infantry, the small troop of Volunteer Cavalry, thirty-six strong, 120 troopers of the Oude Irregulars, ten guns, and a 12 eight-inch howitzer, should assemble at the iron bridge the following morning to march thence in the direction of Chinhut. It deserves to be remarked that of the ten guns, six were manned by natives and four only by Europeans. The howitzer was on a limber drawn by an elephant driven by a native. The force had been ordered to march at dawn, but the necessary arrangements caused unavoidable delay, and the sun was already high—it was past six o'clock—when it marched from the iron bridge across the Goomtee, in the direction of Chinhut. After marching three miles along the metalled road, it reached the bridge spanning the rivulet Kukrail. Here a halt was ordered, while Sir Henry with his staff and a few cavalry rode in front to reconnoitre. From the summit of a rising ground under some trees he could see nothing. He then and there decided to return to Lucknow, and sent the Assistant Adjutant-General to countermarch the force in view of its marching back. This order was carried out, when suddenly fresh instructions were given to move on towards Chinhut. The men then advanced along a newly raised embankment, constructed by loose and sandy soil, in which every now and then gaps occurred, indicating the position of future bridges.' The force was formed in regular order, an advanced guard of cavalry with vedettes led. This was followed, first, by the eight-inch howitzer, then by four guns manned by Europeans, then four manned by natives, 150 men of the 13th Native Infantry came next, followed by two guns manned by natives, then 300 men 32nd Foot, and then the remaining native troops, eighty in number. After marching in this order for about a mile a and half, they descried the enemy drawn up at a distance of about 1,200 yards, their right covered by a village and lake, their centre resting on the road. Simultaneously the enemy saw them, and opened a heavy round-shot fire.

"Sir Henry immediately halted his column, and deployed his infantry into line. Then, placing his European guns in position, and ordering the infantry to lie down, he returned the enemy's

* Gubbins.

Digitized by Google

fire. A continuous cannonade from both sides was now kept up. Then, after something of a lull, which induced many officers to believe that the British were getting the best of the day, the enemy suddenly divided and menaced both flanks in considerable force. That on the British left was made not only in overwhelming numbers, but from the cover of the village of Ismailgunj—a village which ran parallel to that part of our line, occupied by the 32nd. The fire from this village caught that regiment in flank, and in a very minutes nearly half its numbers present, with a very large proportion of officers, including the commanding officer, Lieutenant Colonel Case, were lying dead or disabled on the ground. Meanwhile, every effort had been made to bring the native artillery into action, but with very indifferent success. The native artillerymen were traitors. Two of the guns had been upset in a ditch, and the traces of some of the others had been cut. Elated with their first success, the enemy pressed heavily on, and a retreat became necessary if any of the force were to be saved. A retreat was then commenced, the 32nd, necessarily from the position they had occupied on the road leading, and the Native Infantry protecting the rear. The retreat once begun, the enemy galloped their guns on either flank of our force to pound it with grape all the way to the Kukrail bridge. So heavily was the column pressed that few of those who were hit were saved, a fact borne out by the extraordinary proportion of killed to wounded in—the 32nd alone 115 to 39. As the retiring force approached the bridge over the Kukrail a large body of the rebel cavalry was descried immediately on their line of retreat. They were in considerable force, but on our side there was no hesitation. Captain Radcliffe's trumpet sounded the charge, and immediately our thirty-six horsemen dashed at the enemy. A more gallant charge was never made. It appalled the rebels. They did not wait for it, but turned and fled. The line of retreat was secured.

"The danger was not, however, over. The enemy's infantry was pressing on. All our ammunition was exhausted. In this dilemma Sir Henry showed nerve and decision not to be surpassed. He placed the guns on the bridge, and ordered the port-fires to be lighted. The feint had the hoped-for effect. The enemy shrank back from attacking a bridge defended apparently by loaded guns. They at once relaxed the pursuit, and our little army succeeded in gaining the shelter of the city, and in retiring in some sort of

Digitized by Google

order into the Muchee Bowun and the Residency. Their losses, however, had been most severe, and they had left the howitzer and, two field-pieces behind them.

"Immediately after crossing the Kukrail bridge Sir Henry Lawrence made over the command to Colonel Inglis, and followed by his staff-officer, Captain Wilson, and his secretary, Mr. Cowper, who, acting throughout the day as his aide-de-camp, had displayed coolness and courage, galloped unattended by an escort, through the city to the Residency. Arriving there, Sir Henry ordered out fifty men of the 32nd, under Lieutenant Edmonstone, to the iron bridge over the Goomtee, in view to there being posted in two houses on either side of the bridge. Towards this bridge the elated enemy surged in crowds, but they never passed it. The fifty Englishmen covered by a fire from two eighteen-pounders in the Redan battery, held it successfully, though not without some loss, till noon. The enemy then desisted, and crossed the river by another bridge. Our men were then withdrawn. This defence was a very gallant affair."

Colonel Malleson continues:—"That the loss of the battle of Chinhut should precipitate the crisis was certain. But, the crisis would have come equally had there been no battle. And the battle—unfortunate in its results though it proved it be—had at least this advantage, it removed from Sir Henry's mind any doubts he might have had as to his ability to maintain both positions. Brigadier Inglis states that had both been held, both must have fallen, and he ascribes the concentration of the troops as the better position of the two to Chinhut."*

The loss of the 32nd in this affair amounted to four officers (Major and Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Case, Captain Steevens, Lieutenant and Adjutant Thomson, Lieutenant Brackenbury), eight sergeants, two drummers, and 101 rank and file, killed, one officer, Captain Bassano, two sergeants, and thirty-three rank and file wounded.

Next night the city of Lucknow was swarming with the mutineers, and Cawnpore was illuminated in honour of the accession of the Nana to the throne of the Peishwah.

We must now resume the thread of General Lowe's report, which thus proceeds:—"Having been left in command of the remainder of the 32nd in the Residency, I am unable to give any details of the action which occurred at the village of Chinhut,

Digitized by Google

about eight miles off, but the 32nd suffered a very heavy loss for the numbers engaged, the principal one being the irreparable and deeply to be lamented loss of Lieutenant-Colonel Case.

"The force having returned into Lucknow, were closely followed by overpowering numbers of the rebels, who soon commenced a heavy fire upon both Residency and fort. We thus found ourselves beseiged in both places at once much sooner than was anticipated, before the completion of our defences, and unfortunately with diminished garrisons, the greater portion of the native artillerymen having deserted in addition to the heavy losses of the regiment. It was therefore decided that the fort should be blown up, and the garrison make the best of their way to the Residency.

"At 12 o'clock on the night of 1st July, the garrison evacuated the fort, and reached the Residency, three-quarters of a mile off, with their guns all safe, without a shot having been fired at them, or their departure being apparently noticed. They had just got within the gates when the train they had left reached the magazine of the fort, and the fort itself was blown up into the air with a most terrific explosion. The accomplishment of this without any molestation from the enemy must have arisen either from the rebels resting after their two days' previous exertions, or being engaged plundering other parts of the city, which is of immense size. Though the above was attended with such signal success, it unavoidably occasioned most severe losses to the 32nd Regiment, whose head-quarters were there. Nearly the whole of the regimental records, from 1846 to the present time, the whole of our band instruments, a collection of valuable music, and the greater part of the paymaster's and quartermaster's books had to be abandoned. . . . . .

"The safe arrival of the garison at the Residency thus so successfully accomplished, raised the spirits of all, and the defences now being adequately manned, we prepared for the defence with renewed energy.*

* According to Official Returns (Gubbins), there were in the Residency on the 1st of July, 1857, 927 European officers and soldiers, and 765 native soldiers—in all, 1,692 officers and men.

The 32nd, exclusive of Colonel Inglis, mustered 19 officers, 36 sergeants, 15 drummers and 465 rank and file. The 84th detachment; 2 officers (Captain O'Brien and Ensign Macgrath) 5 sergeants, 1 drummer and 42 rank and file. The Bengal European Artillery, 2 officers, 60 non-commissioned officers, and rank and file.

Digitized by Google

"The late lamented Sir Henry Lawrence being mortally wounded on 2nd July, the command of the garrison devolved upon Colonel Inglis,* and I had the honour of succeeding to the command of the regiment at a most trying time—it having been deprived of its former commanding officer, its adjutant, and a great number of the oldest and best non-commissioned officers (including three colour-sergeants) and soldiers. How nobly the others have followed their example during the long seige we have gone through, it will be my duty to show.

"The enemy proceeded vigorously with the seige, and the

The 32nd officers present at the Defence of the Residency of Lucknow, were as hereunder:—

Colonel Inglis, Commanding Garrison, appointed Brigadier vice Sir H. Lawrence, wounded during defence; but *not* included in Regimental returns. Afterwards Major-General Sir. J. Inglis, K.C.B. Died, 1861. Major E. W. D. Lowe, commanding the 32nd. Appointed Regimental Major vice Colonel Case. Twice wounded, once severely. Now Major-General E. D. Lowe, C.B. Captains Mansfield (died of cholera during Defence); Power (killed in Residency, 2nd July); Bassano (severely wounded). Now Major-General Bassano, C.B.; McCabe (mortally wounded in sortie, 29th of September). Lieutenants: S. Lawrence, afterwards Captain and Brevet-Major Lawrence, V.C., 32nd. Since dead. Edmonstoune (twice wounded, once severely). Now Major and Brevet-Colonel Edmonstoune, 32nd; Pelham Webb (killed 2nd August); C. M. Foster (wounded). Now Major retired. C. Clery, afterwards Lieutenant-Colonel, half-pay, 32nd; since dead; Browne (twice wounded). Now Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Browne, V.C., half-pay, 100th Regiment; Harmar (severely wounded). Since dead; Cook (wounded). Now Lieutenant-Colonel Cook, 100th Regiment. Ensigns: Charlton (dangerously wounded, 13th July). Since dead; Studdy (killed, 6th August). Staff: Paymaster Giddings, Acted as Regimental Adjt. during the Defence; afterwards Maj. and Paymaster, half-pay. Since dead. Surg. Scott, M.D. Principal Medical Officer in the Residency during the Defence. Afterwards Surgeon-Major Scott, M.D., C.B. Since dead. Assistant-Surgeon Boyd. In medical charge of 32nd Regiment, and of European General Hospital during Defence. Since dead. The present Quartermaster Wilkinson, 31st, was present as Regimental Sergt.-Major, 32nd., and Quartermaster Vaughan, 32nd, as Schoolmaster-Sergeant 32nd, during Defence. Attached to 32nd: Captain Hughes, late 57th N.I., and Assistant-Surgeon Darby, E.I.C.S. Both killed and included in 32nd casualties. A nominal roll of all officers, members of the uncovenanted service, ladies, European women and children in the Residency during the Defence is given in a "London Gazette Extraordinary," of 17th February, 1859, with corrections in subsequent "Gazettes."

* Shortly before the following telegram had been dispatched by Sir H. Lawrence to Lord Canning:—"Should anything happen to me during the present disturbances, I earnestly recommend that Major Banks should succeed me as Civil Commissioner, and Colonel Inglis, 32nd, in command of the troops, until better times arrives. This is no time for punctilio as regards seniority. They are the right men—indeed, the only men for the place. My secretary entirely concurs with me on the above points."

Digitized by Google

regiment was soon deprived of more of its officers and men.* On 6th July a sortie was most gallantly made, led by the late Captain Mansfield and Lieutenant Lawrence,† to drive the enemy out of a house adjoining part of our defences. Great bravery and zeal was shown, and the objects in view were accomplished.

"A mine having been sprung on 20th July with no damage, however, resulting, a most determined attacked was made by the enemy, who, however, were repulsed everywhere, owing to the bravery shown by the garrison, who repulsed them with heavy loss.‡

"The enemy kept up for hours the most tremendous and incessant fire of musketry and round shot in every direction. Their attention was directed to try and undermine our defences, and the services of some Cornish and Derbyshire miners among the men were availed of to countermine and throw out listening galleries in several places, to frustrate the enemy's intentions. With the assistance of the Native Infantry officers and working-parties from these, the most fortunate results were obtained, as only three mines out of twenty were exploded by the enemy with any success, the rest having failed or been destroyed by us under the direction, of course, of the Engineer officers.

* Brigadier Inglis, in his report dated 26th Sept., 1857, states :—"As soon as the enemy had completed the investment of the Residency, they occupied the houses, some of which were within easy pistol-shot of our barricades, in immense force, and rapidly made loopholes in those parts which bore on our posts, from which they kept up a terrific and incessant fire night and day, which caused many casualties, as there could not have been less than 8000 men firing into our position at one time. Moreover, there was no place in the whole of our works which could be considered safe, for several of the sick and wounded who were lying in the banquetting hall, which had been turned into an hospital, were killed in the very centre of the building, and the widow of Lieutenant Dorin and other women and children were shot dead in rooms into which it had not been deemed possible a bullet could penetrate. Neither were the enemy idle in erecting batteries. They had some twenty to twenty-five guns in position, some of them of very heavy calibre. They were planted all round our post at short distances, some being actually within fifty yards of our defences, but in places where our own heavy guns could not reply to them ; while the perseverance and ingenuity of the enemy in erecting barricades in front of and around these guns in a very short time, rendered all attempts to silence them by musketry unavailing. Neither could they be silenced by shells by reason of their proximity to our position."—*Corps Papers, Royal Engineers*, Vol. x.

† This officer subsequently received the Victoria Cross for his gallantry on that occasion. The details will appear on a future page.

‡ Lieutenant, now Lieutenant-Colonel, Edmonstoune was severely wounded on this occasion. The British loss was two killed and nine wounded.

Digitized by Google

"The enemy's guns were in the meantime doing great damage, to our defences and outposts, several of which were hardly tenable. The Residency itself was reduced to a most ruinous and unsafe condition; part of it fell down and buried six men of the 32nd, only two of whom were extricated alive and recovered. Men were killed and wounded even in the hospital itself.

"A second general attack was made by the enemy on the 10th of August, which was repulsed as before. On 21st August, a house from which the enemy annoyed us very much, having been undermined by us was blown up, and parties of the 32nd and 84th detachment, under Captain McCabe and Lieutenant Browne, were sent out to spike two guns and destroy a mine of the enemy's. This was accomplished in the most gallant manner. Lieutenant Brown* was the first man up at one of the guns.

"Cholera had made its appearance again during the seige; and Captain Mansfield and several men and one woman of the regiment fell victims to it.

"Towards the end of September the expectations of relief, so often doomed to disappointment, began to be raised again, and on 25th of that month the force under Sir H. Havelock arrived at the Residency, having cut their way through the city with great loss.†"

Thus was concluded the first period of the defence. For eighty-seven days, officers and men had been on duty night and day, as their numbers were insufficient to admit of regular reliefs, it was necessary to change the men daily at some of the more exposed posts. Besides which, there had been fatigue duties of the most incessant and laborious kind, in which officers, soldiers, and civilians shared alike.

After the arrival of the reinforcements, Sir James Outram took up the command, which he had waived in favour of Havelock, and the forces being divided between the Residency and an

* This officer subsequently received the Victoria Cross for his gallantry on this occasion.

† With Havelock's force was Lieutenant E. de L. Joly, 32nd, a brave young officer, who while on leave had served in the Crimea as a volunteer with the Buffs and Connaught Rangers, and had been present in the attack on the Quarries and the assault on the Redan of 18th June, 1855. In the advance on the Residency at sundown on 25th September, when the 78th, to which he was attached led, he was mortally wounded, and only survived his arrival in the Residency a few hours.

Digitized by Google

entrenched position at the Alumbagh, four miles out of the city, the defence proceeded.*

* In a Divisional General Order dated a few days after (5th October, 1857) Outram declared that "the term illustrious was well and happily applied by a late Governor-General of India to the garrison of Jellalbad; but some more laudatory epithet, if such the English language contains, is due, the Major-General considers, to the brave men whom Brigadier Inglis commanded with undeviating success and untarnished honour throughout the late memorable seige, for while the devoted band of heroes who so nobly maintained the honour of their country's arms under Sir R. Sale were seldom exposed to direct attack, the Lucknow garrison of inferior strength have, in addition to a series of fierce assaults gallantly and successfully repulsed, been for three months exposed to a nearly incessant fire from strong and commanding positions, held by an enemy of overwhelming force possessing powerful artillery, having at their command the whole resources of what was but recently a kingdom, and animated by an insane and blood-thirsty fanaticism."

(*To be continued.*)

Digitized by Google

The Hoile Valise Equipment.

The problem as to how a soldier can, with the greatest ease to himself, the least injury to his health, and least curtailment of his powers of endurance, carry his amunition, provisions, necessaries, &c., on the march and in the field, is one that has seriously occupied the attention of the military authorities for many years, and one that has latterly a good deal engaged the attention of the officers of the army generally; but especially those of the Army Medical Department; and the circumstance of the systems hitherto submitted not having been adopted, either by our own or any of the Continental armies, is suggestive of the notion that the problem is still unsolved, and that the field is still open to the enterprise of inventors. We feel that thoughtful officers of all branches of the service, but especially those whose studies embrace the anatomy of the human frame; its power of endurance, and the best modes of, even in a slight degree, lightening or better adapting the burdens to which it is necessarily subjected, can not more usefully employ a spare hour from their more specific duties than by trying to add to the soldiers' comfort and powers of rapid locomotion under the weight of the equipment, and necessaries essential to his comfort and efficiency on service and a careful inspection of Surgeon-major Hoile's equipment induces the belief that his studies in this direction have materially contributed to the solution of the problem, if they have not finally settled it. An officer, who has made soldiers and their equipment his study during a lengthened and varied experience at home and abroad, has, after a minute inspection of the Hoile equipment, and a practical test of its comfort and adaptability under all circumstances to the purposes for which it is intended, given it as his decided opinion that it is by far the best of which he has had any experience. It not only possesses the recommendation of originality, but its superiority over every other invention of the sort submitted

Digitized by Google

to the consideration of the head-quarter authorities is admitted by all practical men, including accoutrement makers, who have had the opportunity of judging.

Colonel Briggs, with whose regiment—the 96th—it has been for some time on trial, quite appreciates its value and has reported in the highest terms on it. We also hear that the non-commissioned officers and men, who have worn the equipment, are loud in their praise of it. It is alike adapted to the carriage of clothing, provisions, or amunition. It does not fetter the action of the arms, and curtails but little, if at all, the elasticity of the body; added to which, it can be taken off and put on with as much ease as a great coat, the aid of a comrade being quite unnecessary. We have heard that the Commander-in-chief looks with great favour on it, and in the interests of the service we await with much anxiety the final decision of the head-quarter authorities. Surgeon-major Hoile, M.D., is the Medical Officer of the Cavalry Brigade at Aldershot.

Digitized by Google

Editoral Notes.

In contragulating the purchase captains on the issue of the Royal Warrant, the approach of which we indicated a short time since, continuing the seniority brevets for another year, we look back with some degree of pleasure on our own efforts in connection with the much-vexed question. A perusal of our columns for the last few months will show that we have consistently and persistently maintained that in the history of the army no officers have ever been worse used than the purchase captains, and the circumstance of Mr. Childers having had the moral courage to rise superior to the ordinary routine of War Office officialism, and not only to acknowledge, but to some extent to mitigate the injustice complained of, inspires hope that his promised careful consideration of the case of these officers will result in substantive justice being at last done them. Mr. Childers' reply to Colonel North foreshadows something more than the continuance for one year of the seniority brevet.

The grant of a pension of £100 a-year by the Government of India to Lieutenant-General Sir Frederick Roberts, K.C.B., is, we trust, but a first instalment of the rewards and honours to be conferred on that officer by a grateful country for his successful march from Kabul to Kandahar, his subsequent brilliant victory at Baba-Wali, and restoration of our prestige in Southern Afghanistan. An officer of less dash and ability than General Roberts would have looked seriously at the difficulties that lay between Kabul and Kandahar, and even after they were surmounted, would have hesitated before committing to the arbitrement of a decisive action, the destinies not only of the force under his command, but the prestige of our army in India. General Roberts has, however, from the very commencement of the Afghan troubles in 1878, exhibited a confidence in his own ability, and powers of combination, and a reliance on the bravery, and endurance of those under his command, which are the sure presages of success.

Much surprise and annoyance are experienced not only at the delay in filling up the vacancies in the 9th Lancers, but also at the circumstance of the strong recommendation of General Roberts, supported by that of the Commander-in-Chief in India, for the bestowal of the decoration of the Victoria Cross on Lieutenants Trower and McInnis for distinguished services in December last, having to the present time been disregarded. The 9th Royal Lancers has a distinguished history, and, apart from its services in Afghanistan altogether, it is felt that its officers have at least ordinary claims to consideration. Life is too short for the present mode of doing business in at least one of the departments in Pall Mall. Nine long months have elapsed since Lieutenants Trower and McInnis won the Victoria Cross, and since then these officers have run the gauntlet of subsequent services in the neighbourhood of Kabul; the march from the latter place to Kandahar, and the battle of Baba-Wali. Here, again, we would ask, who is to blame?

Digitized by Google

Lieutenant-Colonel George Benjamin Wolseley, of the 65th Regime who has recently been appointed Assistant-Adjutant and Quartermast General of the Peshawur District, is a younger brother of Sir Gar Wolseley. He served with the 84th Regiment in the Indian Mutiny, a obtained his brevet lieutenant-colonelcy for service as Assistant-Ad tant-General to Brigadier-General Biddulph's force during the Afgl War of 1878-9. Lieutenant-Colonel Wolseley not only possesses all essentials of a good staff officer, but both in his private and official ca city is a great favourite with all who know him. His appointment the staff will promote Captain Mowbray Lettson Elliot to a regimer majority, a circumstance that will be very gratifying to the numer friends of the latter officer.

In his farewell order to the troops in Afghanistan, Sir Donald Stew says:—"The discipline and conduct of the soldiers, European Native, who have served in the various field forces throughout Afgh stan have from first to last been beyond praise; and it is with pr that the lieutenant-general here records the fact that during the years he has been in the field only two cases have come to his notic which complaints have been made by the people of the country agai the men of the force." We commend this expression of opinion on part of the late commander of the forces in Afghanistan to the consid tion of those who are fond of decrying the *personnel* of the Army of present day. Sir Donald's opinion is simply an echo of opinions of tinguished general officers in other quarters. We have already sai is not the good officers who abuse the *personnel* of the Army. I the bad ones!

One wonders if it is true that Ayoub Khan gave instructions tha the event of the defeat of the Afghan force, Lieutenant Maclaine and other prisoners in his hands were to be put to death. If it is, we that no effort should be spared to bring the cowardly author of suc barbarous order to justice. We trust that our disposition is not n sanguinary than that of other people, but we nevertheless feel th Sir Frederick Roberts was quite satisfied that Ayoub had been guilt the atrocity attributed to him, that he should, without hesitation, h and that by proclamation, offered a reward of £1,000 to anyone would, within a named time, produce him dead or alive, either at British head-quarters, or to any officer in command of any British f in Afghanistan, or elsewhere. Whilst we would be prepared to hor Ayoub Khan or any other Afghan for heroically fighting for wha believed to be his rights or the honor of his country, we would at same time make it apparent that a disregard of the laws of nations, of the customs of civilized warfare would meet with the most exemp punishment.

One wonders who is to blame? The battle of Chardeh, in w Lieutenant-Colonel Cleland, the popular commanding-officer of the Lancers, received his death wound is now a matter of history. now nine months old. Since then that officer has suffered a painful lingering illness. Youth and a robust constitution have enabled to maintain a long and hard struggle for life, but he has at last cumbed to the effects of his wounds and an enervating climate. T are those, however, who think that at Chardeh he, at the head of his ment, earned a full colonelcy and the Companionship of the I There are also those who think that had he lived a little longer t distinctions would to a certainty have rewarded his services. He

Digitized by Google

ever, lived long enough after his wounds to admit of the bestowal of the customary honours; and had this been done, he, his relatives, and friends would before his death have had the gratification of knowing that his services had been appreciated by his Sovereign and country. A knowledge such as this would have brightened the last hours of the dying officer, and been a source of comfort to his surviving relatives. That it was intended to confer honours for the events of December last, in the neighbourhood of Kabul is generally believed; but, however good the intention of the authorities may be, their favours in as far as Colonel Cleland is concerned must now come too late. He has passed beyond the influences of human honours or human rewards, whilst no relative or friend of his can ever hope to look on a decoration, the value of which is enhanced by the knowledge that it was worn, or ever seen by he who earned it.

The circumstance of Colonel Cleland having been permitted to die undecorated and unrewarded reminds us that there are those who fought at Charasiab in October, at Kabul in December, and at Ali Khel in April last, among whom we mention Major White of the 92nd, whose services have not been acknowledged in any way, although some of them have had strong testimony borne to their character for bravery and usefulness. If it is the intention to give any reward for these services, why not give it with a good grace and at once? Its value would be immensely enhanced by its early conferment. Some of those concerned are again in the field, and may meet a soldier's death without the gratification of having worn the decorations, or having received the promotions they have already earned, added to which, widows and orphans will be the sufferer. Had Major White received his Lieutenant-Colonelcy for Charasiab and the events of December last, his services at Bala Wali would have entitled him to a full Colonelcy.

We are glad to find that the prejudice which for some time existed against Surgeon-General Munro, C.B., under the erroneous impression that he was one of the originators of the new unification system is rapidly dying out. As a regimental officer there was no more regimental man than Dr. Munro, and as an Administrative Medical Officer in India there was no more popular officer in the army. We doubt very much if he ever quite approved of the unification system. Whatever may be believed to the contrary, he certainly had nothing to do with the origination of it; but when that system—doubtless under the advice of the Director-General—was approved, and its introduction determined by successive Secretaries of State for War, Dr. Munro, as one of the head-quarter administrative staff, felt that it was his duty honestly to aid in carrying it out; and that duty he performed faithfully, as he has every other duty that has devolved on him during a useful and distinguished carreer. We hope to see Dr. Munro ere long at the head of his department in Whitehall Yard.

Speculation is rife as to what is meant by Sir Alexander Gordon's proposed motion next Session. Can the case of General Stannus have had anything to do with it? That case, we find, has attractod a good deal of attention, not only in professional but in non-professional circles, and the opinion gains ground that it will receive the early attention of Parliament next Session. Sir Alexander would be the man for a service of this sort. He is fearless and independent.

Digitized by Google

We quite concur in the opinion expressed by our contemporary, "T United Service Gazette," in reference to Regimental Quartermaste and are glad to learn that that journal has such good reason for believi that their position is on the eve of substantial improvement. Th opinion is supported by information which we have received from oth quarters.

We venture to hope that the relatives of the officers who fell at Khus i-Nahbud and Baba Wali, but especially the relatives of the purcha ones will be more generously dealt with than were the relatives of tho who fell at Isandula. Surely it is not too much to ask that their leg representatives may get the sums for which the deceased officers cou have sold immediately before their death. We trust that Mr, Childe will prove discriminating and reliable in a case of this sort. That won't deal in legal hair-splitting and end in doing nothing, as some his predecessors from whom better things were expected, have done.

A great deal of nonsense is talked and written latterly about t expenses of regimental messes. We are prepared to admit that son commanding officers may not be as careful as they ought to be in pr tecting young officers against unnecessary exactions, but the very lar majority are quite alive to their duty in this particular. Our own e perience goes to show that it is not the mess, or by compulsory me expenses, that young officers are ruined; that the liabilities whi so frequently result in early retirements are contracted, not inside b outside of the barracks, If young officers used their mess more a other establishments less, Paterfamilias would not so often have to co plain of monetary demands on him. It is those who are least to found at the mess who are unable to live on a moderate allowanc Those who dine regularly at mess, when they don't dine with frienc and who entertain their friends occasionally at mess instead of at le desirable establishments, but seldom come to grief. A regular mess din is in nine cases out of ten, found to be not only a good officer, but alwa in easy circumstances, however small his allowance may be.

Talking of mess expenses reminds one of the expenses of clubs. T latter establishments are instituted ostensibly for the purpose enabling gentlemen to live as such, and to associate with each other moderate terms; but we fear that this purpose is not always realise In most of the superior clubs it is true that a good bottle of wine obtainable at a moderate price, but the charges for everything el will be found considerably in excess of those of the best hotels a restaurants. When one looks at the vast revenue derived by son of the service clubs from entrance donations and annual subscri tions, in connection with the fact that they are free of rent, one fa to see why the charges should be in excess, or even as much as tho of establishments which have none of these advantages. This is question we would commend to the consideration of club committee There is, we fear, mismanagement somewhere.

Captain Sir Maurice Fitzgerald, Bart., of the Rifle Brigade, Equer to His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, is now the twentie Knight of Kerry; a much prized feudal title conferred on an ancest of his so far back as the 13th century. Sir Maurice inherits from h father, the late Knight, something more than titles and estates. E

Digitized by Google

inherits the qualities which have for generations made the Fitzgeralds of Valentia not only an honour to Kerry, but an example worthy of imitation by Irish landlords. Whilst we condole with Sir Maurice on the death of his distinguished father, we congratulate him on his succession to titles and estates which we feel assured will lose none of their ancient prestige in his hands.

The question of the employment of the numerous juvenile officers who, in the prime of life, will soon be removed from their regiments under the operation of Mr. Hardy's Warrant, is exercising the minds of the thoughtful. The disregard by the authorities of that portion of the report of the Royal Commission, over which Lord Penzance presided, which recommends the employment of eligible retired officers in the public departments of the State is much to be regretted. This is a subject we have kept steadily in view, nor have we ever failed to urge that the employment of these officers—in military departments at least—would not only be a great saving, but an immense advantage to the public service.

If the heads of departments in Pall Mall were men who had served in a military capacity in India and the colonies, we would find that the regulations which issue from the War Office would not only be more intelligible to military men, but much better adapted to the requirements of the services at home and abroad. Had the recommendations of Lord Chief Justice James' and Lord Penzance's Commissions been carried out in their integrity, the country would have been better served and officers would have been satisfied, but any one reading these recommendations, in connection with the Warrants founded on them, will find that the portions intended to afford some compensation to officers for the loss of their appointments, and other losses, have, in the main, been disregarded, whilst the portions calculated to act unpleasantly and injuriously on the future of officers have been given effect to. We hope that the employment of retired officers is one of the great changes foreshadowed by Mr. Childers.

The Annual Rifle Matches at Aldershot have prospered under the able management of Captain Bennett of the 19th Regiment, the Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General for Musketry of that Division. Captain Bennett earned a high reputation as a regimental Musketry Instructor in India, in consideration of which he was strongly recommended by Lord Napier of Magdala, for superior employment in the musketry department at home, and his appointment as a captain instructor at Hythe, and subsequently to the staff of the Aldershot Division were the results. The large sums of money placed at the disposal of the committee for prizes, and distributed among the successful competitors, best attest the success of Captain Bennett's efforts.

Colonel Appleyard, C.B., late of the 85th Light Infantry is on his way home from India, having been removed from the command of his regiment under the operation of the late Warrant. He has purchased all his commissions with the exception of his company. He has served all through the last Burmah war, and all through the Crimean war, where he was twice wounded. He commanded his late regiment very successfully for thirteen years, all that time, we believe, in India. He commanded a brigade all through the war, which terminated in the Treaty

Digitized by Google

of Gandamuck, and sustained some of the hardest of the fighting at Ali Musjid, and in the Khyber, and their neighbourhood. He was about the first to enter the former place on the morning of its capture. Before the Afghan War commenced he was an old full Colonel, a Companion of the Bath, a Knight of the Legion of Honour, a 5th Class of the Majidi, for distinguished service, and a recipient of the Burmah and Crimean medals, with numerous clasps. He was not, however, considered when the honours of the Afghan war were distributed. He occupies, at this moment, the same position that he did previously; and wears only the same decorations that he wore many years ago. In view of all this, one is inclined to ask, does Colonel Appleyard know any one in Pall Mall?

Should business or pleasure take any of our naval or other readers to the good town of Weymouth, they will do well to patronise the Gloucester Hotel there. We have lately had personal experience of its comfort, excellence, and moderate charges. This combination is sufficiently rare to cause us to make a note of it when we find it.

We have been favoured with a sample of tea grown on a plantation partly owned by Brigadier-General William Gordon, C.I.E., now commanding the Gwalior District, which we believe to be the very best we have ever drank. The plantation is situated near Julpigoree on the eastern frontier of Bengal. Its produce has but recently began to reach this country, and is consequently but little known. We feel assured, however, that when better known it will command a very large sale in the English market. We are not aware who are the agents in this country, or whether there are any, but we have asked for definite information on the subject, which, when received, we will—in the interests of our readers—gladly publish.

Critical Notices.

Le Somnambule. By William Minturn. (Paris, A. Ghio.)

It is rarely we have read a work with so much satisfaction as this, emanating from the pen of M. Minturn. It is written in a powerful and vigorous style, and the delineation of character is tersely placed before us by a master-mind. The plot is excessively dramatic, and carries the reader to the end with bated breath. We prefer letting our friends enjoy reading the book to delineating each successive graphic scene—suffice it to say that a clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Taylor, through hard study, is induced to resort to strong opiates to obtain sleep, and at last, through their abuse, a state of Somnambulism is produced, when all the worst passions of man show themselves. These scenes are sometimes *tant soit peu risqué*, but no doubt will be properly appreciated by those who enjoy the luxury of those yellow-covered novels of our neighbours across the Channel. We would particularly notice the scene between the hero and the wife of Captain Kennedy, as well as that between him and Louise Nognaret, a young orphan under his care. All this is cleverly worked up, and the *dénouement* is worthy of the author and would form a pendant to any *cause célèbre* of France. We herald M. W. Minturn, who is brother-in-law to Mr. T. Baring, M.P., and consequently related to the present First Lord of the Admiralty, as a novelist of the first order, and one whose works will be read again and again.

Digitized by Google

JOURNAL OF THE MILITARY SERVICE INSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES. (Messrs. Church, 240, Broadway, New York.)

The third number of this nicely got up periodical quite realizes the expectations raised by the two numbers that have preceded it. The paper on "Military Rifles and Rifle Firing," by Lieutenant Colonel H. J. Litchfield, and that on "Military Law," by General W. J. Sherman, cannot fail to be interesting to English readers, inasmuch as their authors make it apparent, that although politically the United States of America now constitute a distinct nationality, its most distinguished officers are not ashamed to acknowledge their obligation to their ancestors this side of the Atlantic, for much, if not nearly all that is good in their institutions and national polity. Colonel Litchfield exhibits a familiarity with Hythe training and Wimbledon practices, and General Sherman with Blackstone, Coke, Hale, and Tytler, and the practices of English military law courts, which not only supply evidence of the care with which they have studied these subjects, but also show how anxious they are to hand down to their descendents the laws and practices inherited from their English ancestors. The paper on "The Pointing of Sea-coast Guns," by Captain Chester, and that on "An Instrument for obtaining the rectangular components of the wind force with reference to a line of fire, by Lieutenant E. L. Zalinski, are very ably written, and cannot fail to be interesting to the learned in such matters.

THE UNITED SERVICE. (Messrs. Hammersly and Co, Philadelphia)

The September number, just received, yields to none of its predecessors in comprehensiveness and literary attractions. The paper on "Gustavus Adolphus," by Major General J. Watts de Peyster, is one which will well repay an attentive perusal. The author intelligibly presses into a narrow compass the leading features of the life of that great Sovereign, General, and Statesman. "Torpedo Warfare," by Lieutenant-Commander F. M. Barber, is as instructive as "Man-of-War Life Two Hundred Years Ago," by Medical-Director E. Shippen, is amusing. Mr. Barber deals with the torpedo question with the ease and lucidity of a master. His exposition of its origin and progress is by far the best we have yet read.

LES CAPITAINES MONTES. Rapport fait au nom de la commission chargé d'examiner le proposition de loi, ayant pour objet de modifier le § 9 de l'article 3 de la loi du 13 Mars 1875 relative à la constitution des cadres et des effectifs. Par M. Amédée le Faure, Député de la Creuse. (Paris: Librarie Militaire, Berger, Levrault et Cie.)

This pamphlet is a strong advocacy of the expediency, looking to the modern system of tactics, of mounting infantry captains, and is worth the attention of all who are interested in the operations of infantry in the field. The author points out that the Germans, whom it is the fashion, not always however wisely, to imitate, have given horses to all the commandants of companies; that the Austrians have admitted the principle, though for financial reasons they have only partially aplied it, and that in Italy the change has to some extent been carried out. We notice, in the current number of the *Le Spectateur Militaire*, that opinions in opposition to this proposition are strongly maintained.

THE LIFE, TIMES, AND CORRESPONDENCE OF THE RIGHT REV. DR. DOYLE, BISHOP OF KILDARE AND LEIGHLIN. By W. J. Fitzpatrick, L.L.D., &c. (New edition.) Duffy & Sons, and M. H. Gill & Sons, Dublin.

If the average Irish priest of this generation, with his vast influence

Digitized by Google

on the Irish peasant, had only a tithe of the large liberality of ideas and comprehensive intellect of Bishop Doyle, how different would have been the state of things now to what we see it in the sister country. The letters are the most interesting part of the book, as they are in nearly all biographies of eminent men and women in what may be called the letter-writing age. The bishop's letters to women in the former edition were specially noticed in the press of the day, and Dr. Fitzpatrick has been well advised in collecting more of them in the present one. Nearly all the prominent statesmen of the first three decades of our century figure in those pages, more especially in their dealings with the Irish difficulties of those days, and a study of this book will no doubt help in the right solution of the perplexing questions of to-day, besides affording a rich intellectual treat. There is some padding in the work which is the more inexcusable as the really valuable matter is abundant.

Le Spectateur Militaire, published on 15th ult., contains much matter of interest, but the whole of the articles are serial. The war of 1879-80 on the coasts of the Pacific is the subject of the only article which is begun in the present number, drawing attention to a matter which has not excited much attention in Europe.

Obituary.

On the 9th September, at Ryde, Isle of Wight, suddenly, of inflammation of the lungs, Colonel Sir John Stewart-Wood, K.C.B., aged sixty-seven years.

On the 27th July, in the engagement at Kushk-i-Nakhad, Arthur Honywood, Lieutenant of 66th Regiment, and fourth son of the late Sir Courtenay Honywood, Bart., of Evington, Kent, aged 19.

On the 27th July, in action, at Kushk-i-Nakhad, Afghanistan, Ernest Stephen Garratt, Captain Her Majesty 66th Regiment, aged 35, eldest son of the Rev. Samuel Garratt, Ipswich.

On the 27th July, killed in action, at the battle af Kushk-i-Nakhad, Lieutenant Clement George Whitby, of Her Majesty's 17th Regiment of Foot, Acting Wing officer of the 1st Bombay Grenadiers, eldest son of Dr. Whitby, Leamington, late of Ottery St. Mary, aged 25.

About the 24th July, at Khushk-i-Nakhud, near Kandahar, killed in action, Lieut. William Napier Justice, 17th Regiment, and officiating Quartermaster 30th Bombay Native Infantry (Jacob's Rifles), only son of Lieut-Colonel H. A. Justice, of the Madras Staff Corps, aged 22 years.

On the 26th July, at Sufed Sung, Afghanistan, Frederick Evan Cowper Smith, Lieutenant Royal Artillery, of fever, aged 19 years and 15 days, eldest son of the late Rev. T. F. Smith, Rector of Horsington Lincolnshire.

Digitized by Google

On the 27th July, killed in action, at Kushk-i-Nakhad, Afghanistan, Richard Trevor Chute, Lieutenant 66th Regiment, youngest son of the late Richard Chute, Esq., D.L., Chute Hall, county Kerry, and the Hon. Mrs. Chute, aged 23 years.

On the 29th July, 1880, at his residence, North Adelaide, South Australia, Charles Harvey Bagot, Esq., formerly of Her Majesty's 87th Royal Irish Fusiliers, in his 93rd year.

On the 2nd August, 1880, at Natashquam, in Canada, drowned by the upsetting of a canoe, Francis Dunkinfield Astley, Esq., of Dunkinfield, in Cheshire, and Arisaig House, Inverness-shire, late of the Scots Fusilier Guards. He was buried at Arisaig on the 1st. September.

On the 29th June, 1880, at Murree, Punjab, India, from a stone, dislodged by a goat on the hill side, striking him on the head whilst taking an afternoon ride, Captain Gerard Auriol de Visme, 8th (the King's Royal Irish) Hussars, the only son of Edward de Visme, late of New Court, Gloucestershire.

On the 10th August, at Sibi, *en route* to Kandahar, of sunstroke, Lieutenant-Colonel Lewis G. Brown, Bombay Staff Corps, aged 42, eldest son of the late Major Brown, the gallant defender of Kahun.

On the 16th August, in the sortie from Kandahar, Lieutenant Francis Charles Stayner, aged 26, of the 19th Bombay Native Infantry, second son of the late James Stayner, Esq., of Ilminster, Somerset.

On the 29th August, at Worcester, in his 41st year, John Unett, late Captain 3rd Hussars.

On the 31st August, at Ebberley, North Devon, of remittent fever, Alfred Batson, Captain 107th Regiment, second son of Thomas Batson, of the above place, aged 32 years.

On the 31st August, at Kurrachee, Sindh, Douglas McLeod Hunter Farrington, Lieutenant 63rd (West Suffolk) Regiment, in the 23rd year of his age; son of Major-General Farrington (Retired List), Bengal Army.

On the 1st inst., in the 38th year of his age, killed in act on near Kandahar, Edward Straton, Captain, 2nd Battalion Her Majesty's 22nd (Cheshire) Regiment, third surviving son of the late J. W. Straton, of Dundalk, county Louth, Ireland.

On the 1st September, at Kandahar, of wounds received in the sortie of 16th ult., Colonel Arthur Mark Shewell, Deputy-Commissary-General, Bombay Staff Corps, and son of the late E. W. Shewell, Esq., of Cheltenham, aged 40 years.

Digitized by Google

On the 1st inst., at the residence of his father, High-street, Portsmouth, Captain Henry Bettesworth Hellard, Royal Artillery, aged 33 years, the third surviving son of Charles B. Hellard, Esq., J.P.

On the 1st inst., at The Hermitage, Bridlington, Lieutenant-Colonel Francis Pitts, late 72nd Highlanders, aged seventy-eight.
section."

On the 2nd inst., at his residence, Druimuan, near Pitlochry, N.B. Major Raymond Inglis, late Royal Fusiliers, and formerly in the 18th and 2nd Queen's Regiments.

On the 20th June, at Rajahmundry, Major Quintin Shaw Awdry JaAieson, Madras Staff Corps, aged 44.

On the 22nd June, at Fort Attock, Punjaub Frontier, East India, Major Wilmot B. E. Ellis, R.A., of heat apoplexy, aged 45.

On the 4th September, at Littlehampton, William Ernle Money-Kyrle late 21st Regiment (Royal Scots Fusiliers), eldest son of Lieutenant-Colonel Money-Kyrle, of Homme House, Herefordshire, aged thirty-five years.

On the 4th inst., at The Grove, Stratford, Essex, Captain Alfred Fell, aged seventy-five.

On the 5th inst., at 15, Lansdown Terrace, Cheltenham, Mansell Longworth Dames, Esq., J,P., formerly of the 6th Enniskillen Dragoons, aged eighty-eight.

On the 9th inst, at Singapore, of fever, John Aubrey Lawrence Coker, Lieutenant Royal Artillery, second son of the late Major Coker, of Bicester House, Bicester, Oxen, and stepson of W. Deacon, Esq., Ropley, Hants, in his twenty-fifth year.

On the 15th inst., at Glen Parva Manor, Leicester, in his seventy-eighth year, Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph Knight, J.P. and D.L., late Her Majesty's Hon. Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms and Leicestershire Militia.

On the 11th inst., at 1, Waldegrave Villas, Beaumont, Jersey (the residence of her nephew, Commander S. Hellard, I.N.), Mary Ann Barnes, late of Hythe, near Southampton, in her eighty-fifth year.

On the 11th September, at Southampton, deeply lamented, Lieutenant-Colonel Ponsonby Shaw, late Madras Army, aged seventy-one.

On the 11th September, 1880, at 34, Tregunter Road, South Kensington, S.W., Captain Neville Custance, in his 91st year.

Digitized by Google

On the 12th inst, at 27, Buckenham Terrace, Edinburgh, of apoplexy, Robert Christie, Surgeon-Major Bengal Medical Service (retired list).

On Monday, the 13th inst., at Ventnor, Isle of Wight, Colonel Hennell, late Resident in the Persian Gulf in the 81st year of his age.

On the 13th inst., at Erith, Kent, Captain Arthur Morrell, R.N., aged 92.

On the 13th inst, at Ridgeway, near Narberth, South Wales, Henry Studdy, late Commander Royal Navy, aged 38.

On the 18th inst., at Harpenden, aged 51, Captain A. S. Creyke, R.E., second son of Archdeacon Creyke.

On the 14th September, at 110, Loughborough Road, Brixton, Captain Henry Pearce Phillips, late 7th Dragoon Guards, aged 57 years.

On the 15th inst., at Ryde, Isle of Wight, Colonel William Frederick, Newton Wallace, late Indian Army, aged 61.

On Sunday morning, at St. Enoch Hotel, Glasgow, from effects of a railway accident at Pennylea, Captain Alexander McCulloch, of Craigievar, Kilcreggan, Overlooker to Messrs. Thompson and Gray, Glasgow.

Lieut. Brophey, Yeoman of the Royal Body-Guard, at St. James's Palace, says: "Having suffered from Deafness, Neuralgia and Rheumatism ever since I left the Crimea, and likewise from Indigestion and consequent Debility, I was induced by a friend to try your Vitalized Phosphates, and I cannot speak too highly in their favour. Nothing I have ever taken has afforded me such great and permanent relief." This preparation is now much used by professional men; it is pleasant to take and free from all danger. Sold by Chemists 3*s.* 9*d.* per bottle, (containing forty-four adult doses,) or post free from F. Crosby, 137A Strand, London, upon receipt of stamps or P.O.O. Descriptive pamphlets post free.—(ADVT.)

Digitized by Google

COLBURN'S
UNITED SERVICE MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1880.

Should we Retain Kandahar and the Passes?

By Lieutenant-Colonel A. M. Arthur.

This is a question with which we have become familiar latterly, and one that deserves careful consideration. There are some who say that it is safe to be guided by the opinions of those whose forecasts have hitherto been justified by events, and in theory we admit the correctness of the principle. It is simply an echo of that so sensibly propounded by Mark Twain when he says that "people should not prophesy unless they know." We are, however, free to confess that we see some danger in a uniform application of the rule in practice, as the falsification of some forecasts has arisen not from any error in conception, but from the incapacity of those on whom has devolved the duty of giving effect to the measures to which the forecasts referred.

The justice or sound policy of our invasion of Afghanistan in 1878, and the wisdom or otherwise of its permanent occupation, or the permanent occupation of any portion of it, are questions that have for some time seriously exercised the minds, not only of statesmen and politicians of all shades of opinion, but also the minds of a large section of the thinking portion of our fellow subjects all the world over; especially of that portion of them whose duties have associated them with India and its interests. Some urge, and in our opinion with some show of reason, that if one wants successfully to defend even his own house against intruders, he should adopt the precaution of occupying, and, if need be, fortify-

Digitized by Google

ing the porter's lodge and avenues of approach, whilst others practically assert that his safety will be best consulted by surrendering to his assailants, not only these, but the entrance hall in addition, and what adds to the difficulty of arriving at a conclusion as to the correctness of either the one theory or the other, is the fact, that on either side you will find an array of names which ought to carry, if not conviction, at least great weight in influencing opinion, especially in connection with a question involving the safety or prosperity of our Indian empire.

Sir Henry Rawlinson, who has devoted a lifetime to the study of Central Asian politics, thinks that our influence should not only be paramount all over Afghanistan, but that in certain eventualities we should, without hesitation, permanently occupy the entire country. Sir Bartle Frere, whose opinions ought to be valuable on a question of this sort, does not go quite the length of Sir Henry Rawlinson, but in the main endorses Sir Henry's opinions. Then on the other hand, we find such men as the late Lord Lawrence, Sir Arthur Hobhouse, and, it is believed, the bulk of the members of the Indian councils, both at home and abroad, strongly averse to any extension of our frontiers beyond the limits to which they extended previously to the treaty of Gandamuk. Great, however, as is the divergence of opinion on the main question, there is one point on which many appear to be quite agreed, and that is, not only that Russia is an aggressive power, but that unwarrantable agression on the part of Russia is wrong! Whilst there are some who, if we read their reasoning aright, think that where England's interests are concerned, or what some conceive to be her interests, aggressions which, if perpetrated by Russia, would be denounced as unwarrantable, would, if *achieved* by England, be, under the circumstances, perfectly justifiable. There are others again, and we believe these are looked on by the large majority as the least practical, who think that a sound policy should be based on a sound morality; that the law of morality between nation and nation should, in its essence, be the same as that between man and man, and many of those who hold the latter opinion, think that our Afghan policy is not only unwise strategically, but that it is morally wrong, and must, in the order of things, result in disaster. They not only think this, but they point to Maiwand in confirmation of their opinions. They, however, forget that notwithstanding the disaster of Maiwand

Digitized by Google

Nakhad, the occupation of Kandahar supplies some of the most pleasing features in connection with our recent Afghan relations, and that transient reverses have not unfrequently accompanied the most approved political programmes, and preceded undertakings ultimately successful and brilliant. There are some, too, who charge the Government of Lord Beaconsfield with all our Afghan difficulties. There are others who as roundly assert that those difficulties had their origin in the action, or inaction, of preceding Governments. For our own part, a careful review of the whole question induces the belief on our minds that both Lord Beaconsfield's Government, and that which preceded it, failed to attach sufficient importance to the Afghan question until it was too late. In view of the fact that both Governments recognised the obligation on them to prevent Russia, or any other European power, from interfering in the affairs of Afghanistan, one fails to perceive why they should have so long objected to enter into a treaty with Shere Ali, guaranteeing the integrity of his dominions against all comers. Had they done this Shere Ali's mind would have been at rest, and in our opinion the Afghan embroglio would never have arisen. But their failure to meet his wishes in this particular induced in his mind the belief that we were afraid of offending Russia; that Russia was a greater power than ourselves, and that as such it was his interest to conciliate her. We believe that this conviction on the part of Shere Ali had much to do with the reception of a Russian mission at Kabul; the rebuff administered to Sir Neville Chamberlain at Ali Musjid, and the consequent commencement of the Afghan War.

We also believe that the circumstance of our having entered on the Afghan campaign of 1879, and having remained in Afghanistan for nearly a year subsequently without a clearly defined policy, added immensely to the difficulties of our generals in that country, and that even now the uncertainty that exists as to our intentions with reference to the ultimate disposal of Kandahar is a serious element of mischief. On entering Afghanistan in the latter pa t of 1879 there were at least two courses open to us. We might have declared that the object of our visit was to exact summary vengeance for the murder of Sir Louis Cavagnari and the members of his mission, and in pursuance of that object we might have attacked and dispersed such forces as ventured to oppose us in the field; brought to justice such of the originators and perpetrators of the massacre as fell

Digitized by Google

into our hands; sent the Balla Hissar into the air, razed or blown up the other fortifications in and about Kabul, seized or destroyed artillery, small arms, ammunition, and government stores of every description; exacted a heavy indemnity from the inhabitants of the treacherous city, declared the object of our visit accomplished, and then leisurely and deliberately retired within our frontiers, leaving the Afghans to settle their own affairs as best they might, but with an intimation from us that we would not fail to return and inflict a similar chastisement should they again deserve it.

Or, the circumstance of the Afghans having proved themselves troublesome, unreliable, and even dangerous neighbours, who failed to respect treaties, would have justified us in adopting the alternative course and entering their country with the avowed intention of annexing it, or any portion of it that suited us; and had such been our policy the resources of India, if judiciously and vigorously employed, were ample to have enabled us to effect that object. Within two months after the declaration of war, we could, with a vigorous executive, have developed such a force west of the Sulemain mountains as would have made it apparent that resistance was hopeless, and this once apparent, not only would active or formidable resistance have ceased, but those who were anxious for settled government, of whom there were many, would after a little have aided us with the whole weight of their resources and influence. On entering the country, however, we made no declaration of our intentions as to the future, and the result was that both our officers and the Afghans were puzzled what to do. Such of the former as were encumbered with consciences felt that it would be cruel to induce the unfortunate inhabitants to commit themselves by actively aiding us in the view of the possibility of their being at any moment abandoned to the vengeance of their countrymen by our withdrawal; and from the same cause, those who were disposed unsolicited to join or aid us, hesitated to do so. In our estimation, the best policy would have been to have adopted the first course in reference to Kabul and Northern Afghanistan, and the second with reference to Kandahar and the passes.

As we have already stated, the policy of the war has been much debated, but the discussion of that policy does not come within the compass or intention of this article. We have now to deal, not with what might have been done, or what ought to have been done, but with facts as they actually exist. The policy of the war may

Digitized by Google

have been good or may have been bad, but that is not what we have now to consider. The question which now agitates the minds of the people of England and India is, what are we going to do with Kandahar and the passes?

There are some, as we have already said, who despise outposts, which are virtually national outworks. For our own part we look on outworks, if not too extended, as quite as necessary to the defence of empires as of fortresses; but whether such remote outworks as Herat and Kandahar are likely to prove sources of strength or of weakness, are questions which fairly admit of discussion. Sir Henry Rawlinson fears that a self-supporting Asiatic Russia may arise south of the Hindoo Koosh; a Russia minor that may not only prove self-supporting, but may also at any time that the parent state chooses to avail herself of it, be made a formidable base for offensive operations against our Indian empire and constitute a serious danger to it; and this opinion is supported by many who were averse to the extension of our frontiers before Russian influence began to assert itself south of Bokara, and by many who even now are averse to any extension of territory beyond what is deemed absolutely necessary for the safety of that already in our possession. Should Sir Henry Rawlinson's fears be realised, or should their realisation seem probable, or even possible, the possession of Kandahar becomes in a strategical point of view a question of vital importance to us. Whilst we ridicule the fiction that Herat is the key of India, and doubt much whether such a remote dependency would add to our strength in any degree, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that the strategical advantages of the occupation of Kandahar are very great. It is an outpost that blocks the road to our Indian frontier; its possession would be a wedge driven into Afghanistan that would give us command of the whole country between it, and the Hindoo Koosh; it is the centre of a fertile region from which abundant supplies for an occupying force can be drawn, and under a wise and conciliatory administration it would soon make itself self-supporting. It is not only the gate of India by which an enemy would approach from the west, but is the highway of commerce towards the north-west and towards central Asia. However, in as far as the question of trade is concerned, some will assert that trade with an ally is as good as trade with a subject. This also may be accepted in theory, but here also we are

Digitized by Google

free to confess that in practice we should prefer the subject. The warmest allies are at times easily convertible into the bitterest enemies, and the populations of the countries lying between the Persian frontier and the Sulemain mountains present a diversity of character and conflicting interests, such as would render it very difficult indeed to exercise an influence for good on their customs, or policy, without assuming the entire administration of their government. Apart from the question of policy however altogether, the fact stares us in the face that we are now in possession of Kandahar and of the passes which form the outlets from, and inlets to, Afghanistan and India, and that a considerable outlay has been entailed on us in consequence, and such being the case, and in view of the experience of the last two years, it becomes a serious question, indeed both in our own interests, and in the interests of the unfortunate inhabitants, whether we should again permit them to revert to Afghan rule. Our own impression is that we should not; that in the interest of India, of humanity, and civilization, they should be incorporated with our Indian empire. Our readers will doubtless remember that on this subject we have maintained a uniform opinion; that so far back as June last when Kandahar and its history were less known to ourselves than they are now, when the sad disaster of Maiwand was still in the future, we wrote as follows in reference to the passes:—

"In any case we should hold steadily in view the fact that but few if any Afghans are to be trusted, and in retiring from Afghanistan we should—respectable opinions to the contrary notwithstanding—be careful to retain such positions as would enable us to exact prompt retribution for any future atrocities or faithlessness to engagements, and we should be careful to declare that in the event of such contingencies arising retribution will promptly follow. Our policy in entering Afghanistan in 1878 may have been an unwise one, but be that as it may the fact remains that we are now there, and that it is now our duty to deal with the circumstances which that policy has created. A strong Afghanistan or a friendly Afghanistan are terms which may be employed in stump oratory, or to conjure with at party gatherings, but no sensible man who has studied the question in connection with the present aspect of affairs will believe in either the one or the other. Afghanistan was at no time strong, even as an Asiatic power. It is not now, nor is it ever likely to be, friendly to England. These

Digitized by Google

are facts which it is our duty to hold in view in whatever arrangements we may make for the evacuation of the country. Kandahar has been but a short time an integral part of the Afghan state, and its inhabitants never took kindly to Afghan rule. It is now in British possession. It has for some time experienced the blessings, if not of British rule, at least of British protection, and it never should be permitted again to become Afghan. The surrender of the Kandaharees again to the tender mercies of the Afghans would be an act of political immorality such as we venture to hope no British statesman would be guilty of. It behoves us not only on moral, but on political grounds to guard the Kandaharees against a fate of this sort. It also behoves us in our own interest to retain the passes which command the inlets not only from India to Afghanistan, but the inlets from Afghanistan to India. There are those we are aware who will say that India is safer behind these passes than in possession of them, but the assertion wears absurdity on the very face of it. The passes are now in British possession, and in the interests of India in British possession they ought to remain. On this point there should be no second opinion. We can fancy there are some who in connection with this subject will point to the ease with which the passes were forced in 1878. As well might they point to the ease with which Gibralter was captured in 1704 in support of the opinion that it could be as easily captured now. Let us but surrender the passes, and the next time we have occasion to force them we shall, we doubt not, succeed in doing so, but the probabilities are in favour of the supposition that we shall have reason to mourn over our victory. We find it difficult to suppose that any military man would in the interest of the safety of India advise the surrender of the passes. Sir Garnet Wolseley has Indian experience. He is now in England; we should like to hear his opinion on this subject."

When the article from which the foregoing is an extract was written, the Afghan throne was still vacant. Abdul Rahman was still an insoluble puzzle, not only to the military authorities, but to our political officers, both at Kabul and at Simla. All then definitely known in England was that Abdul Rahman had *escaped* from Russian surveillance was slowly feeling his way south, and had opened communications with Mr. Lepel Griffin's emissaries, but with what result was one of the secrets, the explanation of

Digitized by Google

of which then lay in the future. Since then, too, Ayoob Khan, of whom but little was known previously, has appeared east of the Helmund with a force formidable for its numbers and equipment, by means of which he has blown a withering and disintegrating blast over Southern Afghanistan. Maiwand has been lost, and we fear without the consoling halo of glory, that was a distinguishing characteristic of some of our recent disasters. Kandahar has been beseiged, the march from Cabul for its relief successfully executed, and the brilliant victory of Baba Wali achieved, but all this has in no degree altered the views previously expressed by us in these pages, as to the best mode of finally settling the Afghan question. To the opinions already expressed we have now but little to add, and that little shall be disposed of in as few words as possible.

Among the objections urged against the annexation of Kandahar, one is that the inhabitants dislike us, that our rule is unpalatable to them, and that it is an outrage on modern ethics to coerce the allegiance of an entire people. Whilst we recognise the delicacy of sentiment expressed in this objection, we must take exception to the objection itself, on the ground that it lacks the essential element of truth. The facts at our disposal do not countenance the opinion that our rule is distasteful to the bulk of the inhabitants of Kandahar, and we believe that a plebicite, if such were possible in such a region, would make it apparent that the possessors of property, and the mercantile and intelligent classes, at least, recognise the beneficence of our rule, and would if uninfluenced by local fanaticism, or other local pressure, gladly accept us as governors. We believe, too, that it would be found that the priests and Dooranee chiefs would be our greatest enemies, but after a time we venture to hope that even they might be conciliated.

It is true that for the first few years a strong occupying force, and a formidable line of posts for the maintenance of our communications would be necessary, but with the security that possession by England would give to life and property, trade would thrive and extend so rapidly that ere long the revenue derivable from local sources would not only be sufficient for current expenses, but ultimately to indemnify us for the excess of expenditure over income in the early years of our occupation.

Digitized by Google

We are no advocates for unjustifiable aggression, or unnecessary extensions of territory; but as we have already said, rightly or wrongly, Kandahar and the passes are now in our possession; and in the interest of humanity, in the interest of the safety of our Indian empire, and in the interest of the extension of trade and the principles of good government in central Asia, we contend that in our possession they ought to remain.

Digitized by Google

Wellington College.

It would ill become a service journal to omit all reference in its pages to the important investigation lately concluded by the Royal Commission on Wellington College. The subject is, indeed, one of vast and increasing interest, and yet, at the very outset, we are inclined to ask, what will be the practical outcome of this inquiry? Can the Army be congratulated that something has at length been done towards redressing the anomalous condition of affairs financial, managerial, and personal, of this famous Institution? We can, at least, express the hope that the expectations raised by the matter-of-fact language of the Commissioners will not in the end prove illusory; but that, on the contrary, prompt action will follow their persuasive arguments and well-weighed reformative proposals. In point of fact, it now only remains for the Executive to give effect to the moderate suggestions contained in the report, before us. The recommendations of Royal Commissioners have, however, before now been rendered nugatory by simple application of wilful procrastination and dogged obstruction. It, therefore, behoves those who have the interests of the Army at heart, to exert themselves to bring this matter to an issue while yet the facts and inferences are fresh in the minds of the public. For after all, public opinion, and not the rounded sentences of a parliamentary report, will carry conviction to the Cabinet that reform in the administration of the College is urgently and peremptorily demanded. The evils that have been allowed to crop up rankly must now, if ever, be eradicated; and although the process proposed by the Commissioners be an essentially slow one, none the less should it be persistent. And now let us see what are the *ipsissima verba* to which we allude. What is the plan of action agreed upon to remedy the gross anomalies thus permitted to creep into the constitution of the College, altering its very tone and functions; tending, in fact, to turn a proposed charitable military institution, erected as a memorial of a great soldier for the sons of soldiers,

Digitized by Google

into a pretentious public school for the reception alike of the sons of millionaire merchants and purse-proud peers, as well as for the education of the only son of his mother, and she a widow? The state of the case being such as we have described, say the Commissioners, "no extension of the benefits of the foundation having occurred since its first establishment, the endowment fund having been largely reduced below the amount at which it was originally intended by the governors to fix it; while the considerable benefactions bequeathed to the Institution, instead of going to increase the endowment fund, have all been applied to general purposes; the question arises whether this condition of things, so different from what was expected when the College was first set on foot, should be accepted as irremediable, or whether a vigorous effort should not now be made to act more fully on the original intention of the founders, by extending the benefits of the Institution to a larger number of boys for whom it was established. Assuming that this is the point to be aimed at, we now proceed to submit an opinion as to what measures should be taken towards this end." Their first consideration was, of course, to see whether increase of income could be secured by an increment of the charges for non-foundationers; but to this the objection at once presented itself, that already Wellington College ranks, after Eton, as the most expensive school in the kingdom!

Then they considered the various alternative methods of effecting the same object that had been put forward, as, for instance, by the erection of additional profitable boarding houses; another plan seemed to be to increase the size of the College itself, so as to maintain double the number of boys; but finally, the Commissioners unfold their own matured and obviously feasible scheme, as follows:—"It was stated in evidence, and indeed it might be inferred from the conditions of the case, that the applications for admission to the benefits of the foundation are very numerous and much in excess of the available vacancies; and further, as might also be expected, that great difficulty is often experienced in deciding between the conflicting claims of candidates. Some of those who are unsuccessful must often be very nearly as deserving of the bounty as others who succeed in obtaining admission. It would, therefore, appear a more satisfactory and even a more equitable arrangement to distribute the benefits of the foundation

Digitized by Google

over a larger number of deserving cases, by discontinuing the purely gratuitous character of the charity, requiring a small payment from each foundationer and applying the funds so obtained to the support of some additional foundationers." . . . .

"Assuming that the average payment of a foundationer were as much as £25, this, upon the present number of eighty foundationers, would give an additional income to the College of £2,000 a year, which would allow of the admission of twenty-three more foundationers at the same average charge, in the place of the same number of non-foundationers at £110."

This, therefore, is the net result of the consultations and the united wisdom of the Royal Commissioners—the addition of twenty-three boys as foundationers at the price of a small payment from all. We do not venture to call this a meagre result. We are thankful for small mercies on behalf of the impecunious widows of officers who have died in the service of their country. The only pity is that the scheme could not be made more comprehensive. There is, indeed, another suggestion whereby sixteen additional foundationers might be gained by curtailing the profits of masters of boarding houses in connection with the establishment; but such diminution of their emoluments would be sure to be fiercely combatted by the assistant masters. At present these gentlemen charge the parents of pupils £130 each, of which £40 only goes to the college. This refund, might, the Commissioners think, be made £55 and the difference would thus equate the loss of sixteen civilian boarders. Now all these calculations, be it understood, are based upon the assumption that the cost of each boy to the College is £80; whereas, at every other public school in the country, except Eton, it is, as previously mentioned, considerably less. Hence it is obvious that the Directorate of Wellington College have been luxuriously, not to say extravagantly inclined, and need careful supervision. This, the Commissioners propose to effect by the appointment of a small standing executive committee, and of a secretary or bursar, who would be specifically responsible to the governors for the school accounts and expenditure; and, we hasten to add, that if in no other items than the restriction of so-called "extras," such surveillance would be amply justified.

An excellent suggestion, too, is made with regard to the establishment of an infant school as an annexe to the College, similar

Digitized by Google

to one at Westward Ho! where the children of officers serving abroad could not only be taught the three R's, but be inexpensively domiciled throughout the year, and in due time be admitted into the higher school. This would indeed be a boon of inestimable value. In other respects, claims of living officers have, we are sorry to note, scant courtesy at the hands of the Commissioners, as this class ought, they think, to pay the full cost of their sons' education and maintenance. It was not so intended by the founders of the College, who, in their original proposal, observed that the admission of sons of living officers at fixed moderate rates of payment might be made subsidiary to the primal object of the Institution, and surely £80 a year can never be said to be a "reasonable rate," when the same education can be procured at Haileybury (for example) for £67? Last, not least, the high salary of the head master is strongly commented upon, although vested interests are respected, in that Mr. Wickham is to be undisturbed in the enjoyment of his £2,400 a year, together with a mansion free of rates and taxes! Let us appeal to this labourer in the vineyard to be at least *fully* worthy of his hire, and to cooperate frankly and generously with the exertions of the governing body in bringing about the needful economical reforms which are contemplated, and which will undoubtedly be enforced. Nor in this do we altogether count without our host, for on turning over the reverend gentleman's evidence we find it recorded that if more funds were available, he would be inclined to turn them to the very best account.

Question 607 (Mr. Lowe).—"You think with that sum (£20,000) you would be able to do more for the charity?"

Witness.—"I think so; in whatever form was thought best; either in increasing the foundation, or taking more soldiers' sons at £80, or lowering the cost all round in the College, which is the thing I should like very much to do if I could; or in having a larger number of scholarships which were tenable only by the sons of officers."

We should think so too! "but where is this sum of £20,000 to come from?" asks his questioner. "Take it from the capital—it would be a profitable investment," cries Mr. Wickham, jauntily.

But what say the Commissioners to this grand scheme in their report? "We have already pointed out," they remark. "that the surplus income of the school has hitherto been expended in addi-

Digitized by Google

tions to the buildings and grounds, and there does not appear as yet to have been a sufficiently distinct appreciation, on the part of the school authorities, of the need for aiming at finality in the capital outlay, and making a beginning of extending the benefits of the foundation. In the last report of the head master to the governors, which has been put before the Commission, various recommendations are made, *all involving considerable additional expense.*" This, then, is the gist of the complaints of officers, that too much heed was paid by the governors to the insidious advice of their servant—*Hinc ellæ lachrymæ.* Let us express our conviction that a change will now take place.* It remains for Mr. Wickham, and his subordinates, to accept the rebuke of the Commissioners with loyalty, if not in a submissive spirit. In the burning words of the report let the masters, one and all, bow to the inevitable, and "aim, in their training of scholars, at inculcating by precept and example a strict simplicity of life." "All extensions," they rather pointedly add to the foregoing sentence, "whether in the way of building or increase of salary, should, we think, be henceforward discouraged. A fixed moderate sum should be set apart yearly for the maintenance of the buildings, and the remainder should be invested, year by year, as an addition to the endowment fund. Ultimately it may be hoped the original intention of the governors, as expressed in their address to your Majesty, already quoted, may be realised, and the number of foundationers brought up to 200, or one half of the boys in the College. *This should be the aim of the authorities.*"

We sincerely endorse this sentiment, and commend it to the constant attention of the country. Wellington College is the nation's tribute to its military history, and should be preserved intact for that inspiring object. A departure from the original lines should be scouted as unworthy of an empire rich in memories of the past, and ready to acknowledge the services of its soldiers. In fine, we can but advise our readers to purchase the Blue Book for themselves (its price is only 2s. 1d.), and to read the startling evidence upon which the Royal Commissioners found their somewhat reluctant verdict of maladministration and of perversion of the objects of this otherwise admirable Institution.

* In this connection we may confidently affirm that the thanks of officers have been voted unanimously to the Adjutant-General (Sir C. Ellice) for the trouble he took in bringing matters to an issue.

Digitized by Google

The Duties of Regimental Quartermasters Particularised.

By One of Themselves.*

We often hear it said of quartermasters that they are the hardest worked men in the Army; and we believe this opinion to be shared not only by every officer who has commanded a regiment, but by every officer of experience and standing. Even the junior subaltern who only joined a month ago, and whose first entry on military life brought him to the quartermaster for a room in barracks, will tell you that the drills which take him out of bed so much earlier than he wishes, introduce him morning after morning to an earlier riser than himself; and make him early acquainted with the fact that there are but few hours in the twenty-four in which the qnartermaster is not to be found about the barracks or at his stores. As, however, in these days everyone takes credit to himself for doing a great deal of work, something more is needed than mere assertion ere it can be admitted that quartermasters have more to do than other officers; we therefore submit the following remarks in connection with their duties for the consideration of our readers.

The commanding officer being held responsible for the efficiency of his regiment in every particular, is naturally desirous of having a good regimental staff, but especially a good adjutant and quartermaster, he is therefore very careful in his selection of these officers. To the adjutant is assigned all that relates to discipline, to the quartermaster numerous details in connection with the interior economy of his corps, including the supply, care, etc., of arms, equipment, rations, clothing, and quarters in camp or

* This paper affects nothing of elegance of style. It is a simple, temperate, and intelligible statement of facts, set forth in plain homely language, by a practical man, who is evidently thoroughly well informed on the subject on which he writes. We believe that his paper will prove interesting to our professional and non-professional readers.

Digitized by Google

barracks, etc.; indeed, much in connection with all and everything on which its comfort, health, and readiness for service depend. These duties not only bring him into constant communication with the various departments of the Army, but constitute him in his own regiment, at least, the representative of every one of them, with the exception of the pay and medical departments, a position which entails not only an oppressive amount of office work, but a serious responsibility.

The ordinary routine of duties in England and Ireland is somewhat as follows:—The issue of rations before the men's breakfast hour. The bread and meat having been received from the commissariat, or the contractor, they are inspected by the officer on duty and the quartermaster, after which the meat is cut up into portions, and the issue made to companies by messes; the time taken up depends, of course, on the number of rations that have to be issued; it is, however, so arranged that all is over by breakfast hour.

Between 9 and 10 a.m. the quartermaster makes his inspection of the whole of the out-buildings, the barrack-square, etc., and satisfies himself that they have been carefully cleansed by the fatigue parties detailed for that purpose, after which he proceeds to his office, transacts such business as requires attention, and on the bugle sounding for the orderly-room, he attends there with the letters and returns, &c., for submission to the commanding officer; obtains the necessary signatures, discusses questions of sanatation with the doctor if he happens to be there, of finance with the paymaster, of accommodation, fuel, light, rations, arms, equipments, etc., with the commanding officer and officers commanding companies, and whilst doing all this he is subjected to a never ending catechisation in connection with the various duties and interests of the regiment. He also improves the time by eliciting from his questioners such information as he may require from them, and such instructions as the commanding officer has to give in connection with his department. Then the defaulters, if any, being disposed of, and other cases investigated, the colonel opens the correspondence received by the morning's post; there are some for the paymaster's, the adjutants, and quartermaster's departments, which having read, he hands over with instructions for reply, &c., &c. Now all this takes up time, so that when the

Digitized by Google

office work is over, it is half-past ten or eleven o'clock—the parade hour.

While the regiment is on parade, the quartermaster has the usual daily routine of office work to attend to, and requisitions to make out for this, that, and the other thing. Everyone knows that a household has its daily wants and cares, and a regiment is somewhat like it. To enter into every detail is not necessary. It may be remarked, however, that when the quartermaster is hard at his letters, &c., there are interruptions continually occurring; knock after knock comes to the door, and down goes the pen, sometimes to merely answer a question, but at other times he must leave the office and see about the matter personally. The musketry instructor wants ammunition; the gas escapes in No. 47; a pane of glass is broken in No. 19; transport wanted for men going to Hythe, or family going away; a new arrival, or recruits require to be clothed, &c., &c.; sometimes diversified by a timid knock, and the entry of Mrs. Softsoap to complain that, "Mrs. Scrubhard has taken possession of the boiler in the wash-house, used up the allowance of coal, and threatens to bate me if I lay a hand on it; she took the pot stick in her hand for that purpose," &c. Reader, should you be desirous of acquiring a name for wisdom, try and settle such a case.

At 1 p.m. the quartermaster-sergeant goes to his dinner; there is often no other clerk, for the simple reason that young soldiers will not clerk unless paid, and Government will only grant pay when the strength of the regiment exceeds 600; but as the establishment is fixed at 580, it is perfectly clear that the provident clerk who made this regulation had also made up his mind that no expense was to be incurred under this head. Work is resumed at 2 p.m., and lasts until 5 or 6 o'clock; occasionally when there is a pressure of urgent business, it is carried on far into the night, and begins again at the small hours of the morning, even in the ordinary course of things it is not at all unusual to have calls made upon the department after 6 or 7 in the evening, so that we may safely say that a quartermaster's work is not only continuous throughout the day, but that he is frequently employed until a late hour at night; indeed, that he has but little time to call his own.

Rations.—We have heard it said, "You should never ask a favour of a man until he has had his breakfast," from which we

Digitized by Google

gather that the comfort of the inner man is a subject which occupies very general attention. "Our views on this head slightly differ from those of Dr. Tanner," and as soldiers are like other mortals in this respect, we will just remark that the supply and issue of his daily ration is to "Tommy Atkins" a matter of some moment; when it is considered that only the bare number for distribution is received, it will be seen that it requires some skill and a good del of attention to give each mess a fair proportion of meat and bone, and a proper rotation of joints, &c. If any one would but try the issues for a few mornings, he would not only acquire a little knowledge of butchering, but have a splendid opportunity of acquiring a reputation for "trying to please everybody." If he has only to decide on a few grumbles the result of his efforts will be highly satisfactory. Some will say, "Too much bone;" others, "Too much fat." We feel that the experience gained in one morning would be quite sufficient, that there would be no desire to repeat the experiment. The demand for rations is made by each company furnishing a return shewing the number of men, in hospital, in confinement, on furlough, &c., &c.; the total being the strength of the company. From these returns the quartermaster makes out his general one on a printed form, and enters the receipts and issues in a book kept for that purpose; at the end of the month the totals in this book must agree with the number in the voucher supplied by the commissariat to the paymaster, and with the number of days pay in the Pay List; should the rations exceed the number of days pay, they are charged for at their actual cost to Government, but in the event of any being short drawn they are forfeited; perhaps in this way originated the expression, "No back rations."

Clothing.—Until about thirty years ago it was the custom of the Service for the clothing and necessaries to be supplied to regiments by contractors engaged by the head colonels of corps. It is no longer so; everything now comes from Pimlico. This establishment in London has under its roof all the clothing of the British Army whether at home or abroad, an arrangement the wisdom of which is doubtful, as if by accident anything happened to this large depôt of valuable property the loss would be enormous and the inconvenience very great, as not only would the stores be lost, but the books and accounts also. We are not aware of the existence of a branch store in any other part of England,

Digitized by Google

Ireland, or Scotland—all is at Pimlico; an arrangement which appears all the more extraordinary, now that the Army is supposed to be mobilized into army corps and separate districts. In the case of the ordnance department, although the head office is at Woolwich, the issue to corps are always made from district stores. We are of opinion that there are times when a place somewhat nearer than Pimlico would be of great service, and we submit the suggestion for what it is worth, and return to questions with which we are more immediately concerned.

The requisitions for clothing are made on printed forms in triplicate, and are accompanied with size rolls of the garments, in the absence of actual measurement; great care and discrimination must be used in filling up this part, for unless required for immediate issue, the chances are that under the system of short service but few of the men who are now present will ever wear them, as drafts are being constantly sent away whose places are filled by fresh men. Need we say that much extra trouble and work is thereby thrown upon the quartermaster. When a supply of clothing is received the bales or boxes are opened in presence of a board of officers who, assisted by the quartermaster, examine the articles, and compare them with the sealed patterns with which they should agree in make and quality; the proceedings are approved by the commanding officer, and then forwarded to the Director of Clothing, Pimlico, a copy being retained in the quartermaster's guard book. Should any be rejected another return has to be prepared, in which is shewn the cause of rejection, and whether the article can be made serviceable, and if so at what cost, and what quantity of material will be required. The commanding officer makes his remarks, and then it is forwarded to the general who also gives his opinion, and by whom the proceedings are sent to the Adjutant-General, Horse Guards. His order in due course is received, allowing the repairs or directing the garments to be returned to Pimlico. The invoices are in duplicate, one being sent to the store-keeper, and the other retained as a voucher for the clothing account when rendered. In the clothing ledger there are four accounts, viz.:—

New clothing.	Receipts and issues.	
Part worn do.	"	"
Necessaries	"	"
Sea kits	"	"

Digitized by Google

It also contains the name of every man who has served in the regiment since the last account was made up. Articles which are to last more than one year are, as soon as issued, carried forward to the part worn; so that, on every page will be seen opposite men's names articles with different dates—a tunic of one year, a great coat of another, head-dress, leggings, and so. On each page there are three headings. First, clothing issued and in wear; second, clothing received by men transferred; and, third, clothing taken away by deserters, transfers to other corps, or which having been worn the full time and become the property of the soldier. All this makes the work very complicated, much more so than the compilation of a pay list, and that is supposed to be a "worriting business." In a regiment on the home establishment at the lowest figure, there was on the clothing book closed to the 31st March in each year, viz.:—

	Men from last year.	Joined.	Left.	Vouchers rendered with accountt.
1878	583	333	183	317
1879	529	325	241	619
1880	485	156	161	277

From this statement it appears that the changes are nearly equal to the actual strength, and as a proof that the accounts are intricate and require most careful examination, the audit is seldom received back from Pimlico under eight or nine months. The changes that take place during this period are very numerous; men come and go, and under these circumstances it is not easy to recover any charge that may arise on audit, even if the amount be small, it does not fall the less heavily on men who have no other income but their pay. When one considers what a large number of articles of clothing and necessaries are required for a regimental store, and that every item, even to the smallest packing case or canvas wrapper, &c., must be duly accounted for, and that there are times when the store must be left open, with perhaps only a private soldier in it, that a momentary call, anything in fact, may take the quartermaster away for a few moments, the loss however or damage of any article must fall on him alone.

Enough has been said to show that his responsibility is great, and is shared by no other officer—he alone is liable. For two or three months prior to the first of April in each year, the clothing for issue on that date is in course of being fitted and

Digitized by Google

altered; for this purpose, formerly, a complete company at a time was kept off duty for the day, and paraded in the new garments before the captain and the commanding officer, the necessary alterations were noted, and the clothing was taken back into store to await the period for distribution; this was an excellent arrangement for all concerned, it saved time, and kept the company intact, and in the interests of the service we would be glad to see the practice resumed. The reasons given for not resuming it now are the number on furlough leave, so few duty men for guards, &c., and the remainder of the regiment being composed of such young soldiers, or untrained men, that the adjutant, for his own credit, cannot allow them to miss a single drill. Indeed, he finds it hard, with the distractions of gymnasium, school, signalling, musketry, &c., to get them through the rudiments, and able to be put on guard, and as he knows they are not as efficient as they should be, it is only natural that he should wish to have them on every parade, for their bad drill and unsoldierly appearance, if such are apparent, will reflect upon him. Now when this is the case, and men are fitted in driblets of ten or a dozen at a time, much additional labour is caused, and time taken up which can be ill-spared.

It must be borne in mind that every one of the garments is first seen on the men by the quartermaster in his store, and that he is also present when they are being inspected by the commanding officer, not only in the first instance, but after the necessary alterations are made, what this entails upon him will be seen by the issues made in the following years:—

To 31st March,	1878	= 3,331	articles.
„	1879	= 2,960	„
„	1880	= 928	„

Before distribution the articles are marked in the store, and during this process their appearance, when spread out to dry on every box, and other available place, makes it look very chaotic and shows plainly how much the quartermaster is dependant on the honesty of the man employed about his store, who is usually one of the pioneers.

In old days if a young fellow had a desire for martial glory he enlisted, or "took the Queen's shilling," now he offers himself as a candidate for the Army, and, as he does not receive "the shilling," he must quench his enthusiasm in a pot of beer at his own expense, and smoke his pipe through a cloud, without any

Digitized by Google

silver lining; no sooner has our aspirant been approved by the commanding officer than he is sent to the quartermaster to be clothed in the military uniform of his country, that uniform that has caused many a pot of beer and glass of wine to be drunk in its honour, and probably carried profit to the hotel or public-house keepers who now refuse to admit its wearer. The medalled warrior, one of the few spared to return, who may well wince at this reception on his arrival from abroad. Our young recruit emerges from the store a new man, so changed in appearance that we often hear the remark, "why his own mother wouldn't know him." Not so, his image planted in her breast it can never be effaced; to others he may be only one of the rank and file, but the mother's heart yearns for her son—he is all to her; how often she thinks she hears his well-known footstep, only to shrink back into the cottage sorely disappointed; the father may look for his boy when labourers are returning from the fields, but he comes not; should he return at all, it will be as a man. After the soldier has served his time and is about to return to civil life, he presents himself at the store and hands in his clothing, with the exception of a pair of boots, a serge frock, a pair of trousers, and his kit, which he is allowed to take away, the badges he has worn with pride are taken out of his uniform, and he leaves the service a nondescript, unless he purchases a suit of plain clothes at his own cost. He once left a home; he now goes to seek one.

Necessaries.—Each recruit, on enlistment, is supplied with a free kit of necessaries, which he must afterwards keep up at his own cost. For the information of those who care we give the list:—Two flannel shirts, three pairs of woollen socks, two towels, a hold-all containing knife, fork, spoon, razor, comb, shaving-brush, brass-brush, button-brush, soap, sponge, a cloth-brush, two shoe-brushes, tin of blacking, mess tin and cover, a pair of woollen mitts, and a Glengarry cap; these are all marked and issued from the store. The articles, on receipt from Pimlico, are examined by a board of officers, and taken on charge in the clothing ledger, the issues are made on demands in printed form, being sent to the quartermaster, who keeps the account in his books and sends in monthly to the paymaster a return showing the number to be paid for, the latter fills in the prices, recovers the amount, and credits it to the public in his pay list; this and similar returns

Digitized by Google

are vouched by the quartermaster, paymaster, and commanding officer. Due care must be taken that there is always a sufficiency in store to meet requirements, and yet the stock not to be so large as to prove cumbersome, or be liable to deterioration by remaining unissued for any length of time. No allowance is made for the raids of moths or other insects which have an affection for clothes. In India there are white ants; those unceasing, untiring workers, that will bore through anything in a night, and the known presence and admitted industry of which sometimes enables one satisfactorily to account for damage or deficiency; but we have no such blessings in these imperfectly constituted islands of ours. The following numbers of articles were issued to a regiment in the years named:—

To 31st March, 1878 = 6,294. That is within the year.
„ 31st „ 1879 = 9,169
„ 31st „ 1880 = 4,076
And of sea kits articles = 5,928

When soldiers embark for India or the colonies, they are provided with a sea-kit, the cost of which, some 18s, or 18s. 6d., is deducted from the advance of pay. For India, it consists of a blue worsted cap, one blue serge frock, one blue serge trousers, two flannel belts, one sailor's clasp knife, tin of blacking, piece of pipe-clay, five pieces of yellow soap, five pieces of marine soap, a housewife, in which are needles, thread, &c., one scrubbing-brush, and a canvas bag to hold them. Government gives free of charge, one white drill smock, one white drill trousers, one white cover for Glengarry cap. The articles, on receipt from Pimlico, are taken on charge and accounted for similarly to other necessaries. With the exception of the articles supplied free by Government, the kit is usually made away with before, or at the port of debarkation, often sold for the merest trifle; we offer a suggestion —do away with sea-kits, and let the supplies of tobacco, soap, &c., be made from the ship's stores on payment by corps, and issue to each man a suit of blue cotton stuff once or twice a week, for which a small charge might be made for the wear and washing; the washing could be done at Malta, Port Said, and Bombay, and taken in on the return passage; as it is, the washing of clothes on board ship, where there is so little convenience, is a mistake, the things are not half washed and the vessel is in a perfect mess —of course we speak of ships with troops on board. When it is

Digitized by Google

considered that drafts are being sent on every year to other corps —not one's own regiment—it will be allowed this is simply unnecessary waste.

Arms and Equipment, &c.—Only very recently we read with interest the account of long range shooting, and that the most destructive distance when under fire was from 1,500 to 2,500 yards. This set us thinking, and we look back to the days of old "Brown Bess," when the distances were from 80 to 200 yards, and if the cloth targets had not a sufficiency of bullet-holes to make them look respectable, the want was supplied by a few prods of the bayonet; the musketry course, instead of three weeks, seldom lasted more than three days; and as for registers and worrying musketry instructors, there was only the one old target practice book, and the captain was the instructor. Battles were fought and won with a glorious expenditure of ammunition, and in action there was some chance of escape, but now-a-days there is little or none; it is like the Kilkenny cats, who fought 'till there were only tails left, everybody is to be either killed or wounded, and the non-combatants, surgeon, paymaster, and quartermaster, will have a hard time of it to see their brother officers decently buried, or the wounded afforded a chance of becoming enrolled on Glory's List as a member of the "golden chain or wooden leg." Ah; it was not so in the old times, from the day that "Tommy Atkins" joined and gave his hand to Brown Bess he took her to himself, and in all that long twenty-one years she shared his camp and quarters, went on guard with him, was seen in the sentry-box close to his side, and when danger most threatened they were the more firmly clasped together. Poor Bess! although she and Tommy had lived happily and faithfully together for many years, a higher power divorced them, and the last seen of the poor old girl was about the time of the Crimean War, when, with scant courtesy and little warning, she was torn from Tommy's arms and sent to the Tower. Oh, that horrid, dreadful Tower! But faithless man soon found another partner, a flighty young girl whose name was Minie; but as she on several occasions was found to deflect from a straight line, she soon made way for a buxom Enfield lass, fresh and blooming, and with every promise of a long and useful life; but, alas! it was found she also had eccentric flights; she could never be trusted to any distance without bounding into the air or into the earth, and so, with some reluctance, for she had

Digitized by Google

many good points, she was put away. Tommy was now getting rather weak on his pins, and the young son who was to take his place only a half-grown boy, so the best thing for both was some person that could make up for their deficiencies, and the selection fell upon a lady who was considered a somewhat hard-hitter, and more contented to keep to the level of her station; her name was Martini-Henry. The last we heard of her she was doing well, although her box of fiddle-faddles, consisting of pins, springs, strikers, tumbles, &c., have nearly driven the poor quartermaster distracted. He has been heard to say she is a terrific plunger, and although is continually easing her mind by making reports, yet she no sooner does so than she throws her case aside. We heard it stated, on very good authority, that at first she showed so violent a temper as to kick Tommy on the shoulder and bruise his cheek with her heel. As this could not be allowed, she was at once cut short and her allowance reduced, which has had the effect of making her behave more quietly, but it is whispered she is not so true as previously.

(To be continued.)

Digitized by Google

Martyrs.

AN EPISODE OF THE INDIAN MUTINY.

By Major Picton Warlow.

During the cold weather of 1856, we had been unusually gay at our pleasant little station of Ramjamjolliraobad in the heart of Oude. In November no less than three brides had arrived from home and been fêted in turn; while early in December the 30th Light Cavalry and the 110th Native Infantry had been relieved by Hampden's Horse and the 93rd Light Infantry, both rather "crack" regiments, with good bands and capital messes; and just before Christmas the Commander-in-chief had passed through on a tour of inspection, and remained for four days. Balls, big dinners, and picnics had been the order of the day, and we had even succeeded in getting up some very fair races, Whether it was owing to the reaction after such unwonted dissipation, or to some other cause, I know not, but undoubtedly things altered very much for the worse with the New Year. Our hitherto united little society broke up into several cliques, who did nothing but quarrel at all times and on every possible subject. The first row was caused by our new chaplain, the Rev. Augustin Chasuble, an excellent, but for those days an extremely "high" young man, who persisted in making various alterations in the services and furniture of the church. This gave deadly offence to a large portion of the congregation. Unfortunately he succeeded in converting our commissioner, the ex-officio senior lay trustee, and thereby driving his colleague, the brigadier, into furious opposition, insomuch that after reporting the matter to the bishop, and failing to obtain redress, he moved off with all whom he could induce to follow him to the Mission Chapel, where they were received with open arms by the Rev. Calvin Longwynd. While affairs were in this critical state, my wife's cousin, Captain Geoffrey St. Hill, of the 25th Lancers, came to spend his three months leave with us, and before he had been a fortnight in the station, managed to get himself and us into extremely hot water. St. Hill was a strikingly handsome man

Digitized by Google

with very regular features and "poetic" eyes; he was moreover encircled with a halo of glory from having been one of the "Six Hundred." The ladies, as might naturally have been expected, made much of him, and he dashed off at once into vehement flirtation with three out of the five spinsters at our little station, one of the remaining two being too plain and the other too wise. Had he confined himself to this amusement it would not have mattered so much; but, unfortunately, he would be an "admirable Crichton," and persisted in laying down the law to everyone on every possible subject, without the slightest respect for age, rank, or reputation. Freethinking was one of his hobbies, "Sans foi" being his nickname in the regiment, and he was particularly fond of airing his infidelity, especially before the ultra-evangelicals, for whom he had the most profound contempt. At the first big dinner to which we were invited, he placidly set the commissioner to rights on the subject of Salookdaree rights and permanent settlement, and gave the brigadier a lecture on active drill and discipline, whereupon both these potentates came down upon me. "Really, Captain Melville, you should point out to Captain St. Hill, that for a young man who has but lately arrived in the country, and who probably could not tell a Mussulman from a Hindu or 'dhol' from 'paddy,' to obtrude his opinions on matters of policy, revenue, or finance is injudicious, to say the least of it, most injudicious, I might even add, unbecoming." So the commissioner, the brigadier, was less polite and more emphatic. "Your cousin is a griffin, sir, and a d——d conceited griffin into the bargain; thinks he knows better than men who were well on in the service before he was born —goes in for being a Wellington on the strength of that Balaclava gallop. He must learn to keep his tongue between his teeth, or he'll get into trouble. You may tell him that I say so."

At the club dinner he put the crowning stone to his offences, for, as ill-luck would have it, he was seated next to Colonel Hogg, an estimable but pig-headed veteran, to whom he held forth in his usual strain, until the old man couldn't stand it any longer, and burst out with, "You are an atheist, sir, a republican, a—a—Jesuit! You are like that scoundrel in the Bible who cared for none of these things; I forget his name."

"Perhaps you allude to Gallileo, colonel," suggested St. Hill with a dubious smile as he ventured on the old joke.

"Yes, I do allude to Gallileo; and let me tell you it's no laugh-

Digitized by Google

ing matter that an officer in Her Majesty's Service should be like an infernal old Jewish astrologer." Then the colonel rose in great wrath, shouted for his "hookah," and retired to the verandah to cool down.

"He had you there, St. Hill—he had you there," cried the adjutant, triumphantly. "I never gave the old boy credit for knowing so much about these things, but after all he got the fellow's name from you so he might have let you down easier."

Next morning some kind friend told the whole story to Mrs. Hogg, and long before orthodox calling hours she drove up to our Bungalow, and came down on us like Kedron in flood. "It is really intolerable that a young griffin like Captain St. Hill should have spoken to my husband in such a manner, and have taken advantage of a mere slip of the tongue to hold him up to ridicule; but its all of a piece with his whole conduct ever since he came to the station, and the sooner he leaves it the better for all parties—I say, Mrs. Melville—for all parties. A deceitful young reprobate, devoid of all moral principle, is a most undesirable friend for a young married woman, cousin or no cousin, and so you may find before long, Captain Melville."

This sudden change of front and furious attack threw us into utter confusion, and before we could recover ourselves the enemy walked off in triumph, having, as she put it, given that silly, sentimental little goose a piece of her mind.

Scarcely had we recovered our breath when another carriage drove up, and seeing that it contained the three most waspish ladies in the station, I fled in abject terror leaving my poor little wife to encounter them as best she could. The odds were terribly against her, and after our "friends" had left, I found her sobbing hysterically—"They have all been so cross and unkind and so hard upon poor Geoffrey. If Miss Drury's horse always does run away with her when she rides with him, surely it is not his fault; and it is only because he is so kind and so clever that he took to reading Italian with Miss Bell; and now everyone says that he is behaving shamefully, and that we ought not to allow it;" from which rather disjointed sentences I gathered that the storm which had been so long brewing had burst at last. St. Hill had made many enemies and few friends among the fair sex. The elderly ladies hated him because he flirted too much; the middle-aged ones because he did not flirt enough, and all agreed in pronouncing him

Digitized by Google

to be a shockingly sad young man, who ought to be excommunicated with bell, book, and candle—even worthy Mr. Calvin Longwynd who seldom knew, or cared much for, what went on in the station, was moved to wrath on hearing from Colonel Hogg of that unlucky conversation at the club dinner, and immediately delivered a course of sermons in which the hapless St. Hill figured alternately as Ahitophel, Rabshekah, and Simon Magus. Rejected by the ladies, St. Hill fared little better with the men; the married ones being mostly "under orders," while the bachelors of the fast and loose sort had their own reasons for not appreciating his society. As Dunn told me one evening with the frankness for which he was remarkable when a peg or two beyond his usual mark—"The saints say he's a sinner, but that's all bosh, you know; he shirks his liquor, and won't touch a card—he's a muff. Spends all his time fooling about with the women—case of 'spoons;' yes, he's a muff, that's what he is, old man."

Fortunately for St. Hill he had far too good an opinion of himself to care about the opinions of others. If people did not like him, so much the worse for them; so he pursued the even tenour of his way, utterly regardless of the public opinion of Ramjamjolliraoabad which now pronounced most strongly against him. Day by day the number of his friends dwindled away until it was almost a case of "Athanasius contra mundum." Even my wife and myself anticipated a sense of relief when his three months visit should come to an end, and his opinions so often startled us, that our defence of him against his calumniators grew ever feebler and yet more feeble. We began, however, to perceive that St. Hill had gained over a firmer and more courageous ally than any of those whom he had alienated. It will be remembered that one of the charges against him was that he read Italian with Miss Bell; this cause of offence had been removed, the reading having entirely ceased, and the young lady appearing rather to avoid him than otherwise; but it was observed that she never allowed his character or opinions to be attacked behind his back without defending him most gallantly. As she was the prettiest and cleverest "spin" in the station, and a general favourite to boot, few cared to contradict her; but whether her alliance did St. Hill much good is open to doubt; one man indeed it brought to his aid—young Stubbs, the "boots" of the 93rd Regiment, a no account lad who had been desperately in love with Miss Bell from the first day he saw her, and who now chivalrously

Digitized by Google

ranged himselfon the side of his rival, by whom he was constantly snubbed for his pains.

Under these circumstances it was evidently high time for St. Hill to beat a retreat, but, as ill-luck would have it, this was out of the question; a bad fall out pig-sticking having put him on the sick list, and rendered it quite impossible for him to rejoin at the expiration of his leave, while much more serious matter than his doings and misdoings soon occupied all our thoughts.

As the hot weather drew near an uneasy feeling showed itself in the native army, and before long the mutiny at Barrackpore opened our eyes to the danger. The guilty regiment met with instant punishment; the disaffected appeared to be cowed, and we fondly hoped that the crisis was over. This interval of quiet was, however, only the calm before the terrific storm, which was so soon to burst in all its fury on our devoted heads. All through the month of April this deceitful calm lasted; most of us forgot our fears, and prepared to make ourselves comfortable for the hot weather. The lucky ones who could afford a trip to Simla, sent in their applications for leave, and wrote for houses, while their poorer brethren looked to their "cuscus tatties" and "thermantidotes." Suddenly the bazaars were full of rumours of a great mutiny and massacre at Meerut, but having received no authentic news of any disturbance there, we treated the report as mere "gup," and the two or three old officers who looked grave and shook their heads over it were laughed at as alarmists—only a day or two later our laughter came to a sudden end. A large party of us were having "chota hazri" and smoking in the "coffee-shop" after parade, when a telegram was brought to our colonel, with a hurried note requesting his immediate attendance at the general's bungalow. The ill-omened slip of paper passed quickly round—"Cavalry mutinied at Meerut on Monday. Several officers killed." The colonel with his adjutant rode off at once, while the rest of us, crowding round the table read and re-read the telegram, trying to find in it some grain of comfort. "It is only the 3rd Cavalry," said one; "they were always known to be shaky. All the other Sepoy regiments appear to have remained staunch."

"Even if the whole batch had mutinied," said another, "the 60th Rifles and Carbineers would have given a good account of them. As it is, I daresay that we shall hear to-morrow

Digitized by Google

that those blackguard cavalry fellows have been made an example of."

We were still discussing the news, and trying to persuade ourselves and each other that it was not really half so bad as it seemed at first sight, when the commissioner, galloping up, asked for the colonel, and, hearing that he had gone to the general, threw me another telegram and rode off without drawing rein. This second message ran as follows:—"Cavalry from Meerut reached Delhi Tuesday—the whole force there joined them: general massacre of English: magazine blown up."

Delhi in the hands of the mutineers! general massacre! The words sounded in our ears

> "Like a knell of death and judgment
> Rung from heaven by angel hands."

A great terror was on us all, and none cared to look into his neighbour's face. We mounted our horses in silence and rode slowly home, wondering within ourselves whether, even yet, it might, by any means be possible to save those whom we loved best from the evil to come.

For the next few days we were all in a state of the deepest despondency, but after that came a reaction. We heard that a large European force, under the Commander-in-Chief, was marching on Delhi, and that several regiments had been telegraphed for from the Persian Gulf and Madras. At several places mutinies had taken place, but in many others the spirit of the native troops appeared to be excellent; notably at Allahabad, where the 6th Regiment Native Infantry had volunteered to march against "those wicked men who had been false to the great Company whose salt they had eaten;" and other regiments had followed their example. Meantime our own men were loud in their professions of loyalty, and many of us believed they were really faithful. Altogether things were looking brighter, when suddenly telegrams, letters, and newspapers ceased to arrive, and we found that we were cut off from all communication with the outer world. The last paper which reached us gave a ghastly account of the tragedy at Allahabad, where the 6th Regiment, after having paraded in the afternoon to receive the thanks of the Governor-General for their loyalty, cut the throats of all their officers at mess in the evening.

To add to our troubles, there were great differences of opinion

Digitized by Google

amongst our leaders. The brigadier, a worn-out old man who should have been dozing away the evening of his life at Bath or Cheltenham, was quite unequal to the emergency, and changed his plans from day to day. An entrenchment round the European barracks was begun, and within a week the work was stopped, owing to the remonstrances of the native officers, who declared that their feelings were hurt by such a show of want of confidence in them and their men. Shortly afterwards, to our great relief, the brigadier broke down altogether, took to his bed, and handed over command to our colonel, one of the best and bravest officers in the Army, whose brevet rank, gained by distinguished service in the in the field, placed him over the older officers who commanded the other regiments. He at once set to work on the entrenchments, which were completed in a fortnight, and at the time, by his personal influence over the Sepoys, checked, to some extent, the spirit of disaffection which had shown itself in the shape of fires. This had been of nearly nightly occurrence and were undoubtedly the work of incendiaries. They, however, ceased for a time, and the midnight meetings of men of all regiments, of which we had received secret, but sure, information, were also discontinued.

One Monday afternoon a Mussulman fanatic, who had come from Delhi to incite the men to mutiny, was seized by some troopers and brought up to our colonel. A court-martial was held at once, and he was hanged the same evening in the presence of the whole force, without the slightest attempt being made to rescue him or even a murmur being heard in the ranks; even when the wretched man cried out that he was dying for the faith and called on all true believers to save him from the infidels.

All was quiet during the night, but next morning, when Hampden's Horse were drawn up for drill, a trooper suddenly shouted out, "The murder of our saint must be avenged" and fired his carbine at the colonel. In another minute the officers were riding for their lives, followed by a score of Sowars, while the rest of the regiment galloped furiously through the infantry and artillery lines, calling on the men to join them. They, however, met with no answer, and, being fired on by a few faithful Sepoys, who, at the first alarm, had gathered round their officers, they rode off in great disorder, after having set fire to their own lines and their officers bungalows, and cut down two or three Europeans whom they happened to come across.

Digitized by Google

Much relieved by their sudden departure and the appare staunchness of the mass of the Sepoys, we flattered ourselves th we had tided over the worst of the danger, and that order wou soon be restored; but within forty-eight hours we were undeceive Of the next great outbreak I can tell but little, for exposure to tl sun had brought on fever and partial delirium. I have but a co fused recollection of a sudden alarm; a cry that the Sowars h come back and were murduring everyone; a rush from my blazi house through a surging crowd of natives, and then finding mys safe inside the entrenchment. A week past before I was able take part in the defence, and by that time there was need of eve man who could handle a rifle, for the casualties had already be many. For three long weeks we held out, suffering terribly fro heat and scarcity of water, as well as from insufficient food, havi from the very first been on half, and latterly on quarter ratio Still we did not despair, for a faithful Sepoy, who, at the risk of h own life, had passed through the enemy's lines, brought a note Greek characters from Colonel Adair, of the 25th Lancers, iufor ing us that he hoped to be able to relieve us on the followi Sunday. On that day the mutineers left us in peace, the great part of them having moved off to oppose the relieving force. Fro earliest dawn until late at night we watched in vain for any sig or sound that might tell us how the fight was going. At last heard a distant gun, then heavy firing, which at first sound nearer and nearer, then remained stationary for a time, th gradually grew fainter and fainter, until at last it died away the distance, and not a sound broke the silence of the nig Then our hearts sank within us, for we knew that all hope succour was at an end, and that we were left to our fate. T rising sun showed us the camp of our enemies swarming wi with armed men, villagers as well as Sepoys, who shouted o that they had conquered the Feringhees, and held up the u forms and accoutrements of English soldiers in token of th victory.

We fully expected that they would now make a final atta in force, but they had probably formed a pretty good idea the state to which we had been reduced, and, like wise m determined to starve us out.

On Tuesday afternoon a council of war was held, at which it w decided that we should sally out as soon as the moon had set; t

Digitized by Google

to cut our way through the enemy, and then make for Colonel Adair's camp, which, we had reason to believe, was somewhere in the direction of Devipur, about twenty miles off. This was indeed a very forlorn hope; but, our last morsel having been eaten and with only a few cartridges remaining in our pouches, no other course was open to us. We were less hampered with sick and wounded than might have been expected, for death had been very busy among the women and children, while of our fighting men scarcely one-third of those who had entered the entrenchments answered to their names at our last roll call. This great mortality was owing, partly to our having been entirely without medical aid of any sort, all three of our surgeons having been killed, and the hospital shed, with all its contents, burnt by a shell which burst right in it on the third day of the siege.

During this, our last day, the heat had been more than usually intense, and the atmosphere perfectly suffocating; but towards evening a strong wind sprang up from the south, heavy clouds gathered over the whole sky, and soon after dark a crashing peal of thunder shook the very ground beneath us. It was followed by a perfect torrent of rain; one of those sudden storms, uncommon in the hot weather, had come on, and was soon raging in its full fury.

Nothing could have suited us better, and, on sallying out, we found, as we had expected, that the enemy had taken shelter in their huts, and that not a single sentry was on the alert. At first we succeeded even beyond our hopes, cutting our way, without much difficulty, through the scattered groups of mutineers who hurried together to oppose us; but before we were well clear of their camp we lost our way in the pitchy darkness, got broken up into small parties, and were never able to reassemble. After stumbling along for what seemed to be several hours we heard the tramp of horses on all sides, and in a few minutes found ourselves surrounded by a large body of Hampden's Horse. The hopeless struggle which followed was short but bloody; we were quickly overpowered, most of our party were killed on the spot, while about a dozen, including my wife, St. Hill, the two clergymen, and young Stubbs, were taken prisoners, mounted behind some of our captors, and carried to a ruined temple, near which their spiritual chief had taken up his quarters. He was a venerable mufti, with a long white beard and stern handsome face, one glance at which assured

Digitized by Google

me that we need look for little mercy at his hands. In this I was not mistaken; our doom was spoken in a few words—"There is no God but one God, and Mahomed is the prophet of God. Confess the faith and live; deny it and die like dogs. Make your choice, and answer before this torch burns out." So saying he turned to our guards and ordered them to loosen our ropes and allow us to speak to each other. Then we gathered closer together, but no word was spoken; we felt that death was very near, and each of us, in his own way, prepared to meet it. I tried to pray, but tried in vain. As in a dream, I saw the fierce faces of the Sowars by the light of the torches which blazed and flickered in the wind. I heard the thunder growling away in the distance, the roar of the swollen river rushing by; the stern words of the Mufti kept repeating themselves over and over again in my head; but all seemed strange and far away, like idle sights and sounds which, for me, had no meaning.

Suddenly the Mufti shook his torch, sending the sparks flying far into the darkness around, and I noticed it was nearly burnt out. Then I seemed to awake with a sudden sharp pain; the bitterness of death was upon me, as I felt my wife cling to my arm, saw her loving, despairing eyes looking into mine, and felt that I could do nothing to save her.

"My own, my own," I cried, "only one short year together and now to be separated for ever! Why did I ever bring you to this cursed country? Why were you given to me if we were to be parted so soon?" "There can be no separation for those whose love is true," said the Chaplain. "What happier lot could God have given you? love and joy on earth, and now an eternity of happiness together in heaven? one short moment of pain, and then the crowns of glory that never fade; the unspeakable joys that eye hath not seen nor ear heard." "All very well for you, who are sure of heaven," interrupted St. Hill; "but how about me? Why should I not save my life while I can? If your Bible be true there is an eternity of misery in store for me; if it be false, why should I die for a lie? Christian or Mussulman, what does it matter?" "The Captain's a scholard," gasped Private Smith, who was badly wounded, "and knows best, no doubt; but I won't turn nigger to please that old heathen. No, I'll die a good Christian, d——d if I won't." "Do not talk so wildly, Captain St. Hill," expostulated the Chaplain. "Our God is merciful and loving, and judges not as

Digitized by Google

man judges. Do what is right and trust your soul to Him who died for you," "Repent, repent; there is yet time," cried the Missionary.

> "Between the stirrup and the ground
> He mercy sought and mercy found."

You will be a brand snatched from the burning."

"Maybe I shall. Anyhow duty must be done of course, and it wouldn't do for one of the old 25th to turn Mussulman through funk. Still it's very hard lines that I of all men should have to play a martyr's part. How the fellows will laugh at mess when they are told that 'Sans Foi' died for the faith."

"The time is up—Now, Unbelievers, will you repeat the 'kulma' and live or will you die like dogs as you are. 'There is but one God and Mahomet is his prophet!'"

The dead silence which followed was broken by the Chaplain's calm steady voice, "In the hour of death, good Lord, deliver us."

Suddenly St. Hill sprang to his feet with a wild laugh: "There is but one devil," cried he in Hindustani, "and Mahomet is his vizier! Will that do, you son of a pig?"

"Blasphemy, blasphemy!" shouted the Mufti, "let him die the death." In another instant a volley of musketry blazed out and St. Hill fell riddled with bullets—with him fell poor young Stubbs, who had thrown himself between St. Hill and his murderers. Mad with rage and thirsting for more blood, the Sowars were rushing on us, when the stern voice of the Mufti stopped them: "They are dogs and sons of dogs, but their blood shall be on their own heads; not one more of them shall die until he has had another chance of joining the true believers. Leave them alone until the 'muezzin' calls to morning prayer, then if they will not repent they shall surely die."

Slowly and sullenly the Mufti's followers drew back, after tying us hand and foot to trees to prevent any attempt at escape, and once more we were left alone to our own thoughts. Slowly the hours passed by and the night was far spent when a faint sound roused me from the stupor in which I had fallen. I listened intently, and made out that it was firing in the distance which gradually drew nearer, though it was almost drowned in the roar of the swollen torrent rushing past our rear, and was evidently unheard by the Sepoys who were gathered round their fires,

Digitized by Google

smoking, eating, and sleeping in perfect security, their arms lying about in every direction. Gradually the darkness cleared away, and the first streak of light appeared on the horizon. Then the cry to prayer ringing through the encampment, all the followers of the Prophet, kneeling down on their prayer-carpets, performed their morning devotions with great fervour, and then rose up to begin the day with a fresh butchery.

"Let their accursed priests be first brought up," was the order given by the Mufti, in obedience to which Chasuble and Calvin Longwynd were untied and dragged before him. "You have had full time for repentance—now, once for all, will you believe or will you die?" Before either of them could answer him a wounded Sowar dashed into the midst of the party, and without pulling up his steaming horse shouted out, "Ride for your lives—the 'Sahib log' are close behind!" At the sound of that dreaded name a panic seized all the Sowars, who rushed pell-mell to their horses, while the infantry men caught up their arms and crowded together, doubtful whether to fight or fly. The Mufti alone remained firm and collected. Above the tumult his voice rang out clear and high, "Stand firm believers—victory or paradise;" but his words fell on heedless ears, for even as they were uttered a dozen or more Sowars dashed through in headlong flight, riding down everyone who stood in their way, and throwing the whole force into hopeless confusion. A wild stampede ensued as the sound of cavalry at full gallop drew nearer, and a crowd of Sowars rode past. spurring for dear life. Only the Mufti and three grizzled old troopers remained calm and unmoved, even when the ringing cheer of our lancers foretold their doom. "The gates of paradise are opening wide; the prophet himself beckons to us. Forward, forward—die like true Ghazis," cried the Mufti. With desperate courage the three fanatics charged furiously on the advancing squadron, cut down the major, and threw themselves on the line of lancers, while the Mufti sprang forward, stabbed Chasuble to the heart, and was in the act of striking at the missionary, when a lance driven home by a strong arm pierced him through and through, so the Christian martyr and the Mussulman fell side by side, and each went to his own place.

In a few moments we were unbound and safe. Our first thought was of our fallen friends—Chasuble and St. Hill were past all help, but Stubbs still breathed, and a few drops of brandy from a

Digitized by Google

trooper's flask gave him momentary strength. As we raised his head he tried hard to speak, and leaning over him I heard a whisper, "Is he alive? I did my best, tell her." It was his last effort, and in a moment he was with the rival for whom he had died. His last message was never delivered, for Miss Bell had been massacred together with the whole of the garrison except our small party. A native servant who escaped and came into camp some days afterwards, reported that she had been shot by her father to save her from falling into the hands of the mutineers, but whether this were true, or not, we never knew for certain.

Our rescuers proved to be the advance guard of Adair's column, which having been reinforced after their repulse on Sunday, had made a forced march by night through thunder, lightning, and rain, and taking the mutineers entirely by surprise with an unfordable river in their rear, routed them with such a slaughter as is remembered to this day in many a town and village throughout the length and breadth of Oude, where men shudder as they tell how on that stormy night, the Christians were massacred, man, woman, and child, and how terrible a vengeance came with the morning light.

Digitized by Google

Duelling Days in the Army.

An instance of a most singular challenge occurs in the biography of Lieutenant-Colonel (afterwards General) Wood, a distinguished but rather eccentric officer who flourished during the reigns of William III. and Queen Anne.

It appears that a Frenchman at Ghent having been detected in coining false money was tried, and being found guilty was condemned to death for the offence. With the view of making the unfortunate man discover his accomplices, he was put to the torture, and when on the rack confessed that a Major De Finney of Lord Galway's regiment had been his accomplice, but before his execution (which was done by throwing him into a cauldron of boiling oil), he strenuously denied it, and acquitted the major of any participation in the crime. Nevertheless, according to the customs of those good old times, Major De Finney would have met with the same fate, if the generosity of the English governor had not protected him until the army took the field in 1697, when the major was ordered to be tried by a court-martial, of which Colonel Wood was president. By this court, and, without doubt upon very insufficient evidence, the major was found guilty, sentenced to be cashiered, and declared incapable of ever again serving in the English army. At such a sentence his friends naturally enough felt so much aggreived, that they talked openly upon the subject, alleging it was not only scandalous and disgraceful in itself, but likewise a proof of the moral turpitude of the president. Then, as now, there were some good-natured friends about who did not fail to report these conversations to Colonel Wood, who being of a rather exciteable nature, felt greatly offended, so much so in fact, that he posted the following general challenge on a church door at Brussels:—

"Whereas the proceedings of the court-martial which cashiered Major Abraham De Finney, and whereof I was president, have been scandalously misrepresented to the world by some of his

Digitized by Google

nation, I do hereby declare, that whatever Frenchman of what rank in the army or quality whatsoever have said, or do say, that the court-martial which cashiered the said De Finney has done him any injustice, they are rascals, cowards, and villians, and do scandalously lie; and that they all may know who it is that has publicly set up this declaration, to vindicate the honour of his nation, of the court-martial, and of himself, and to throw the villainous scandal upon themselves, which most unworthily they would have put upon an English court-martial, I have hereunto set my name. "CORNELIUS WOOD."

The Frenchmen then in the English service* were, as might be expected, much annoyed at the general challenge; each of them fancying himself concerned therein, but more particularly a relation of Major De Finney's, who at once forwarded to Colonel Wood a letter, which was meant to be an answer to the latter's open summons to do battle. This letter which appointed a place of meeting he gave to his aide-de-camp, charging him not to mention its contents to any person whatever. Shortly afterwards he mounted his horse and rode into Brussels, where he found his antagonist in the park awaiting his arrival. Punctuality so great at such a time could not have been very palatable to the Frenchman's stomach, for there was Colonel Wood both anxious and willing to begin. Swords being the weapons agreed upon, they took their ground, and drawing their blades stood for a moment, each upon the defensive. It was but for a moment, for the Englishman, far different from Sir Richard Strahan or the Earl of Chatham†, attacked the French-British officers so impetuously, that the latter thought it more prudent to trust to his heels than to his sword, so he fairly turned and ran for it—the colonel following, but being encumbered with a heavy pair of

* After Louis XIV. revoked the edict of Nantes, by which much toleration had been granted to the reformed religion in France, a vast number of French Protestants of all ranks and classes came to England to avoid the tyrannical persecutions which were carried on against their brethren; and several excellent officers and many well-disciplined soldiers were incorporated from among these refugees into the British army.

† Referring to the old lines.

"The Earl of Chatham with his sword drawn,
Was waiting for Sir Richard Strahan.
Sir Richard longing to be at 'em,
Was waiting for the Earl of Chatham."

Digitized by Google

boots, the Frenchman got clear out of the gates long before his antagonist could reach them.

Having thus vindicated his country's, his own, and the court-martial's honour by putting his life in danger, the colonel now discovered that he had equally imperilled it by fighting a duel in a park that belonged to the court of Brussel's, it being death then by the laws of that country for any person to draw his sword with a hostile intent within the walls of a royal park. The ladies, however, would not hear of so brave a man losing his life, and interposing, procured a free pardon for him from the Elector of Bavaria, on receiving which Wood said "that he was ignorant of the laws of the country; yet if it had been at the altar he would have answered a challenge wherein the honour of the English nation was concerned."

Duelling in the army would possibly have died out half a century sooner than it did, had it not been kept alive amongst military men in consequence of an idea which young officers especially were taught to believe in, namely, that their entry in the service should be inaugurated with some proof of bravery or fearlessness; and as this, in the piping times of peace, or when in winter quarters could only be managed by a duel, one of their comrades had to be challenged; hence many a young soldier whose disposition was of the most lamb-like description, would find himself obliged, after joining his regiment, to clothe himself for the nonce in the skin of a lion, however much a misfit that might be. The practice, however, was common, and often occasioned bloodshed, and sometimes ridicule. The following is an example of the ludicrous side of the custom.

As Colonel Guise was proceeding to Flanders in a small sailing vessel shortly before the battle of Dettingen (June 15th, 1743), he noticed a very raw young man who had taken his passage in the same packet, and with his usual good nature, the colonel offered him the share of his chaise to Antwerp, whither they were both going. This courtesy the young ensign accepted, with many thanks and acknowledgements. When he joined his regiment, he was duly told by some of the other young fellows in the corps, that if he meant to rank along with them he must first give proof of his courage by fighting some man of known valour. To this, he replied that he only knew one officer answering such a discription, and that was Colonel Guise, a gentleman whose courtesy and generous con-

Digitized by Google

duct towards himself had laid him under such great obligations, that he could not think of doing as they suggested. He was, however, informed that that made no difference—the colonel was just the man, as everybody knew his bravery; and unless he (the newly joined ensign), wished to be ostracised from their society, he would have to challenge the colonel to mortal combat.

Believing all they said to be true, the young officer seeing Colonel Guise shortly afterwards walking up and down in the coffee-house (used by the officers of his regiment), went up to him, and in a hesitating way began to address him, explaining how much obliged he had been to him, and how sensible he was of the kindness the colonel had shown to him, a comparative stranger.

"Sir," was the colonel's reply, "I only did what was courteous and no more."

"But, colonel," added the ensign with increasing nervousness, "I am told that I must fight a duel with some gentleman of known courage—one that has killed several persons, and knowing nobody——"

"Oh! sir," interrupted Guise, "your good friends do me far too much honour; but there is a gentleman," pointing to a fierce-looking black fellow sitting at one of the tables, "who has killed half the regiment—go and challenge him!"

Acting upon this advice, and having now no compunction of conscience, he at once went towards the fierce-looking individual, and after having introduced himself and complimented the other on his great bravery, requested to have the honour of fighting a duel with him.

"What fight me, sir?" answered this personage in accents of the greatest astonishment. "*Why I am only the apothecary!*"

An even more ridiculous affair took place in England about the year 1720, between Dr. Young and an officer belonging to the Woolwich garrison. Vauxhall was then in all its glory, while the splendid walks were filled with the beaux and the belles of the period, sauntering along them to the strains of enchanting music by day, while by night the spots of greensward rang with their joyous voices as they figured in minuets or cottillions, or danced Sir Roger de Coverly. Dr. Young and some lady friends were, on the occasion we refer to, going there by water, and to pass the time as well as to amuse his fair friends, he played them a tune on the German flute. Behind them was a boat with several officers in it

Digitized by Google

rowing for the same goal, and as these soon came alongside the one the doctor and his friends were in, he ceased playing. One of the officers immediately inquired why he did so?

"For the same reason that I began," answered Dr. Young; "to please myself."

The reply to this was that "if he did not at once begin playing again," the other "would toss him into the Thames," and in order not to frighten the ladies the doctor complied with the insolent demand, and played all the way up the river to Vauxhall.

During the evening, however, Dr. Young observing the same officer by himself in one of the walks, he went to him and, with coolness, said, "It was, sir, to avoid interrupting the harmony of either my company or yours that I complied with your arrogant request; but that you may learn courage is to be found under a black coat as well as under a red one, I expect you will meet me to-morrow morning at a certain place without any second—the quarrel being entirely between ourselves." The doctor further covenanted that the affair should be decided by swords; to all of which conditions the officer readily agreed.

The parties met the following morning as had been arranged, but the moment the officer drew his sword and took his ground, the doctor pulled out a horse-pistol, and presented it at him.

"What!" exclaimed the officer, in a fright, "do you mean to assassinate me?"

"No," rejoined the doctor, "but you shall instantly put up your sword and dance a minuet, otherwise you are a dead man."

The other began to swear, but the doctor was resolute, giving the officer to understand that if he did not begin to dance before he (the doctor) counted thirty, the threat would be carried into effect. By the time Dr. Young counted twenty, the officer began to move in the stately style the dance requires to be performed in, and after a quarter of an hour's practice the muzzle of the pistol was lowered, the holder of it saying as he did so—

"Now you forced me to play against my will, and I have compelled you to dance against yours; we are therefore again on a level, and whatever other satisfaction you require I will give it. That, of course, will be with seconds. Good morning."

Dr. Young, however, heard no more of the matter; the officer doubtless considering that were the story to be generally known it would not be much of a feather in his cap.

Digitized by Google

On the 10th September, 1787, a duel took place in Hyde Park between Sir John Macpherson and Major Browne, when although the latter fired three shots and the former two, neither of them were wounded. They, accompanied by their seconds, met near to the Grosvenor Gate about eleven o'clock on the morning of the day named above; and a quiet spot having been fixed upon, they took their places. The pistols were loaded on the ground, and it was agreed they both should fire at the same time, which was done, but neither shot took effect. As they both expressed a wish to continue, the pistols were loaded again, but although Sir John received the major's second fire unscathed, his own pistol flashed in the pan. This being, considered a shot by the strict laws of duelling, usually, as a rule, brought the proceedings to an end; so Colonel Murray who was Sir John's second, asked Major Roberts, who was acting in the same capacity for Major Brown, if his friend was satisfied? To this question Major Browne could only reply he was satisfied Sir John had behaved with great gallantry, and *much like* a man of honour. As might be expected, Sir John was not exactly pleased with this qualified reply of approval, so he wished for a plainer or rather a more satisfactory answer from the major, which the latter declining to make the parties again took their ground, and a third shot was exchanged with much better—or worse—result. The seconds having then expressed their opinion that each had behaved as became gentlemen and men of honour, the principals came up to each other, exchanged a few courteous words, and parted with salutations of civility. Both parties then quitted the ground.

A duel was fought at Kinsale, in Ireland, March 13th, 1750, which in some respects resembles that between Captain Macrae and Sir George Ramsay, already related.* It appears that Ensign Sawyer and Captain Wrey both belonged to the same corps, a detachment of which was in quarters at Kinsale. The former understanding from his wife that Captain Wrey's servant had replied to her in anything but a respectful manner, went and beat the man without considering it necessary to inform the master of the matter. The servant at once went to Captain Wrey, who, being commanding officer might have settled the affair himself; but this evidently he did not care to do, so he permitted his man to take out a warrant for the assault, on which Ensign Sawyer hearing of, but before he could be served with it, went to his superior

* See *United Service Magazine* for May, 1880.

Digitized by Google

officer's quarters, and challenged the captain to fight him there and then.

Captain Wrey's evident duty was at this point to have immediately placed his insubordinate subordinate under arrest; but this he, unfortunately for the young man, neglected to do, being apparently under the impression that in such cases "persuasion was better than force." For over an hour he talked to the infatuated ensign, reasoning and remonstrating with him; pointing out again and again the impropriety of his conduct, but all to no purpose. Thinking still to prevail upon Sawyer, the captain said he would only fight him some distance out of town; but they had not gone far before the ensign on a sudden drew his sword, and at the first onset, before the other was prepared, wounded the captain in the left breast, and at the second pass, in the left arm; but at the third lounge the captain ran him through the body—killing him on the spot.

Captain Harvey Aston and Lieutenant Fitzgerald of the 60th Regiment of Foot met at Ranelagh in the early part of the year 1790, and quarrelled there about something or other which did not transpire. From some cause the ill-feeling on both sides appears to have dropped, and was not revived until the June following, when a hostile meeting on the 25th of that month was arranged to take place between them, and in accordance with this they met at daybreak on the morning named in a field belonging to Chalk Farm Lodge, near Hampstead. Lord Charles Fitzroy was Captain Aston's second, and Mr. Hood appeared as the friend of Lieutenant Fitzgerald.

They were posted ten yards apart, and it having been agreed that Mr. Fitzgerald should fire first, that gentleman having rested the barrel of his pistol on his left arm took aim accordingly. How Captain Aston stood while being fired at in that manner is not stated, but from the fact that the ball took a direction so as to first glance on his wrist and pass from thence under his right cheek-bone and then through his neck, he must have stood pistol in hand towards his adversary, and also held his hand pretty high, doubtless with a wish to protect his head. In this he appears to have been successful, for even when the ball glanced from off his wrist it passed under his cheek-bone, and probably had it not met with a check it would have gone through his head.

On receiving this wound Captain Aston called to his antagonist,

Digitized by Google

"Are you satisfied?" To this the lieutenant replied, "I am satisfied," which he had every right to be, seeing his opponent had not returned his fire taken with such deadly aim. Captain Aston then retired from the ground, and was assisted to his carriage. The wound did not prove mortal.

The astonishing thing in this affair is that the seconds allowed Lieutenant Fitzgerald to behave in such a manner, and it is equally astonishing that Captain Aston should not have had his shot in return. That the quarrel could not originally have been a very serious one is plain, otherwise it would not have been allowed to go to sleep for six months. Captain Harvey Aston, who was one of the best officers in the service, and who was not a duellist or a bully by nature, eventually lost his life, through, in a measure, being forced to fight; an account of this will appear in a following number of this magazine.

We may, however, here remark that the method of holding a pistol so that a man's right arm should protect his head or his body, or both, was quite an art in the duelling days, one, however, which few succeeded in mastering thoroughly. "Fighting Fitzgerald" from all accounts *had* mastered it, and to do it he reduced his height five or six inches. His plan was to bend his head over his body, until the upper portion of him resembled a bow; his right hand and arm was held in front of his head in such a manner that a ball would have to pass all up his arm before it reached a vulnerable part.

(*To be continued.*)

Digitized by Google

Notes on the History and Services

OF THE THIRTY-SECOND REGIMENT.

Referring to the morning after the arrival of the reinforcements, General Lowe's report proceeds:—

"A party of 150 men of the 32nd under my command was sent to drive the enemy from the posts they occupied on the river side of the Residency. This was not affected without some loss, and I had to deplore the loss of Captain Hughes, 57th Native Infantry, who had been attached to, and done duty with, the regiment during the seige, and had shown great zeal and attention to his duties. He was mortally wounded in forcing the door of a house occupied by the enemy. The objects we had in view were obtained, and one 18-pounder, one 9-pounder, one 6-pounder, and three smaller guns were brought in, besides mortars being spiked, and a great number of the enemy shot and drowned in crossing the river. The 9-pounder gun was captured in the most gallant manner by Lieutenant Lawrence and a party of the Light Company, just as the second round was about to be fired at them.

"The same day 100 men of the regiment, under my command, were sent out with Sir H. Havelock's force to reinforce the guard over the heavy guns, ammunition, and baggage, which had not yet been extricated from a dangerous position they had got into the evening before. The enemy commanded their road to the Residency with a heavy fire of musketry and round shot.

"Towards dusk the party of the 32nd was moved to the furthest end of the position with orders to remain until the heavy guns and the 90th, who formed the rear guard, had retired, whom we were to follow. This was done towards morning, and withdrawing my look-out sentries, the 32nd slowly retired protecting the rear of the whole without our departure being perceived. The baggage and guns reached the Residency through a palace, which had fallen into our hands the day before, and we had not entered the latter long before the enemy made a most determined attack

Digitized by Google

upon it. Mounting the wall of a garden they had occupied unknown to us, they began firing down upon the troops below. But the late Captain McCabe, with the most distinguished bravery, led a party of volunteers of the 5th, 32nd, and 90th into the garden, and the enemy who were inside very soon paid the penalty of their temerity, very few escaping. I unfortunately received a wound in the foot very soon after, which compelled me to hand over the command of the regiment to Captain Bassano, and I could not resume it until after our relief by H. E. Sir Colin Campbell's force.

"Several sorties were made from this time to 1st October, in all of which the 32nd were engaged and bore a distinguished part.

"On 27th Sept., the loss of our small party was three killed and five wounded. On 29th Sept. three sorties were made simultaneously. Captain McCabe, I deeply regret to state was mortally wounded, conducting one—hit in four places, he survived but two days. Lieutenant Cook commanded another, and was first in at an embrasure of the enemy's whose gun was captured. Lieutenant Edmonstoune was engaged at another point. His party of 32nd joined to 64th and 84th detachments, were most successful in spiking six guns, one, a 24-pounder, they were enabled to destroy. Lieutenant Edmonstoune was slightly wounded. On 1st October Lieutenant Cook was again out with a party of 32nd, covering the party employed, destroying houses occupied by the enemy. The same day a party of 32nd attached to the Madras Fusiliers went out and remained for two days in possession of houses outside, but were eventually withdrawn.

"No more sorties were made after this, as the ground by the river was no longer occupied by the enemy. Fewer casualties occurred, but the long seige had had its effect on a great number of men, who began to show symptoms of scurvy.*

* "Oct. 29th, 1857.—I may tell you the prices realized at the famous seige of Gibralter have, I think, been eclipsed in this. Twenty-one rupees have been given for a fowl, forty-five for two pots of truffled sausages, twenty for a bottle of brandy, forty odd for a flannel shirt; but the highest, I think, was refusing an order of £150 on Cox or 2000 rupees cash for 1000 cheroots. There is only a little sugar left, except for the sick and wounded; a coarse moist sugar is selling at 20 rupees for 2lbs. Tobacco was very scarce before the reinforcement came in, and the men smoked tea-leaves, dried hops out of the beer-barrels, and any kind of leaf they came across. We are getting on rather short commons

Digitized by Google

"On 18th November the forces under H. E. the Commander-in-Chief, having cleared the outskirts of the city, a junction was effected with the garrison; the sick and wounded and women and children were conveyed next day to the camp in the Dilkooshah Park, and on the night of 22nd Nov. (1857) the Residency and and its defences were evacuated finally, the regiment coming out under the command of Captain Bassano, the enemy offering no molestation, nor being apparently aware of our departure. The 32nd Regiment was thus relieved of the anxious charge, which had devolved principally upon them for so many months."

General Lowe then refers to the conduct of the "whole of the officers, who nobly sustained the honour of the regiment and their character as soldiers," and acknowledges the most unremitting zeal they evinced and the cheerful support they afforded him on all occasions. They received the rewards hereafter specified. Of the non-commissioned officers and men he says:—"Their conduct throughout was most praiseworthy; their duties for this long time have been most harrassing; their want of the usual comforts has been borne with the utmost cheerfulness."

The following were the regimental casualties between the 31st of May, and the 22nd of November, 1857:*

	Killed.				
	Officers.	Sergts.	D.	Rank & File.	Total.
Murdered 31st May	—	—	1	—	1
Killed Chinhut 30th June	4	8	2	101	115
Killed during Defence	1	3	2	37	43
Died of Wounds†	6	5	2	59	72
Died of Disease‡	1	8	—	54	63
Killed at Cawnpore	3	7	1	74	85
	15	31	8	325	379

now, ¾lb. meat, 14ozs. flour, and 1½oz. rice a day; but the meat, fine fat gun-bullocks, is the best I have tasted in India. We have enough at our present rate of provisions to last us to the 1st of Dec., thanks to Sir H. Lawrence's foresight; however, I hope we shall be free before then. We are now blockaded rather than beseiged; and our losses are very trifling—no men killed for three weeks, though some have died of wounds received previously; but the relief have lost a great number who were wounded coming in."—*Letters from Lucknow* (*privately printed*).

* Our loss among our best and oldest soldiers has been heart-rending; seven

† Including two officers H. E. I. C. S. attached.

‡ Of the 63 deaths from disease, cholera caused those of 1 officer and 25 non-commissioned officers and men; diarrhœa 16; dysentry 6; hepatitis 3; febris 5; apoplexy 1; debility from a previous wound 1; accident (burning) 1.

Digitized by Google

	*Wounded.**				
	Officers.	Sergts.	D.	Rank & File.	Total.
At Chinhut 30th June	1	2	—	33	36
During Defence	10	9	7	147	173
	11	11	7	180	209

Brigadier Inglis was given the rank of major-general from 26th Sept., 1857, and made K.C.B. Major Lowe was made brevet-lieutenant-colonel and C.B. Captains Bassano, Lawrence, Edmonstoune, and Foster were made brevet-majors. Lieutenants Cook, Browne, and Clery were gazetted captains in the then newly raised 100th Royal Canadians. Major Bassano was subsequently made brevet-lieutenant-colonel and C.B.

The following letters relate to the above quoted report:—

Horse Guards, S.W.
9th February, 1858.

"Sir,—I have had the honour to lay before the General Commanding in Chief the very clear and interesting report which you forwarded to me detailing the services of the 32nd Regiment in the defence of the Residency of Lucknow, and I am commanded by His Royal Highness to express to you the high sense which he entertains of the noble conduct of all the officers and men of the corps during this trying period.

"His Royal Highness had great satisfaction in bringing the conduct of the troops to the special notice of Her Majesty's Government, and is greatly gratified to be enabled to inform you that

colour-sergeants out of ten and three made since. Our sergeant-major also dead. Of our band at least half are in the grave, some by disease, but most of them killed or died of wounds. . . . One old soldier met with a very hard fate. A man who had five medals for Cabul, Maharajpore, Sutlej, and Punjaub, and six stripes for meritorious conduct, having been nineteen years in the service without being confined, was on sentry at a post of which two nights before I had superintended the repairs, putting up boxes full of earth to protect the men from bullets. The men left about three shovelfulls of earth out of one box, as I found afterwards, and a ball passed through the empty part of the box and hit the poor man in the head, and he died of it sometime afterwards—all through three shovelfulls being omitted in the mens hurry to get over their work. . . . . We had only twenty women and thirty odd children in Lucknow, and of eighteen women who have gone down country eleven are widows. Our sergeant-major left by his will nearly £400 to be divided among the widows and orphans of the regiment."—*Letters from Lucknow (privately printed).*

* Discrepancy in number of wounded is due to the same men being wounded more than once.

Digitized by Google

Her Majesty's Government have acceded to his recommendations, as announced in Parliament yesterday evening, that the officers and men shall be allowed to count one year's service towards their retirement and pension, in acknowledgement of the bravery and endurance which they displayed.

"I have, &c.

(Signed.) "C. YORKE.

"To Major Lowe, 32nd Regiment."

Horse Guards, S.W.
17th February, 1858.

"Sir,—With reference to my letter of the 9th inst., I have the honour by direction of the General Commanding in Chief to transmit for your information the accompanying copy of a letter from Lord Panmure, conveying the expression of the very high sense entertained by Her Majesty's Government of the heroic conduct of the regiment under your command at Lucknow, and concurring in His Royal Highness' proposal that the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of the regiment who served during the siege should be allowed to reckon a year's service as a special mark of approbation on the part of their Sovereign and country.

"I have, &c.

(Signed.) "C. YORKE.

"To Major Lowe or Officer commanding 32nd Regiment."

(*Copy of Enclosure.*)

War Office,
12th February, 1858.

"Sir,—I have the honour to receive Your Royal Highness' letter of 4th inst. enclosing a report from Major Lowe, commanding the 32nd Regiment, in which he gives a detailed narrative of the services rendered by that corps during the seige of Lucknow.

"I have perused this report with great gratification and deep emotion.

"I sincerely congratulate Your Royal Highness upon the glory which this distinguished corps have added to Her Majesty's arms, and I have to convey to Your Royal Highness an expression of the admiration with which these heroic achievements have been viewed by Her Majesty's Government, and the deep sympathy which they entertain for the many casualties from which the regiment has suffered.

Digitized by Google

"Her Majesty's Government not only concur in Your Royal Highness' proposal that the services of this distinguished band of heroes should reckon as regards officers one year's service towards retirement on full or half-pay, and as regards non-commissioned officers and men one year's additional service towards pension on discharge, but that the same measure should be extended to the surviving officers and men belonging to any other of Her Majesty's regiments serving in Lucknow on this memorable occasion.

"I have, &c.

(Signed.) "PANMURE.

"To H. R. H. the General Commanding in Chief."

To be Concluded in next Number.

Digitized by Google

Curiosities of Naval Literature.

LEGENDARY NAVIGATION.

"In his stone-coffin forth he rides,
A ponderous bark for river tides,
Yet light as gossamer it glides,
Downward to Tilmouth ceil."—*Marmion.*

Various have been the modes adopted by ingenious men—and women also—for crossing the water. We proceed to point out a few of these modes, leaving it to the discretion of the reader to select those portions of our narrative which he may think best entitled to his credence.

In 1849 a Mr. Cook went to Spithead in, or on, his cloak, which cloak was, however, first cleverly converted into a sort of boat. But there is no novelty in this invention, for a similar feat was performed ages ago by an Irish gentleman, St. Mochna, as appears from the following account given on the authority of Bishop Patrick in his "*Reflections upon the Devotions of the Roman Church,*" 1674. It seems that "St. Mochna having invited St. Kyenanus and fifteen of his clergy, they came to an impetuous and impassable river on their return and wanted a boat; whereupon St. Mochna spread his mantle on the water, and Kyenanus and his fifteen priests were carried safely over upon the mantle." It is thus seen that Mr. Cook's invention was anticipated—not only so, but it was surpassed in ingenuity, because after the saint's mantle had done its duty in crossing the river, it "floated back again to St. Mochna without wrinkle or wetting." With respect to Mr. Cook doubtless the saint's mantle has fallen on worthy shoulders—still it is to be remembered that unlike the mantle, the boat cloak never returned of its own accord after having landed its passengers.

Not less surprising, and not less true, is the account related of St. Francis of Panla, who died in the year 1508, aged 91 years. To this good man the elements rendered a willing obedience. He

Digitized by Google

walked unharmed upon fire, lived with impunity in a burning oven, and what is more to our purpose, this "ancient mariner" made a sea voyage on his cloak, taking, however, a companion with him to assist in the navigation, and to relieve watch.

But it seems that cloaks and mantles are not only useful for sailing on the water, but also for sailing in the air. Thus in the last and favourite work of Cervantes, "The Sufferings of Persiles and Sigismonda"—the dedication to which he composed after he had received extreme unction—we have an account of an aërial voyage performed by one Rutilio de Sienna, on the mantle of a witch. This Rutilio had been a dancing master, and was imprisoned—awaiting his execution—for the seduction of one of his pupils. A witch fell in love with him, and by the aid of magic influence she opened the prison doors and released him. "Spreading a mantle upon the ground she desired me to place my foot upon it and to be of good courage, but for a moment to omit my devotions. I immediately saw that this was a bad beginning, and I perceived that her object was to convey me through the air. Although like a good Christian I held all sorcery in contempt, yet the fear of death in this instant made me resolve to obey her. I placed my foot on the middle of the mantle, and she also. At the same time she muttered some words which I could not understand, and the mantle began to ascend. I felt terribly afraid, and there was not a single saint in the Litany whom I did not invoke. The enchantress doubtless perceived my terror and divined my prayers, for she again commanded me to abstain from them.* 'Wretch that I am,' exclaimed I, 'what good can I hope for if I am prevented from asking it from God from whom proceeds all good?' At last I shut my eyes and suffered the devils to convey me whither they would, for such are the only post horses which witches employ. After being carried through the air for four hours, or a little more, as I could judge, I found myself at the close of the day in an unknown country"—where we take the

* In the situation of Rutilio prayer was a dangerous exercise. So also when the great magician Michael Scott was riding in the air from Scotland to France upon a fiend in the shape of a huge black horse, the devil insidiously asked his rider what it was that the old woman of Scotland muttered at bed time? A less experienced wizard might have answered that it was the Pater Noster, which would have licensed the devil to precipitate him from his back. But Michael sternly replied, "What is that to thee? Mount Diabolus and fly!"—*Note*, "*Lay of the Last Minstrel.*"

Digitized by Google

liberty of leaving our hero, who has unexpectedly distracted our attention from more saintly personages.

And here we cannot but render a tribute of respect to the humanity of that skilful seaman St. Patrick, who, "having journeyed into Britain, saw a leper whom the mariners would not carry in their ship; whereupon St. Patrick took a stone altar, consecrated by the Pope, cast it into the sea, and caused the leper to sit on it, when he (the leper) forthwith set sail on the stone, kept company with the ship all the voyage, and got into port with her at the same time."

A laudable anxiety for historical accuracy bids us caution our readers against confounding this stone altar, or ship of St. Patrick, with the holy rock of his friend, St. Declan, who in the 5th century was Bishop of Ardmore, in the county of Waterford. It appears that this good man was engaged in a good work—the building of a church at Ardmore; on which occasion, if his wants were numerous, his confidence was unbounded; if his necessities were great, his faith was fervent. Accordingly, in answer, we may presume, to his pious aspirations, the holy rock was wafted from Rome upon the surface of the ocean, bearing on its weather deck a large bell for the church tower, together with vestments for the Saint. A better sea-boat never swam! We only regret that we are unable to state who was the captain of this ship, who hove the log, who steered, or indeed, whether she had any crew or passengers at all.

The next mentioned Saint, to whom we shall refer is St. Winwaloe. Wishing to cross the sea with his ship's company of monks, and having no vessel provided, he "struck the sea with his staff, which opened a passage for them, and they walked through singing and dry shod, himself marching in the front, the waters on both sides standing like walls!"

The renowned St. Giles adopted a not less efficacious plan than his brother Winwaloe. This was by simply ordering the river to get out of his way, or, in other words, to alter its course.

> "One evening when rambling out,
> He found himself stopp'd by the river,
> So he told it to turn round about,
> And let him go quietly over—
> And the river politely complied!"

For the satisfaction of unbelievers, we observe that the above fact

Digitized by Google

is recorded in "*St. Giles, His Holie Legend, written in Latin by Father Peter, Monk of Beaupaire, and done into English this year of Redemption*, 1555, *by Master John Walton.*"

Here is another legend which exemplifies the obedience of the sea to spiritual domination. It is popular among the peasantry of Avranches, and is related in Bell's "Wayside Pictures." "Once upon a time a company of pilgrims were wending across the sands towards Mount St. Michel, when they suddenly heard the roaring of the sea, and, struck with terror, fled to the shore for their lives. Amongst them was a poor woman in the pains of child-birth, who, finding herself left alone in her extremity, while the waters were rapidly closing round her, applied to heaven for succour. The Virgin Mary, instead of reproving the woman for joining the expedition under such untoward circumstances, enclosed her in a suit of curtains, and supplied her with a comfortable bed, where she was safely delivered of a son; the obedient sea not venturing to approach the sanctified spot, although it flooded all the rest of the bay."

Again, it appears from Collinson's "History of Somerset," that early in the 17th century a navigator, named St. Decuman, hoisted his flag on board a bundle of rods, and sailed in the craft from Wales to Watchet. On his arrival, like a good seaman as he was, he returned thanks for his safe voyage; but, unfortunately, "while he was kneeling at the shrine, his head was cut off by an unbeliever." Nothing daunted, "the head was conveyed by the body to a consecrated spring at Stogumber, a short distance from the coast, when, having been washed in the holy waters, its wounds were healed, and it was instantaneously reunited to the trunk!"

Not less marvellous than the preceding exploits was that of St. Pol de Leon, who "walked over the sea, one fine morning, from England to the Isle of Batz." Indeed his government of the great deep was as despotic as that of Neptune himself, as the following annecdote will testify:—"In a convent of nuns, situated on the sea-shore, and extremely exposed to the tempestuous winds of the North, lived a sister of St. Pol. She represented the case of the convent to her brother, when he ordered the sea to retire 4.000 paces from the convent, which it did immediately. He then directed his sister and her companions to range a row of flints along the shore, which was no sooner done than they increased

Digitized by Google

into vast rocks, and they so entirely broke the force of the winds, that the convent was never after incommoded."

In explanation of the verse at the head of this chapter, relative to the removal of the body of St. Cuthbert, it is remarked by a writer in "Old England" that, "strange to say the tradition may be true. Not only did the coffin exist till within the last few years, perhaps does so still, but was so constructed that statical experiments have proved it to be capable of floating with a weight equal to that of the human body." Now if it be "strange" that our forefathers constructed a stone coffin which would float with one human body, it is surely "passing strange" that we, their degenerate sons, should build, not a stone, but an iron ship, carrying hundreds of human beings with provisions, and water, and stores, together with all the munitions of war.

In bidding adieu to our ecclesiastical naval worthies, we have only to deplore that we cannot satisfy further curiosity respecting their maritime career. What rank had they? Were they admirals or commodores, captains or lieutenants? From the flagellating propensities of some of these saints or sinners, we rather surmise that they were after all only reverend boatswain's mates.

* Sir W. Scott in one of his notes on "Marmion" gives an account of this errant saint after his death:—"He caused himself to be launched upon the Tweed in a stone coffin, which landed him at Tillmouth in Northumberland. This boat is finely shaped, ten feet long, three feet and a half in diameter, and only four inches thick; so that with very little assistance it might certainly have swam. It still lies, or at least did so a few years ago, in two pieces, beside the ruined chapel of Tillmouth."

Digitized by Google

Bombay Generals.

Maiwand is a name that will not only sound mournfully on British ears for many years to come, but a name that will revive sad memories in many a British home during the life time of the present generation; whilst to the students of military history it will for all futurity be associated, not only with a sad reverse to British arms and British prestige, but the feelings engendered by the reflections in connection therewith, will, we fear, be embittered by the concurrent testimony of those most competent to judge.

Since the battle was fought, a period of three months has elapsed, and lengthy and anxious as that period has been, were we dependent on the Government for information in connection therewith, all we should have learned to the present time would have been, that a battle had been fought between Asiatics and an Anglo-Indian force, which had resulted in the destruction of the whole of the constituent British element in the latter, and the dispersion and demoralization of the remainder. However, notwithstanding the reticence of the Government, such details have oozed out during these anxious three months as enable us, not only to form some opinions as to the extent of the disaster, but also some opinions as to the causes which have led to it. However much speculation may have varied hitherto as to what these causes really were, we fear that a careful review of the facts, now at our disposal in connection with this humiliating episode in our history, must force at least competent professional men to the conclusion that the disaster of Maiwand might have been, and consequently ought to have been, avoided. The facts, in as far as they have been as yet ascertained, are simply these.

Early in this year, Lord Lytton, in accordance, doubtless, with instructions from home, invested Shere Ali with the quasi-independent government of the province of Kandahar, under the title of Wali, which investiture was accompanied by a promise of

Digitized by Google

British protection. Shortly after this the bulk of the Anglo-Bengal force, under Sir Donald Stuart, marched for Kabul, their place being partially supplied by an Anglo-Bombay force, under the supreme command of General Primrose. Whilst these changes were in progress, it became known that Ayoub Khan, then practically the independent governor of Herat, was preparing an expedition for a foray into Southern and Eastern Afghanistan. On the 27th June, a telegram from our Minister at Teheran announced the fact that Ayoub had actually commenced his march with a large and well appointed force. This information was shortly afterwards supplemented by that of the further fact that Ayoub's force was not only large, but that his artillery was well organised and effective; that the latter was formidable, not only for the number of its guns, but for the efficiency of those who served them. This information was promptly passed on to General Primrose, in concert with whom the Indian Government determined to leave the Wali to defend himself west of the Helmund, but to employ a British force for the purpose of preventing Ayoub crossing that stream or operating on our side of it. At the same time General Phayre was instructed to push up reinforcements from a reserve supposed to be available under his command. It was no secret that the new Wali, Shere Ali, was no favourite with the Kandaharees; that as our nominee, he was especially objectionable to the Ghazees, and that the feeling of dissatisfaction towards him had been much increased by the distribution among the chiefs, of circular letters from Ayoub, and by the energetic efforts all over the country of the latter's partizans. Not only were the tribes disaffected, but suspicions—which afterwards proved to be well-founded—were entertained that even the troops of the Wali were not reliable.

The Wali never appears to have possessed much influence with his so-called subjects; while the actual presence on the frontier of a son of the late Ameer, Shere Ali, supported by a powerful army, created a feeling in Ayoub's favour far in excess of what was anticipated by either military or political officers. It soon became very apparent that, politically, Ayoub had everything in his favour, and that the immediate defeat and dispersal of his force was necessary to the prevention of a general rising among the tribes. From the evidence before us, it is evident that the Wali saw the necessity either for his withdrawal to this side of the

Digitized by Google

Helmund, or for British support beyond it. He evidently saw what the Government of India and the Anglo-Kandahar executive failed to perceive, and that was, that constituted as Ayoub's army appeared to be, and in the then temper of the tribes, the independent action of the Wali's force, west of the Helmund, must lead to the latter's destruction. This impression he communicated to Colonel St. John, and anxiously inquired whether a British force would move to his support. The reply of the latter appears, under the circumstances, a little facetious. He advised the Wali "not to risk a collision with Ayoub's regulars;" but how he was to remain west of the Helmund and avoid such risk, unless Ayoub was taken into his confidence and became a consenting party to the arrangement, is one of the things that Lord Dundreary or a political officer might understand; but which ordinary individuals, especially military ones, cannot. As nearly as we can gather from information at our disposal, this was the situation on the 1st Jaly.

On the 4th of that month General Burrows' ill-fated brigade marched from Kandahar for the Helmund. On the 7th Sir Robert Sandeman telegraphed that a regiment of the Wali's had mutinied; but his information anticipated that event by seven days, as the mutiny did not take place until the morning of the 14th. When the news of the mutiny was communicated to General Burrows, he crossed the river, attacked and dispersed the mutinous force, and recovered the guns they had carried off; but a quantity of provisions, collected by the Wali for the use of our troops, was lost, and for the future General Burrows' force was not only entirely dependent on its own efforts and resources, but Ayoub's was strengthened by the junction with his of nearly the whole of that of the Wali's force. Not only did the defection of the Wali's army lessen General Burrow's numerical strength, but the loss of the provisions necessitated the employment of a portion of his own men in foraging, an operation that not only demoralizes an army, but materially weakens its fighting strength, and to add to his difficulties, the Helmund, which is usually so deep as to be impassable, unless at certain fords, had, in consequence of the long drought, become so shallow as to be fordable at every point throughout nearly its whole length, and as information had been received that Ayoub intended availing himself of this piece of good fortune, and crossing the river farther north, General Bur-

Digitized by Google

rows—at the suggestion of Colonel St. John—fell back on the 16th July to Kushk-i-Nakhud, to which place the Wali had moved his cavalry the previous evening. One of the advantages of of this position was that, should Ayoub cross at Girishk and follow the road to Kandahar, he would have to meet, and that with a desert and a river in his rear, General Burrows in an entrenched camp, or on ground of the latter's choosing; but it was no part of Ayoub's plan to encounter a British force in an entrenched position. He intended, if possible, to give Burrows the go-by without fighting, and move by, Maiwand, on Kabul, and this he tried to effect by taking the northern road, a circumstance that compelled General Burrows, with his very inadequate force, to move from his strong position and either throw himself across Ayoub's line of advance, and accept a fight on ground, the configuration of which gave the advantage not to the weaker, but to the stronger party, or, if he had correctly measured the resources and fighting capabilities of both forces, to adopt the alternative course of continuing his retreat towards Kandahar, a movement that would not only have brought him within reach of succour if he were attacked, but which would have enabled him to support General Primrose, if Ayoub had by a flank march succeeded in bringing the Afghan force under the walls of Kandahar. Unfortunately for himself, for British prestige and for the happiness of many a home in the three Kingdoms, General Burrows adopted the former course. The opposing forces met at Maiwand under circumstances that gave all the advantages to the Afghans, and the result is now a matter of history. For the first time in the annals of our connection with Asia, a combined British and Indian force has, in a fair stand-up fight in the open field and in a position of our own selection, been signally and disastrously defeated by an enemy which Roberts and Stewart had taught us to despise. Thus far we have avoided opinions. We have simply confined ourselves to facts, and these facts we now propose to examine with the view of tracing, if possible, the cause of so unlooked for, so lamentable, a disaster.

Since the unfortunate day of Maiwand the question as to who is to blame is one that has anxiously exercised the minds of thoughtful men, both in and out of Parliament. For a time the impression prevailed that the action of the Kandahar field force was so minutely supervised, so entirely governed by orders from

Digitized by Google

Simla, that General Primrose's responsibility was limited to the carrying out of such instructions as reached him from the Viceroy and Commander-in-Chief. It was even asserted that not only did he not originate the movement which advanced a brigade under Brigadier Burrows to the Helmund, but that when such a measure was suggested from Simla, he opposed it. It was also asserted that after the force quitted Kandahar but little discretion was left to the officer in the immediate command of it; that its movements were in the main not only regulated by orders from Simla, but fettered by vexatious interference on the part of political officers. Some went so far as to say that not only General Primrose, but Sir Frederick Haines was opposed to the subdivision of the Kandahar force; that both protested against it, but that both were over-ruled by the Viceroy. It now turns out that there is not one word of truth in all this; that the story must have originated in the fertile mind of the correspondent who communicated it, or of his informants; that General Primrose was but little interfered with in the exercise of his command, that the detachment of Brigadier Burrows to the Helmund was not only not opposed, but suggested by him; and that although the information supplied by the political officers was misleading and their suggestions in some instances possibly embarrassing, still that the annoyance was not greater than that to which general officers in the exercise of responsible commands, are usually subjected by those mischievious officials. That the Government of India in its corporate capacity must take some share of the responsibility, we are willing to concede; certainly their share of the responsibility of not recalling or re-inforcing Burrow's Brigade after the defection of the Wali's troops, and when the effective and overwhelming force of Ayoub's army became known, but the fact remains that the movement on the Helmund was made at the suggestion of General Primrose, and that the discretion and action of Brigadier Burrows, from the moment he quitted Kandahar, were as unfettered as was the action of any general in the field within our recollection. If he considered that the force under his command was such as justified an attack on Ayoub, he was at liberty to make his own arrangements for bringing him to action the moment the latter crossed the Helmund; and if he thought that his command was unequal to a conflict of this sort, there was nothing in his instructions

Digitized by Google

to prevent a leisurely retirement—keeping his opponent steadily in view—in the direction of Kandahar. A movement of this sort would have unveiled the exact strength of Ayoub's force, and possibly to some extent disorganized it. It would not only have done this, but it would have brought it over ground exhausted of supplies, and exposed it to wasting desultory contests with the rear guard, or at times with the whole force at every favourable point in the line of retreat, and ultimately have brought it within reach of the action of a combined force, consisting of Burrow's Brigade, and the garrison, the result of a contest with which ought not, in ordinary hands, to have been doubtful.

Lord Hartington has informed us that he has given instructions for a searching enquiry into the causes of the disaster, and influenced by a desire not to anticipate the result, we have, as we have already said, refrained, until the present time, from commenting on the course of the campaign, or pronouncing judgment on the conduct of individuals either at Simla or in the field; but as the force which constituted General Primrose's command in July has been virtually broken up without any enquiry of which we are aware having taken place, as the disaster of Maiwand is now, as we have already said, three months old, and as we have had some experience of the official jugglery by which, at times, official enquiries have resulted, either in eliciting nothing or in misleading the public, we feel that the time has arrived for commenting on such facts as are at our disposal. These facts, so far as they have come under our notice, we have carefully studied, and we fail to perceive that either the Government of India or the commander-in-chief in that country, are in any degree responsible for the results of the unfortunate action of the 27th July, and the yet little less unfortunate sortie of the 16th August. A careful review of the whole situation in connection with the numbers and composition of the opposing forces, induces the belief on our minds, that in good hands, the force under General Primrose's command in July last, was ample to have inflicted such a crushing defeat on Ayoub as would in all human probability have rid not only Kandahar but Afghanistan, of that nuisance for all futurity.

As we have already stated, Ayoub left Herat the first week in June, a fact that was communicated to General Primrose very shortly afterwards, so that the time and means at the latter's

Digitized by Google

disposal were ample to have enabled him and his political officers —if the latter were worth anything—to have acquainted themselves with the secret of Ayoub numbers, equipment, degree of efficiency, and every essential particular in connection with his force, and not only this but such as ought also to have enabled General Primrose to have prepared leisurely for Ayoub's reception east of the Helmund in such a position as would have made the latters destruction a certainty. As it is, the whole business from the hour that Ayoub's approach became known, appears to us to have been conducted on the happy-go-lucky principle. A small force is pushed out from Kandahar with but little, if any, knowledge of Ayoub's numbers, his degree of efficiency, intention, or movements. The political officers, who practically constitute the intelligence department, pester the unfortunate generals with suggestions, and counter suggestions but fail to learn anything of the enemy. The latter is not only permitted to cross the Helmund virtually without opposition, but his enthusiasm is stimulated by witnessing the British force in full retreat from the banks of that river as he approaches, and ultimately his success is ensured by the retreating force suddenly assuming the offensive on ground the configuration of which, gave every advantage to its enemy, and that in the face of the fact that it was within easy reach of such a defensive position as would have enabled the British general with but little, if any, risk, and with dignified deliberation to have taken the measure of Ayoub's numbers and efficiency, and to have lured him to his ruin. His instructions, it is true, enjoined him not to permit the Afghans to pass without a fight, but there was nothing in those instructions that necessitated his attacking in an unfavourable position, nor indeed that in any way fettered his discretion as to the time and place at which he should encounter Ayoub. General Burrows is a brave officer of whom, in his misfortune, we would speak feelingly and tenderly. His heroism in the thick of the fight, and subsequently during the retreat, entitles him to our admiration and sympathy, but the fact remains that, in a grave crisis, he failed to exhibit some of the qualities most essential in a good general. He lacked not only a capacity for the selection of ground, but exhibited an ignorance of the offensive powers of his antagonist, and a deficiency of a knowledge of the mechanism of masses, which resulted in a disaster such as for a time seriously lowered our prestige, en-

Digitized by Google

dangered the whole position west of the Sulemain Mountains, and carried mourning into many a home in the three kingdoms; and to add to the misfortune, so little pains appear to have been taken to establish a line of communication between the advanced force on the Helmund and the garrison of Kandahar, or to support the former in case of disaster or other necessity that the first news of General Burrow's defeat was brought to the latter station by fugitives from his own force, and the terror apparently inspired thereby was such as induced General Primrose to transmit a telegram which not only exaggerated facts, but which from the sensational terms in which it was couched was calculated not only to create a mischevious impression, and at a critical time, adversely to influence important diplomatic arrangements in Northern Afghanistan, but also to lower our prestige, and foster disaffection in India. It was not only calculated to do this, but at home it intensified the anxiety of those who had relatives and friends in the field, and also increased the anxiety of the Government.

But this was not all; long before the enemy showed himself in the immediate neighbonrhood, whilst he was still staggering and irresolute under the blows inflicted on him at Maiwand, the cantonments of Kandahar, with their inhabitants, were not only hurriedly abandoned, but the whole of the occupying force took refuge in the citadel; and when Ayoob chose leisurely to approach, he was permitted to establish himself in the neighbourhood, and to shut in the garrison with but little, if any, molestation from the latter, and to add to the humiliation when at last a sortie was determined on, it appears, not only to have been unsupported by artillery, but altogether to have been so badly conceived, so badly conducted, and so badly supported, as to result in a heavy loss, if not in a discreditable repulse. We may here remark that we have not only approached the consideration of the recent Kandahar disaster without prejudice of any sort, and to the best of our ability, based on observations on the facts at our disposal and those facts alone, but we may add that of the antecedents of General Primrose, either personally or by reputation, we have no knowledge whatever. We only know, and, for our present purpose, only want to know as much of him as is made apparent by the study of such details in connection with his conduct of affairs in Southern Afghanistan after the departure of Sir Donald Stewart, as we are possessed of,

Digitized by Google

and whatever General Primrose's antecedents may have been, that study, we regret to say, leaves the impression on our mind that it was unfortunate for British prestige, and for the happiness of many a family in the United Kingdom, that some other field of usefulness than the independent command of a force on active service was not selected for that officer, and we may add that our regret is increased by the apprehension that General Roberts's return to England may result in General Primrose being again entrusted with the honour of British arms in Southern Afghanistan.

We have not yet seen the despatches, of the meagreness of which the Viceroy and Indian Commander-in-Chief complain; but we have seen enough to satisfy us that no despatches, however copious, can explain away the facts which have led to a succession of disasters that might have resulted in an annihilation of the whole force in Southern Afghanistan as complete as that announced of Brigadier Burrows's Brigade by General Primrose.

There is, in our estimation, one other feature of a very grave character in connection with the recent disasters, and that is that not only have the generals supplied by the Bombay Presidency, whether belonging to the British or Indian armies, failed to realize expectation, but that some of the native regiments of that Presidency have behaved badly in front of the enemy, and proved themselves to be utterly unworthy to be associated in the field with British soldiers, or with the brave native soldiers of the other presidencies, and we submit that the regiments that declined to follow the lead of their officers at Maiwand should, without hesitation, be disbanded. Palpable cowardice in the field, under the lead of British officers, is happily an offence of rare occurrence; but when it it does occur, it is an offence of so grave a character that it should never be permitted to go unpunished. In connection with the recent conduct of some of the Bombay regiments, we propose, in a future number to invite attention to the constitution and training of the Bombay army generally, as an impression exists that if the officers of that army saw a little more of their men in time of peace, they would understand each other better in time of war.

Digitized by Google

The Unloaded Revolver.

"Mr. Pyecroft and Mr. Hayman will be ready to go away in the pinnace and cutter for a month in half-an-hour's time," our skipper had said, looking at his watch, and in less than that time we had left the ship at anchor off the town of Zanzibar, and were running up to the northward, in quest of such adventures as might befall us whilst hunting for slavers.

A week's monotonous work brought us off the town of Zamoo, the northern limit of our cruising orders, and as we were short of water, and Pyecroft thought we might pick up some news of slavers, he determined to go into the harbour, especially as we had chased a large dhow which had outsailed us and stood into the bay.

We went over a nasty bar past a formidable-looking castle, beyond which opened up a spacious harbour, where a lot of dhows were at anchor which we vainly searched for slave-carrying traces. Zamoo is far and away the most important town on the coast, and belongs to the Sultan of Zanzibar, although the governor is generally styled king. It was once held by the Portuguese, who have left their traces in good wells, a strong fort, and a ruined chapel.

Whilst our men were filling the water-barricoes, Pyecroft and I wandered away to stretch our legs, till we climbed to the top of a high sand-hill, where we sat down, having our boats and men well in view.

Both of our interpreters were with us; suddenly Ali bin Moussa jumped up and exclaimed something in Arabic, and, coming to us from the other side of the sand hill, appeared a man dressed in the native dress, his robe being of a cinnamon colour that closely resembled the sand he must have been previously lying on.

He sat down near us and began talking to the interpreters. "Ali bin Moussa" said he, "is a story-teller, Sir, and he says he can tell us a tale about Zamoo." "All right," said Pyecroft, "tell him to fire away." And the man began a tale of the wealth of the old residents of Zamoo, and their pride and their vanity, which rose to such a pitch

Digitized by Google

that, at last, their rich men used milk to wash with instead of water, so that the poor people starved in the midst of plenty, and died, which so angered Mahomet that he sent a sand storm to overwhelm the old city and destroy the offenders. "The ruins of the old city are underneath this sand-hill," ended the man.

"Not a bad yarn," said I.

"I'd rather it was about the slaves," said Pyecroft. Both interpreters and the story-teller were talking rapidly and excitedly; the word *watumbwa* was mentioned, at which we pricked up our ears for we knew it meant slaves. "What is it, Ali?" asked Pyecroft. "Think can catch news; think he know news; think he wants plenty rupees to tell."

"Well," said Pyecroft, "tell him if he puts us on to a certain thing I'll give him fifty rupees."

Another long conversation ensued, and at last the man promised to show us a dhow that had just landed slaves if, in addition to the fifty rupees, we would give him a passage to Zanzibar. "Suppose he stay here." said Ali, "Arab man cut his throat," and he made a significant gesture with his dagger. To this arrangement Pyecroft agreed, and the man then told us that a dhow had come in only a day before us, had run much further up the harbour, landed her slaves, and had been beached; he could point out the dhow, but did not know where the slaves had been taken. "All right," said Pyecroft, "now tell Mr. Story-teller that I am going to take him on board the boats at once; that if he does not come quickly I'll tell the Arabs he is an informer." The man said he would come; that, in fact, it would be the best thing; that if he had been seen talking so long to us, suspicions would have been aroused and they would think nothing of killing him. We returned to the boats, taking our new friend with us, and dropped up the harbour to the extreme end of the town of Zamoo, where, hauled close up, almost touching the houses, we found a large dhow, her mast gone, but her bamboo slave-deck and an iron or two still in her. The dhow was above high-water mark, and, dismasted as she was, was our prey whenever we chose to take her.

So far so good; the man had fairly earned his reward; but we were very anxious to find out if the slaves had been dispersed, or, if not, where they were hidden. They must be in the town somewhere, and, at all events, we would make an official report to the governor, for the Sultan of Zanzibar, loyally fulfilling a treaty he

Digitized by Google

had recently signed, had issued orders abolishing all slave markets and traffic in newly-imported slaves, and if the governor knew, as he must know, where this last cargo was hidden, we would demand their surrender.

After some little thought, we first went to the head Custom-house official, a Banyan, in the employ of the celebrated firm that then farmed the revenues of the impecunious Sultan. Fat, oily, and polite, and gifted with a rare power of lying, this individual received us with much civility, and displayed a skill and a fertile resource in parrying our enquiries, that would have excited the unbounded admiration of every lawyer in England. Had any slaves been landed lately, we asked? Oh, how could he tell, Custom-house dues were no longer paid on slaves since the new treaty, therefore they were no longer landed at the Custom-house; besides which, all importation had been forbidden by Seyd Barghash, and the governor was too good a man to disobey his Highness's order——and so on, until we got a little tired of his prevarication, and so Pyecroft said, "We have just been up to the other end of the town." "Ah!" in a polite but uninterested tone, "there are not many dhows there." The same polite but uninterested attention. "We saw one that came in yesterday, just at the point round the corner." Our friend seemed to get a little uneasy.

"She landed slaves and you know it, and I shall report you to the Zanzibar authorities."

The man's manner changed, he strenuously denied all knowledge of the transaction, but, losing his head, let out that he had heard in the bazaars some talk about it—but that he had forgotton it, "it was only bazaar talk—rubbish."

We wanted to get out from this plausible gentleman where the slaves were hidden, but he would not or could not enlighten us.

"It is impossible," said Pyecroft, bringing the interview to an end, "that so large a cargo of slaves could have been landed without the customs' authorities and the King knowing something about it. I have sent my other interpreter to demand an interview with the Governor, to whom I mean to speak my mind on the subject."

We left the custom house and were going back to our boats, when Saleh-bin-Ali, our second interpreter (Sally in our Alley, our men called him), overtook us with the information that the King of Zamoo would see us at once. Saleh was accompanied by a few

Digitized by Google

soldiers who formed an escort for us, and unceremoniously cleared a passage through the crowded bazaars and streets. His Highness lived in a large but dilapidated stone built house, loopholed and evidently capable of being held for some time against anything but artillery. We were ushered into a long narrow room, with a number of chairs ranged close against the wall on each side, and two or three placed at the top.

When we entered, His Highness the King, or Governor, of Zamoo was sitting in the centre chair at the top of the room, the two on each side of him were vacant; all down the sides of the room were seated the chief men of the place. As we entered, everyone, including His Highness, rose, each pronouncing in gutteral Arabic the usual salutation, to which our interpreter Ali-bin-Moussa, who prided himself on his *savoir faire* on these occasions, returned an appropriate answer for us. We then advanced up the long lane to the head of the room, when the King shook hands with us and made us sit down, one on each side of him, with the interpreters in the adjacent chairs.

I have seen, and been presented to, Her Most Gracious Majesty, long may she live, I have seen on board ship some of the crowned heads of Europe, I have had a peep inside the Upper House on a big night, but I don't think I ever realized what a kingly bearing was until I had the pleasure of beholding this Arab potentate. He was a man of some fifty years, tall, and of a commanding presence; a beautiful turban was most artistically wound on his head, and no head-dress in this world can approach, for picturesque dignity a well-arranged turban; large dark and keen eyes shone out beneath a black penthouse of eyebrow, and his aquiline nose would have charmed the First Napoleon; his mouth was somewhat hidden by the longest and handsomest of grizzly grey beards; and over the white robe affected by Arab gentlemen of all ranks, he wore a loose sort of over-robe of black, slashed with gold and silver and scarlet; a brace of short crooked daggers in beautiful ornamented sheaths were buckled round his waist.

The other Arabs were dressed, some in only the white or cinnamon-coloured robe, others with the outer robe, some with turbans, others with only skull caps, but all wore one, and some two daggers.

The first question His Highness asked was, "What news?" to which, according to rigid etiquette, our interpreter replied, "Good

Digitized by Google

news." Had we been the bearers of intelligence of the most crushing misfortune, he would still have prefaced it with, "Good news!"

The Governor then inquired if we came from Zanzibar, and asked after his cousin Seyd Barghash, the Sultan. He also asked if we had heard lately from Europe, and if the Queen was in good health. Having relieved this fictitious but well-bred anxiety concerning our Royal Mistress, Pyecroft told Ali to bring the conversation round to the topic of slaves and slave dhows; but Ali told us we must wait till sherbet had been served.

Soon two well dressed and handsome young slaves brought in the sherbet in coloured glasses; it was a nice and cooling drink, made from fruit syrups, a large quantity of which is exported every year from France to Zanzibar by a Marseilles firm.

Ali now told us that it would be more than useless to discuss the real object of our visit before so many people, but that he would tell His Highness we should insist on a private reception. His Highness intimated that he would think of this, and then coffee being served by the attendants, we took our departure, His Highness accompanying us to the door, an honour that seemed to afford as much pleasure to Ali as knighthood to a city dignitary.

We were not inclined to think much of the results of our visit, but Ali was sanguine, he could not get over His Highness coming to the door with us. "He would not have been so civil if he had not known what we were after, and been in a funk," quoth Ali.

About an hour afterwards, a dirtily dressed ruffian who, with many others, was down on the beach looking at the strange boats, whispered in Ali's ear that the Governor would see us privately in two or three days' time.

"Two or three days' time won't suit me at all," said Pyecroft, "Ali, you must go and have a private interview with the Governor yourself, and tell him that I must see him this very evening: tell him I know all about the dhow, and say I know where the slaves are, and will land my boats' crews and seize them unless he will receive me."

"He'll laugh if we threaten to seize them with half-a-dozen men."

"No, he won't, Ali, because you must hint that all Englishmen are mad, and that this is just the mad sort of thing we should do.

Digitized by Google

That, of course, we should fail and be all killed; what then? the news travels down to Zanzibar, and up come a couple of English men-of-war and knock his confounded old Fort he is so proud of, about his silly old ears, and Seyd Barghash, who is now friendly with the English, will supersede him to a certainty."

Ali smiled and departed, returning in about an hour's time with the news that the Governor would see us at sunset. So, at sunset, we landed and were taken by some back streets, avoiding the bazaars, to the same house we had visited in the morning. The Governor received us at the door and ushered us up-stairs; on the first landing was a doorway draped with a heavy carpet, which led, Ali told me, to the Governor's harem, and sounds of suppressed laughter told us that, unseen themselves, some of the belles of the harem were having a sly look at us. We went up two more flights and at last reached a little room at the top of the house, which opened on to the flat roof. It was small and barely furnished with a plain table and a few wooden chairs. The Governor motioned us to be seated, and looked keenly at us from under his shaggy eyebrows.

Pyecroft opened the ball by telling him, through the interpreter, of course, that we knew a cargo of slaves had been landed; that we knew the dhow and meant to take her, and that we expected the Governor to have the hacodah and owner of the dhow arrested and sent to Zanzibar for punishment, and, furthermore, that we required the slaves to be given up; that it was absurd for the Governor to pretend ignorance of their whereabouts.

His Highness at last admitted that slaves had been landed, and that we would be perfectly justified in seizing the dhow. He also faithfully promised to have all her crew arrested and sent to Zanzibar, to be dealt with by the Sultan, but he refused to give up the slaves.

Ali said the Governor intended to bag all the slaves himself, and thus he would make a very good thing out of the whole business; but if the Governor was firm, Pyecroft was obstinate, and at last the much badgered Governor gave in and said that on the next forenoon he would hand us over one hundred slaves, all that survived, he said; but here we did not quite believe him, having no doubt that His Highness intended to keep at least a hundred also.

Having obtained this great concession by our firm diplomacy, we next bargained to be allowed to keep the slaves on shore until

Digitized by Google

the ship could be communicated with, and come up to embark them. The dhow, in which they came, had been stove in in beaching her, and even if we could hire another, it would be a very tedious business beating back to Zanzibar. The Governor was now extremely affable; he gave us leave to pitch tents for the slaves on a piece of ground just beneath the Sandhill, where we had first met our story-telling friend, and even insisted on furnishing a guard of soldiers to prevent any attempt at a recapture of the black ivory by the irritated inhabitants of Zamoo.

We thanked His Highness cordially and returned to our boats, which we once more anchored off the Sandhill. At daylight next morning we commenced preparations for the reception of our prizes, landing the sails and awnings of the boat that Pyecroft intended to keep with him, and rigging up a tent; we also hired, through the medium of the Custom-House Master, two or three large dhow sails and rigged up a tent for the slaves, and bought a quantity of rice, sim-sim seed, &c., to feed them.

Having everything in readiness, we went to receive our prizes, whom we found in a court-yard not a hundred yards from the Governor's house.

They presented a most wretched and emaciated appearance—covered with vermin,, starved, naked, with large sores on their bodies; there they were, men, women, and children, apparently perfectly callous as to what was going to be done with them; the dull apathy of despair had conquered even curiosity about a change of owners. At last we got them into a long straggling possession, and, guarded by the soldiers who had received stringent orders from the governor, we marched slowly through the town until we reached our encampment, when a good meal of rice was served out to all the slaves. The officer in charge of the soldiers was evidently much amused at the care we took of such animals, and exchanged many a joke on the subject with his men, but nothing that the mad English did would astonish them very much.

Pyecroft had determined to send me in the cutter the next day to put up the ship and bring her back to embark our niggers, and so he determined to make an end of the dhow before I left, in order to avoid the possibility of her being got off and taken away; so that the moon being nearly full and the evening nearly as light as day, we pulled down in my cutter to where the dhow lay high and dry, taking with us matches and dry wood and other

Digitized by Google

combustibles. Now I should tell you that each boat, besides the rifles, was allowed three revolvers, and it was always my habit to have my revolvers loaded and kept aft in a handy locker; then if they were wanted in a hurry there they were ready for immediate use. Pyecroft, on the contrary, did not load his unless he thought there was a chance of their being wanted. Well, we arrived at the spot where lay the fated dhow, overtaken at length by Kismet, and destined never to run another lot of slaves; she lay over on her side, and having carefully measured her for the sake of our prize-money, which goes either by tonnage or by the number of slaves released, we built fires inside her under the poop, and right in the eyes of her, and also underneath her as she lay over on her black side. We lit the fires and then our pipes, and watched the process of destruction. It was a curious scene; our white cutter just to the windward of the burning dhow, when flames lit up the beach, and the amused faces of our men, sailor-like, delighted with the fun. When the poor old dhow had been burning for over an hour and it was obviously impossible for anyone to extinguish the flames, Pyecroft, ordered the cutter to pull back to the encampment and anchor for the night. "We will walk home through the town; everyone seems quiet, and it is a beautiful night. Ali, you come with us and show us the way."

"All right," Ali replied: "but we had better take arms in case we are meddled with."

"No fear of that; had they meant any mischief they would have attacked us when we were lighting our bon-fire."

"Nevertheless I mean to take mine," I said. "Coxswain, give me a revolver and cutlass." I buckled on the belt, the cutter pulled away, the measured sound of the oars getting faint and more faint, and at last ceasing altogether.

"How well she burns; what a lark it is."

"Halloo! what the deuce is that?"

What it was, was a shower of heavy stones and spears thrown from behind the nearest houses. Our interpreter dashed to the earth the clay pipe he had been smoking, and exclaimed in an agony of fear, "They are stoning us; they will kill us."

Dusky forms were flitting about, and I drew my revolver, on my practice with which I had always flattered myself. It was a self-cocking one. I covered a man and pulled the trigger—click, but no explosion. A bad cartridge thought I, and pulled again. Click,

Digitized by Google

click, click, click—all five chambers missed fire, and as each did so I felt a curious sensation of half funk, half amusement, and thought to myself, I wonder if I shall live to profit by this lesson?

There was but one thing to do. Throwing down the revolver, which Pyecroft picked up, hoping to find even one barrel all right, I drew my cutlass, made a rush and caught one ruffian by the arm. I dragged him back, and giving him a sharp prod with the point to emphasize the statement, I bade Ali sing out that if another stone or spear were thrown I would kill my prisoner, who, hearing this, was loud in his entreaties to his fellow scoundrels to leave us alone.

We speedily determined that a bold course was the only one likely to save us. It was a mile and a half to the camp, but only about a third of that distance to the custom house where we knew there was always a guard, with whom, after the governor's orders, we knew we should be safe. We accordingly formed a procession of four:—

I.—The interpreter, with two spears he had picked up, keeping up an incessant recitative that if we were molested we would kill our man, but otherwise would let him go on the guard-room.

II.—Pyecroft, the empty revolver to be used as a shillelagh in one hand, a light grip of the hostage in the other, pipe in mouth, and as cool as if he was walking home from the theatre.

III.—Myself bringing up the rear, ready and willing to do for the captured one in case of attack, being grimly determined that one of the enemy at least should accompany us accross the Styx, if we made the passage that night.

I have heard the bells chime at midnight in many queer places and in many parts of the world, but a more disagreeable nocturnal walk I never took. The narrow streets, the black shadows, any of which might conceal a foe, the momentous expectation of being brought down by a spear thrown from behind, the thought of my own carelessness in not having seen my revolver properly loaded, all combined to heighten my feeling of satisfaction and relief when at last we reached the guard-house, where the man on watch turned up the rest, opened the gate and let us in.

"If you want a thing done, do it yourself," I exclaimed, "and if I ever trust to anybody else to load a revolver, may I be ——, well may I have another walk like this.

Digitized by Google

A dozen well-armed soldiers accompanied us the rest of the way to the camp; which we were not at all sorry to reach in safety.

The next day the governor sent for us, and spoke very strongly and sensibly as to our folly in sending away our armed boat and attempting to walk back through a town whose inhabitants were greatly enraged with us.

"It is a wonder," said his Highness, "that you were not killed, and if you had been I should have been held accountable; your big ships would have come up and destroyed my city, and, perhaps, imprisoned me."

Pyecroft owned that it was rather silly, and the governor made him solemnly promise that he would not leave the camp without, at least, two of his soldiers being with him in the daytime, and warned him never to go beyond its bounds at night.

I sailed away that same day and brought back the ship, where we embarked the slaves and took them back to Zanzibar. Our captain called on the governor and thanked him for his courtesy and assistance, and I have often thought what a relief it must have been to that sorely-tried Arab chieftain when our two impertinent cockle-shells of boats were hoisted up and we left him in peace—and with whole skins.

Digitized by Google

With the Roumanians in the '77 Campaign.

By Captain Salusbury.

I have said that I shall pass by the minor fighting I was a witness of during the days of my sojourning at Plevna, and proceed in this chapter to describe, in the best manner my memory will permit, the assault upon the Grivica Redoubt on the 11th of September, when Roumanian valour and discipline were proved in a degree entitling the gallant soldiers of Prince Charles to take rank with the armies of more powerful and better known European rulers.

Frequent and heavy bombardments had produced little or no effect upon Osman's stronghold; the brave Turk gave back shot for shot. The stubborn and wildly-plucky assaults made by the Czar's trusty infantry had been repulsed with serious losses by the unflinching followers of Mahomet. The bad season was about to set in, when the inclemency of the weather would prevent operations and perhaps compel the allies to raise the siege—for siege it was. Could the Sultan's general hold out a little longer; could he retain the grim redoubt over against Grivica for yet a brief period, Plevna might be saved, and defeat averted. So critical was the situation on the 11th September that, as I was informed by a high authority, if the allies failed to capture the Grivica Redoubt on that day the siege would be raised, the allies would be withdrawn from the vicinity of Plevna and be sent into winter quarters, an armistice would follow, and probably before the commencement of another year peace would be once more established. Had this come about, Russian prestige would have suffered so heavy a blow as would have knocked Russia out of her prominent position among the great Continental powers; Roumania would have sunk far below the place she occupied before the commencement of the war; and Turkey would have gone from bad to worse in her management of the States subject to the dominion, nominal or practical, of the Sultan.

Digitized by Google

Defeat of the allies would have been a calamity felt by all Europe —the valour of a few Roumanian soldiers turned aside this calamity, and went far to secure for the vassals of the Porte their much-longed-for freedom. Perhaps some will ask, and they would have reason in so doing, why, if so great results came of Roumanian valour, the incidents in which such became prominent, were not made wider known. My answer is this: It chanced that I was the only correspondent who accompanied the Roumanian troops in the assault upon the Grivica Redoubt on the 11th of September. Fever and other causes had rendered *hors-de-combat* the great majority of those who wielded the pen, and no one gave the little Roumanian Army a thought. This was a misfortune. Had the skill of a Forbes or a MacGahan been granted me, the fame and valour of Prince Charles's soldiers would have gone forth to the world never to be lost; but fortune had not been so kind. Moreover, on the 12th or a little later in September, even when I was writing an account of the fight, the hand of fever was laid upon me and my task abruptly stayed. Providence had gifted me with an accurate and, I may say, tolerably rare memory: fever robbed me of it, and most probably it has gone never to return—*Kismet.* Certain incidents of the day to which I am alluding are still clear to my mind's eye; but others are vague, and many lost entirely, so that the connection is absent. Nevertheless, I shall always rejoice that I was able to be an eye-witness of the gallantry of the Roumanian infantry—I shall ever congratulate myself that I was present at an action where troops displayed such noble conduct as has never been surpassed. The assault on the Grivica Redoubt was practically a "forlorn hope," and we know that it is on such occasions soldiers earn the brightest laurels. Alas! that on the day I refer to, so many noble fellows wore their laurels for the first and last time; that the grave and victory (for victory such a defeat was) were coincident in so many instances. The 11th of September, 1877, may be said to have been the first opportunity the Roumanian infantry of modern times had of proving of what stuff they were made, and if but few of the actual combatants survived to tell the tale, none the less was the glory reflected upon the Roumanian arms.

When the 11th had fairly set in, the allies' artillery commenced a heavy bombardment upon the Turkish positions, chiefly directed against the Grivica Redoubt, which was considered by many to be the key to Plevna. It is true that another Redoubt commanded

Digitized by Google

that known as "the Grivica," and, therefore, the door to Plevna might be said te have a double lock; but it is equally true that unless the Grivica Redoubt was captured it was impossible to obtain possession of the second key. Whether it was that I knew that the continuance of the campaign depended almost entirely upon the results of this particular day, or whatever may have been the reason, it seemed to me that the boom of the cannon was more sullen than usual; that the screaming whiz of the shell was more angry, and more full of hurtful intent than on other days, as I sat with Don Carlos watching the bombardment. I believe there were in all about three hundred and fifty pieces of cannon in position against Plevna, and as many of these guns were in action the noise was really deafening. The Roumanians had, with a view to this day's bombardment, moved their batteries nearer to the enemy, and many of the gunners and their guns were completely exposed to the view and to the fire of the Turks. Osman was said to have two hundred and twenty cannons at his disposal. With the morning came rain, and after the rain a thick mist enveloped the positions.

In the direction of the Lovtcha road musketry fire was being maintained, which I believed must have proceeded from Skobeloff's troops. Leaving Don Carlos, I trotted away by myself to find out what the Roumanian infantry were about. I had been told that it was arranged that a combined Russian and Roumanian infantry assault upon the Grivica Redoubt should be made or commenced at two o'clock p.m. I had a pretty accurate idea of the ground between our positions and the Redoubt; I knew that two ridges must be surmounted by a Roumanian attacking column before the Turks could be engaged at close quarters. I now determined to make my way to a good position for witnessing the coming combat. Cantering down the slopes, away from our batteries, I perceived that the opposite slope was exposed to a heavy cross-fire of shell; but as it appeared the only available route, anyhow the shortest road to the position I had in view, there was nothing for it but to trust to providence. I cannot explain it, but I had a kind of presentiment that if I did not avail myself of this opportunity I should not obtain another chance of seeing a good fight, and with that presentiment came another that I should not be hit. When I reached the bottom of the slope I came to an obstacle in the shape of a little brook or ditch, and directly in front of me was a roughly constructed bridge. I merely use the word bridge because it was

Digitized by Google

the only means of connection between one side and the other, and not with the intention of conveying to the reader's mind the idea of anything like the work of skilled hands. My horse would not be persuaded to put foot upon this frail structure, although I applied my English hunting spurs with tolerable pertinacity, As he was evidently determined upon obtaining the mastery, and as it would be only a waste of time to contend further, I at last gave up the idea of crossing the water-course by the bridge, and turned my horse's head away.

I had not gone ten yards when a Turkish shell dropped and exploded just in the middle of the bridge I had abandoned, and settled the question of its use as a means of passage at once and for ever—had I persevered in contentions with my horse that shell would have most certainly settled me as well as the bridge. Presently I found a place where the banks of the ditch appeared to be tolerably firm, so getting hold of my borrowed steed by the head I rammed the spurs well home, and sent him at the water-course in a manner he had perhaps never before experienced, with the pleasing result of landing in safety on the other side. It was not a jump that would have puzzled a "Grand National winner," nor under any advantages of weight or circumstances could the animal I bestrode have stood the slightest chance with an average good or bad steeple chasing "screw," but these matters did not trouble my mind at the time, and I was perfectly satisfied with both the horse and his exploit when I found myself on the right side of the ditch. Iron and lead were plentiful on the slope I was now ascending—and these articles were, so to speak, becoming absolute drugs in the market, there being no one to take any interest in their ever increasing incoming but myself. Half-way up the hill-side I came to an entrenchment the capture of which, from the Turks, I had witnessed an evening or more back, and therein I found a detachment of Roumanian Infantry of the Line—I think they belonged to the 4th Regiment, but am not quite certain—under the command of an officer. They were squatting in the trench under the shelter of the earthwork, which had been reversed since the capture of the entrenchment. For three days and nights, I was informed by the officer in command, who gave a me hearty welcome, these poor fellows had occupied this work without being relieved, or aided with provisions, and had been kept constantly on the alert, taking by turn brief snatches of sleep. More than once they had been subjected to night attacks,

Digitized by Google

but right gallantly they had maintained the position. Very haggard and tired they were, and I pitied them from the bottom of my heart. I remained with the occupants of the earthwork for some little time. It was about as queer a situation as I have ever been in. The Turkish rifle bullets were constantly pattering against the earth thrown up as cover, but as the line of fire was in a sideway direction, no harm came to us from the bullets, save mud splashes. Over head, Russian, Roumanian, and Turkish shells flew with fearful shrieks without intermission—in fact the air above was never undisturbed by the presence, or rather passage, of these missiles. Above the noise of the other guns could be heard and distinguished the telling boom of the twelve pieces of Russian siege cannon. When, I wondered, would the Roumanian Infantry move up to the assault? The hour appointed, two o'clock, was fast approaching. It came—and with the hour, the attacking column under the command of Colonel Augheleschu. Into the dip, up the slope, over the ridge marched the storming party. Behind them came, after an interval of some time, a dark column of reserve. The first column has vanished—the second halts. It is time for me to leave the entrenchment. But wait a moment. I looked through my glasses once more at the column of reserve as I take it to be. It is on the move; but to my astonishment the movement is back in the direction whence the colmun came. I see no one going from the second column to the first with any communication—and I see no sign of the first body of troops returning—nor do I hear anything to show that the Russians have commenced their share of the task assigned on the left. All is for the moment still. The artillery have ceased fire; the infantry have not commenced. It is evident a mistake has been made. I mention my fears to the officer, my companion. He agrees with my opinion. What is to become of the attacking column? I looked at my companion's face. No need to put further questions! His white cheeks tell me that he is filled with the same dread as myself—*a number of gallant soldiers about to enter on their first field, are to be, must be, sacrificed owing to some awful error!* An inexpressible feeling seizes me. I *must* go and see what has become of the first column of troops. I shake hands with my companion, leave my horse under his charge, and bidding my friends of the hour adieu, walk away from out of the protection of the trench. It was no great distance from the trench to the ridge of the slope, but I don't think I ever before in my

Digitized by Google

life, and certainly never since, adopted so many different modes of progression on one occasion. When I left the trench I walked upright and as erect as if on parade under the eye of a commanding officer alive to military deportment; soon after leaving the friendly earthwork the fire from the artillery of both sides re-opened with startling suddenness and terrible rapidity of succession. A tornado of shell swept over my head—the uproar was stunning. I never experienced anything like that storm of shot before—it seemed to come from all directions at once. I had not gone many yards further up the slope, before it became absolutely necessary to bow my head; a few yards more and I had to assume a crouching attitude; yet a little further and that was changed to a still more degraded manner; and at last I was obliged to be still more humble and wriggle along like a worm with a constant and ever increasing desire that I could be enabled to throw aside for the time so much flesh and bone as would reduce me to being about flush with the ground. But there was a fascination in that ridge above me which I never found in any other hill summit. Many a time I have wished I knew what was on the other side of a fence in the hunting field, but never had I so ardently desired to know what lay beyond as I did when crawling or swiggering up that shell ploughed slope. Mingling with the roar of cannon and the screech of shell now is apparent the rattle of musketry and the stinging *ping* of the rifle bullet. I confess I didn't like those confounded bullets—although they don't make so much noise as the bullying shell, yet experience has shown me they are more practical and deadly; in short their bite is worse than their bark. I reached the ridge in course of time, and there I lay, looking down into what must be as like hell in character as anything earthly can be—and I desire it to be understood that I do not speak irreverently—I merely wish to express, as powerfully as words can convey meaning, the nature of what was going on in front of Plevna.

Looking at the situation sideways, I shall be better understood if I illustrate the position by a letter than by a lengthy description. Take the letter V, but widen its branches somewhat so that the angle may be greater, and let it be supposed that either side or branch of the letter is a steepish slope rendered slippery by rain; further, that the top of one slope or side is distant from the top of the other some four hundred yards, more or less, and that the Grivica Redoubt crowns one summit—and you have the position.

Digitized by Google

Down the steep slope came the Roumanian infantry, most of them with their rifles slung useless across their backs, their hands being engaged in assisting their legs—scarcely firing a shot. Over their heads their own artillery's shells whistling and crashing into the great Redoubt. Into their ranks, like hail, the bullets and shell from Turkish guns. These Roumanians are untried troops; they hear the whistle of an enemy's lead for the first time; they are in a situation that would prove the most hardy and war-worn veterans. *To-day* the last-joined recruit is on the same footing as the soldier whose time of service is on the point of expiring. The boy is as the man, and the man as the boy. *To-morrow*—at so short a range—shell and bullet mean *death*. At so short a range—against fearful odds—death is victory. He who falls with face to foe, under such circumstances, has not suffered defeat, he has attained victory. Like a needle through linen in the hands of a skilled sempstress, so the iron and lead through the advancing Roumanian ranks. Down—down—down—never to rise again—man after man—but with the survivors the cry is ever, "forward!" Even in the death agony, chivalry prevails in the Roumanian hero's breast. An officer falls—I have his name in my note-book—and his faithful servant rushes to his side.

"Here, take my great-coat, you'll want it before you reach Constantinople," cries the master, and the servant catches it up, and with a heart-broken sob again runs to the front. Another bullet finds a billet—the servant falls, and, falling, throws his recently acquired heirloom to a comrade, with the exclamation from his lips about to close for ever: "Take care of it—it was my master's." As the officers fall the non-commissioned officers close up and take their places. Noble was the conduct, splendid was the example of the officers, who, leaving their usual places, rushed to the front and, in a line, marched to death in front of their men. Without an exception, the more lowly in rank backed up their leaders with equal bravery.

It was more than *war*—it was more than *magnificent*—it was the repetition of the spirit that prevailed in the breast of that gallant of days long gone by—you know the lines: "'Make way for liberty,' he cried—he made way for liberty, and died." One young officer, a child in years, a man in behaviour, I was told, actually succeeded in touching the rampart of the Redoubt with his hand, and was only prevented from obtaining entrance by death. There

Digitized by Google

were not many left alive to back him up. There was a sharp rattling volley of musketry, a great angry victorious roar of cannon, and, suddenly, a dreadful stillness. The calm after the storm. A few poor soldiers came up and helped to bring in some of the wounded. The Turks re-opened fire with shrapnel. I led the mournful cortege to the place where I had advised some of the ambulance to take np a position. It has been said that the ambulance department were very remiss in their duties on this occasion, and that they were chiefly conspicuous by their absence. It is with great pleasure that I can declare that the Roumanian doctors acted in the most able manner on the 11th of September. There was no shirking danger on their part. On the contrary, when I found the ambulance, to which I was leading the train of wounded, they were actually under fire, and would have remained so in the hope of being better able to render assistance to the wounded, had I not pointed out to them that the wounded might very possibly be sent a step further towards the completion of their careers. and even then the doctors would not move until I assured them that no more wounded could be brought to them in that quarter. It was a pitiable sight. As we wended our way back other wounded joined us; some died as soon as they came within reach of medical assistance. One incident is recalled to my mind, as I look into my note-book. There I find, written in pencil, a couple of messages I volunteered to deliver. They were written on the field just before the commencement of the action. Both messages were loving remembrances from brother to brother. In the one case one brother was an officer in a regiment but recently arrived at the front, and the other an officer in another regiment that bore a conspicuous part in the day's doings. They had not seen each other for some time past. A little later I met a wounded officer of the regiment to whom the gentleman of whom I was in search belonged. After expressing my regret to see him in such plight, I asked him, "Can you tell me where I shall find ——— of your regiment?" He burst into tears, and could only say, "He was my dearest friend;" but he pointed a finger to heaven, and I needed no further reply. I did not seek the living brother again—on the contrary, I could not have faced him with the bad news; he would learn it fast enough without my being the bearer. In the second instance both brothers were killed, and neither knew of the other's death. May they rest in peace.

It was dusk when I rode away from the battle-field, and, in a

Digitized by Google

complete daze, left my horse to his own will as to the road taken. My brain was in a whirl; the din of battle was in my ears; the scene of slaughter like a picture before my eyes; and above all and through all reigned supreme death-like mysterious calm. I moved, as it seemed, in an entirely different world. I felt as I should feel if I were absolutely the last living creature in the universe. Suddenly I turned a corner and found myself in the presence of a group of officers belonging to the staff of General Cernoki, who was amongst them. In reply to a question as to where I had been all day, I related the result of the attack. They would not credit me; but Baron Lieguity, a distinguished Prussian officer, assured them that he was certain that my estimate of the loss would be under, rather than over, the mark. Then a gloom settled upon the party. None of us spoke. Presently two or three officers on horseback joined us as if sprung from the ground. One of them spoke in a strange, unearthly voice: "General, my brigade is annihilated. Would to God I were with the majority." It was Colonel Augheleses. He spoke as one whose every hope, aim, and object in life were departed. Many of the group questioned, with trembling lips, the Brigadier concerning relatives or friends who belonged to the regiments under the Colonel's command. To what a number, alas! was the answer, "He is dead," given. Then a minute's perfect calm. Then I heard issue from here and there in the group, sobs, vainly endeavoured to be suppressed—the requiem of many gallant departed. The chivalry of Roumania had sustained its first serious loss. Roumanians now knew, what their ancesters the Roumanians so often experienced in the "brave days of old"—the full meaning of the word WAR. Of all that group, but two, Baron Lieguity and myself, had tasted the bitterness of battle before that day; and now we were all equally experienced, for the loss of a hundred dearly-loved comrades is not the cause of more stinging grief than the loss of one. I don't mean that you become more callous by increased experience; but I mean that when you have seen one real friend fall in battle you know what to expect. Southey has said: "The most triumphant death is that of the martyr; the most awful that of the martyred patriot; the most splendid that of the hero in the hour of victory." Thus, Southey tells us of the death that is most triumphant, most awful, and most splendid, and most uncommon in each instance, that is to say least known to individuals or to the experience of the majority;

Digitized by Google

but there is the death that but few have not been brought face to face with, and that he has omitted to particularise; it is the *most touching*, and produces the most lasting effects upon those who have to face it. Not one but knows too well what I mean.

I am now drawing my poorly written story to a conclusion—leaving it to be filled in to another time.

On the morning of the 13th September, I was riding with Don Carlos round the positions, when suddenly I felt as it were a blow on the back of my neck. Everything seemed to be whirling round in front of me; my spurred heels were involuntary pressed to my horse's side, and away we galloped to the camp. Don Carlos saw that there was something wrong and set off after me. He caught me as I was falling out of the saddle when my horse reached the camp and stopped; and carrying me to his tent the "Don" immediately sent for a doctor. My head was burning hot; my body and limbs stone cold. I was almost delirious—typhoid fever had me fast within its grasp, and the doctor said my only chance of being saved was to forthwith be conveyed to the other side of the Danube and away home. General Cernat, all goodness, put a waggon and ponies at my disposal, pillows and a mattress were laid in the cart, an officer sent with me, and all that could be done for me done without hesitation. The last words I can remember hearing on that side of the Danube were from the doctor's lips:—"I don't think he will live to reach the river; but it is his only chance." Very encouraging! I did reach the river alive, and crossed over to Tourno-Magurelle. There I must have stayed some time—how long I know not, for with the exception of two days I was delirious all the time, but I think from the almanac in my note book I must have lain there for about a fortnight. Hence I was conveyed to Bucharest. At the capital I remained for some time, little heeding, little knowing, but never dreaming of recovery. Well nursed, owing to the kindness of the princess and the British Consul's wife, Mrs. Mansfield, I was kept alive until some one came from home to me, and then in due time I was taken home—the mere mention of the word being I think the best medicine I took in during the whole of my illness.

To the Roumanians—so many that I must include all—I acknowledge an unpayable debt of gratitude for their constant kindness to me when accompanying them in the campaign of 1877. Gallant soldiers, true-hearted gentlemen—I wish them every success.

Digitized by Google

The Naval War of 1812, with the United States.

It is seldom that, in the romances and lighter annals of national events, reverses in the fortune of war are subjects selected by writers anxious to feed the public vanity, and thus bespeak its fickle favours.

It is only when connected with some specially romantic incidents, as in the case of Joan of Arc or in similar instances, that exceptions to this are to be found, and we generally have to turn to the sober and unyielding pages of history, if we want to learn that victory has not always followed our flag. Yet how many there are whose historical knowledge, after they have left school, is unrefreshed except by the lighter sources, the novel and the magazine; and as there is generally much more to be learnt from defeat than from victory, it is as well not to leave unnoticed the darker leaves of our national chronicles.

The article in our last Number, which has been much noticed, on the brave French seaman, Jean de Vienne, brought to more light some episodes which showed that Britannia did not always rule the waves, and our present article treats of events which tend more to the same impression than to the promotion of our national vanity.

Nothing, perhaps, in treating of the naval war of 1812, strikes us so much as the wonderful energy displayed by the then infant United States; scarcely thirty-six years had passed since the date of the declaration of independence, when the States commenced business as a nation, and in those thirty-six years universal depression of trade had kept back every effort at commercial progress. Though less felt at the other side of the Atlantic than on this, the desolating wars which had characterized the period had not left America untouched. The great and vivifying principles of Free Trade were then but a theory in the pages of Adam Smith, though the penetrating intellect of the younger Pitt had, before then, foreseen their successful application. Nevertheless, the

Digitized by Google

young nation was enabled to strike fierce and damaging blows at the long tried and great power of England, built up, as it was, through long centuries of conquest, and shortly before flushed with the memorable victories of the Nile and Trafalgar. There is no doubt, however, that the misfortunes of the war of 1812 were in a great measure due to this latter circumstance, namely, the over-confidence in our own invincibility engendered by our almost uniform successes against France and Spain, on what we considered our own element. Added to this was the comparatively high state of efficiency of the American Navy, small as it was; the care by which their crews were recruited, mostly from the seafaring classes; and above all by their superiority in the art of gunnery, which we had shamefully neglected in our wars with the French, in consequence, no doubt, of their still greater inefficiency in this essential.

We do not here enter into the causes of the declaration of war against this country by the United States on the 18th of June, 1812, suffice it to say, that that nation, finding herself shut out of European commerce, by the blockade by England of all ports from the Elbe to Brest, and by the retaliatory decrees of Napoleon as to British ports and colonies, was determined to strike a blow for the freedom of the seas.

As early as May most of the fastest ships of the American Mercantile Marine had been fitted out as privateers, and, immediately on the declaration of war Commodore Rodgers started from New York with three frigates and two sloops in view of the capture of about one hundred homeward-bound Jamaica-men which were on the coast under the protection of a British frigate and sloop, the 'Thalia' and 'Reindeer.' These he missed, but fell in with the British 36-gun frigate 'Belvedera,' when a hot combat ensued, the captain of the latter not knowing at first that war had been declared, and only arriving at that knowledge by the unmistakable signs of hostility on the part of the approaching fleet. In the unequal engagement which followed both Captain Byron of the 'Belvidera' and the American Commodore were wounded, and all the ships much damaged. The result of it was, however, to the ultimate advantage of the English, as, in chasing the 'Belvidera,' who used her stern-chasers with terrible effect, the American squadron was drawn away from the course of the Jamaica-men who thus escaped. Seven small merchantmen and an American

Digitized by Google

recaptured ship became, however, subsequently the prizes of this cruise, which ended at Boston on the 29th of August.

On the 13th of August the United States' frigate 'Essex,' having previously captured the rearmost vessel of a convoy of British transports bound for Quebec, fell in with the ship-sloop 'Alert,' which had been raised by the English Admiralty from the humble but useful position of a Newcastle collier to the dignity of a ship of war. Her capture was easy, though the plucky little *quondam* collier was the first assailant. The 'Essex' shortly afterwards, while convoying an American merchantman, the 'Minerva,' came across H.M.S. 'Shannon,' who forced her to give up her *protégée*, burning the latter on the spot.

Before the end of July, the news that a state of war had begun between the two nations, had become generally known to the outlying squadrons and ships on both sides, the British Ambassador, Mr. Foster, having left Washington on the 12th. But before this a small British schooner, the 'Whiting,' four guns and eighteen men, with despatches for the American Government, arrived at Hampton, and the commander being ignorant of what had passed, an American privateer, the 'Dash,' with eighty men, ran alongside of her and captured her without difficulty; the despatches were, however, previously thrown overboard.

The next notable event was the capture of the 'Guerrière' (which had been previously taken from the French) by the United States frigate 'Constitution,' after an obstinate struggle of several hours duration. Captain Dacres of the 'Guerrière' was severely wounded early in the fight, but refused to leave the deck, and the ships coming to close quarters shortly after this, a furious conflict took place, the decks being literally swept by a tempest of shot, and strewed with wounded, dead, and dying, especially on the British side. There was no surrender, however, until, the shrouds of the British ship being mostly shot away, the mainmast fell over and she became a defenceless wreck, when the Union Jack was hauled down from the stump of the mizenmast. Captain Hull of the 'Constitution' sailed into Boston, and the gallant 'Guerrière' having been burnt as useless, he was publicly thanked by the Senate, and received a present of 50,000 dollars. In the October following Captain Dacres and his officers and crew were tried by court-martial at Halifax, but they were not only honour-

Digitized by Google

ably acquitted, but warmly complimented by the court on their gallant defence.

The next encounter we have to record is that between the 'Wasp' (American) and 'Frolic' (English), both ship-sloops of eighteen guns. This fight is remarkable as having taken place in very bad weather, the sea being so rough that the muzzles of the guns of both ships were often under water. The Americans fired as the engaged side of their craft was going down, the British adopting the reverse plan, hence nearly every American shot took effect in the 'Frolic's' hull, while the 'Wasp' suffered chiefly in her rigging. The 'Frolic's' crew were much disabled by sickness, nevertheless they fought fiercely, but the better directed fire of the Yankees literally cleared her decks to such an extent, that in less than an hour from the time the first shot was fired, the 'Wasp's' men boarded her, and the American's first-lieutenant had the honour of striking the British flag as it was lashed to the main rigging. Out of 110 in her crew, the 'Frolic' had 62 killed and wounded, so that it was no easy triumph for her conqueror. The 'Wasp' with a crew of 138 had only eight men killed and eight wounded. The 'Wasp,' however, unlike the 'Constitution,' had not the good fortune to lead her prize into port, for a day or two afterwards she fell in with a British 74-gun ship who captured her and retook the 'Frolic.'

A few days after this, on the 25th October, an engagement took place between the British frigate 'Macedonian,' forty-eight guns, with 262 men and thirty-five boys, and the American frigate 'United States,' fifty-six guns, with 477 men, and one boy. The British tars fought splendidly, with a desperation worthy of their comrades of 'St. Vincent' and the glorious 1st June; but in vain, the mainmast of their frigate, like the 'Guerrière's,' having been shot away and her rigging almost all destroyed, and nearly half her crew being *hors de combat*, she was at length obliged to yield. She had received more than 100 shot in her hull, while the 'United States' had only nine shot in hers, and her rigging was not materially injured. To show further the superiority of the American gunnery, it is stated that whilst the 'Macedonian' was firing thirty-six broadsides, the 'United States' fired seventy.

Captain Carden of the British frigate was received by his generous enemy in the most honourable way. On presenting his sword to the American Commodore, the latter started back,

Digitized by Google

declared he never could take the sword of a man who had so nobly defended the honour of it, requested the hand of that gallant officer, whom it had been his fortune in war to subdue, and added that though he could not claim any merit for capturing a ship so inferior, he felt assured Captain Carden would gain much by his persevering and truly gallant defence.

The commodore subsequently ordered that all the British officers' private effects should be restored to them, extending his generosity to even a quantity of wine, which they had purchased at Madeira to take to their friends at home. This commodore also received honours from the national legislature of the United States, in consequence of his victory, and the valuation of the vanquished frigate, 200,000 dollars, was paid to him, his officers, and crew.

The court martial which followed in the following year on Captain Carden his officers and surviving crew, though honourably acquitting them and expressing their admiration for their bravery and endurance, qualified this praise by some strictures on the manœuvres employed during the engagement, which, in the opinion of the court, led to the frigate being seriously disabled before she was able to bring her enemy to close quarters.

Commodore Rodgers with the fleet mentioned at the beginning of this article, on a second cruise fell in with and captured a Jamacia craft, the 'Swallow,' having a large quantity of specie on board, and on the 31st October met the British 36-gun frigate 'Galatea' in charge of two whalers; however by skilful seamanship the latter managed to elude the powerful squadron and escaped.

(To be continued.)

Digitized by Google

The Position and Condition of the British Soldier.

By Lieutenant-Colonel Knollys.

Both of these are little understood by the large mass of Englishmen, and great evils result from the ignorance of the latter. A number of men, equal to about one fairly strong brigade, is always in prison, and nearly twice as many desert every year. On the other hand, we find soldiers treated with the most vulgar insolence by keepers of public places of entertainment and amusement, and others. For the mere offence of wearing the Queen's uniform, they are not merely liable, but actually subjected to social ostracism. They may be able to pay for the best seats at places of amusement, but are refused permission to do so. They may desire to to take refreshment in a coffee-room; the idea is scouted. They may be suffering from a mortal disease and seek for the comfort of a saloon cabin; they are relegated to the steerage unless they consent to cover their glorious garb with a civilian great coat. They may possess splendid voices and great musical talent, but are not permitted to join local glee clubs. And all this is because the spurious gentility of small tradesmen, upper servants, and such like would be wounded by the presence of a soldier in uniform. Yet these mighty particular people sit cheek by jowl every day, without grumbling, with debauched loafers, blacklegs, and swell mobsmen. Again, if a servant maid "keeps company" with a policeman, a potboy, or a journeyman sweep, nothing is thought of it. For either of these, however, substitute a soldier, and the righteous immediately shriek out that the girl must be utterly devoid of self-respect, or even chastity, and is, in fact, no better than a street-walker.

The conviction that the soldier's life is one of unbridled debauchery and blackguardism; that "to go for a soldier" is to take a final plunge into the lowest depths of degradation, is, we regret to to say, almost universal. This false, ridiculous, vulgar notion is

Digitized by Google

not confined to the lower and more ignorant classes; all strata of society; all professions, are, more or less, tainted with the prejudice. The clergy are great offenders in this respect. With particular unction do they dwell upon the part played by the Roman soldiers in the crucifixion, and, with few exceptions, do they, with singular want of patriotism urge members of their flock to abstain from enlisting, and warmly do they sympathise with the silly old woman who snivels over the fact that her scapegrace son is, by joining the Army, in a fair way to go to ruin. Not seldom the clergyman of the parish endeavours to get up a subscription to buy off that young lout in question. Dissenting ministers, being mostly radicals, and consequently opposed to a standing army, are even worse than clergymen of the Church of England. To them "a brutal and licentious soldiery," as they are fond of terming those who devote their lives to the noble profession of arms, and the defence of the honour and interests of their country, are *anathema maranatha*. They will admit that there are such persons as God-fearing warriors, such, for instance, as Colonel Gardiner, the late Sir Henry Havelock, and a few others; but, as a rule, in their eyes a soldier is essentially and remotely a child of satan.

A well-known, most religious, and much-respected general officer, whose unaffected, unpretending excellence has been both our example and a sermon, some thirty years or so ago was chatting with one of his neighbours in the country, a Wesleyan minister. The general, in the course of conversation, happened to remark that he had been upwards of thirty years in the Army. On hearing this, the minister assumed an expression of horror, and exclaimed, "Lord, sir, what a deal of sin you must have seen!" The upper classes might be supposed to be more enlightened than the middle classes, but, as a rule, they are not. For instance, what master or mistress would not feel far more indignant if he or she found their servant entertaining a soldier, than if the forbidden guest were a shop-boy or mechanic? The soldier is indeed universally supposed to be more dissolute than the civilian. The press panders to this prejudice, and there is more fuss made about one soldier who is seen drunk in the streets, than fifty civilians who commit the same offence. The explanation is, at all events, plausible: soldiers are in the minority, and from their dress are conspicuous. The eye, therefore, at once catches a drunken soldier

Digitized by Google

while half-a-dozen drunken costermongers would pass unnoticed. Then again, as to other offences against morality; soldiers are supposed to be more dangerous to female virtue than are civilians. It is possible that such is the case. The soldier is generally a fine young man, attired in a garb that is very fascinating to young women of the lower orders, and especially to domestic servants. They have, in the eyes of their own class, seen a great deal of the world, have plenty to say for themselves, and there is a romance about their profession which is very attractive to the female mind. Moreover, women always entertain an illogical preference for dare-devil scapegraces, and such, according to popular opinion, soldiers are. Hence women are far more accessible to their blandishments than to those of more common-place working men. In so-called seductions by soldiers the latter are often met more than half-way. Nevertheless we do not believe that soldiers are, as regards either drink or women, more dissolute than civilian members of their own class and age, say, for example, their own brothers. The only difference is that a soldier is more easily traced than a civilian, and is more conspicuous when his offence is open and undisguised.

With respect to drink and its consequences, common sense shows that a soldier is more likely to conduct himself well than a civilian. In addition to the reforming effect of a soldier's training, the influence of *esprit de corps* which inspires a desire to do credit to his corps, a soldier has infinitely greater penalties to dread should he behave ill than a civilian. The latter has opportunities of living without interference a life of chronic intoxication in his own home. Should he even exhibit intoxication in the streets, he escapes as a rule, scot free provided he is not outrageously troublesome and noisy. A soldier, on the contrary, is under constant supervision when in barracks, is promptly pounced on should he misbehave himself in a public place, and if, either in or out of barracks, he is discovered to be the least the worse for liquor, he is subjected not only to a fine which on an average is much heavier than that inflicted on a civilian, but suffers other punishment in addition. A civilian may spend every night away from home if he chooses. The soldier must be in barracks at a certain hour, and in addition is continually exposed to detection at roll calls, parades, &c. We do not, therefore, hesitate to say that if 100 unmarried soldiers, between the ages of twenty and twenty-five, be compared with a like number of unmarried civilians of the same

Digitized by Google

age and sprung from the same class, the result of the comparison would be in favour of the soldier. In both cases there would be found to be a great deal of drunkenness; but then that is a national vice, and it is unfair to ascribe it specially to one profession. The reasons for this prejudice against soldiers, are easy to be traced. They are religious, historical, and political. We have explained the antipathy of ministers of religion to the profession of arms, and need not dilate on that subject. The historical and political reasons are intimately connected, and may be with propriety considered together. In the first place, during the great wars which were waged by England during the last and at the beginning of the present century, the army was often recruited in a most objectionable manner. Idle vagabonds, were cleared out of the workhouses and drafted into the army. The jails were emptied in a similar manner, and frequently a smuggler, poacher, or other offender was given his choice between enlisting and going to prison. Hence the Army was largely recruited by the scum of the nation, and was naturally ill thought of by respectable persons who were, from ignorance, given to extend to every member of the profession the discredit which only properly attached to a portion of it. Again, owing to the presence of many ruffians in the ranks, it was deemed indispensable to maintain discipline by a most cruel system of punishments. The result was that respectable young men shrank alike from joining a profession where they would be exposed to associate with blackguards and incur the risk of degrading punishments. Englishmen are slow of thought and hold fast with great tenacity to opinions which have once taken root in their minds. Military discipline was, perhaps, necessarily very severe even as recently as half a century ago, and up to that time the Army contained a large number of disreputable persons. This is no longer the case, yet Englishmen failing to note the change, the vast change, which has taken place of late years, still speak and think of the army as if it were exactly the same as that which swore so terribly in Flanders, and a hundred years later committed the most brutal outrages at the capture of towns in the Peninsula.

Again, in the seventeenth century the land forces were the chief instruments by which it was sought to make the will of the sovereign override that of Parliament. It was then undoubtedly a menace to the liberties of the nation. It has long ceased to do so, but the old prejudice against the tools of tyranny

Digitized by Google

survives, and the rococo dread of the possible use which might be made of soldiers, survives in the childish preamble to the Mutiny Act. Then the Army by the theory of the constitution is more directly controlled by the sovereign than any other branch of the public service. Moreover its officers are at all events largely leavened by the aristocratic element, and the sentiment of all ranks is essentially anti-radical. This is a sufficient reason for the constant interference and onslaughts of the radical party. From all the above causes combined the Army is as unpopular in England as the Navy is popular.

There is a great deal of cheap enthusiasm when the health of the Army is proposed at public dinners, and when soldiers, by their heroism or sufferings, furnish materials for sensational writing in the press. There is a spirit both of admiration and occasionally of liberality. When, however, the country is not effusive from fright or sentimentality, little is thought of, and still less done, for the Army. The various charities which exist for the benefit of officers, soldiers, their widows or their children, are mostly maintained by members or ex-members of the profession. Scarcely is there another profession that is not better off in this respect. One may read every day that some ostentatious person has left money to the Society for the Conversion of the Jews, the teaching the Hindoos, Watt's hymns, or providing the mission at Borribulaga with moral pocket-handkerchiefs for the infant niggers. Decayed tradesmen, indigent clergymen, and destitute servants, also come in for handsome legacies. Throughout the educational establishments of the country are spread scholarships and fellowships for the benefit of members of certain families, the inhabitants of certain localities, &c.; but who leaves anything, who founds a scholarship or fellowship for the benefit of the Army? No it is mostly all talk when the Army is in question, and we unhesitatingly assert that the people of England are disgracefully ungrateful to the officers and soldiers of the land forces.

Such being the case it is surprising that the British soldiers are not utterly wanting in self-respect and extremely ill behaved. It is equally surprising that any considerable number of good men can be induced to enlist. Certainly the advantages of military service in the shape of pay, prizes, and pensions are not sufficiently great to compensate for the low estimation in which soldiers are held. As a matter of fact, however, soldiers on the whole are well behaved; a large number of respectable young

Digitized by Google

men enlist, and of those who are not a substantial proportion are either restrained or reformed. This statement may seem somewhat at variance with our opening sentences, but in reality it is not, for the offences for which soldiers are sentenced to imprisonment are almost exclusively military. Desertion too, though actually a most descreditable offence, is not regarded as such either by soldiers themselves or the mass of the population. Still it must be admitted that these military offences greatly diminish the efficiency of the Army, put the State to much expense, and tend to prevent many respectable young men from enlisting. Let us now try and search out the causes of misconduct and of the little popularity—apart from the social ostracism above alluded to—of the military service among the lower classes. These causes are various and complex. Most of them are capable of removal. A series of letters recently published by the *Standard* tend to throw a little light on the subject, and are at all events worthy of consideration. The series commenced with a letter from "Trooper," who says that he is a soldier of three years' service has been offered, but refused, promotion, and that, on the whole, he likes his life. He asserts that the popular notion respecting the soldier is that he is well fed, fairly paid, and that in time of peace he has little to do. We pause here, for a moment, to observe that if this is really the general impression it is strange that there is not a greater rush to join the Army. The police are not very highly paid, and exposed to constant perils in contests with the criminal classes, and are certainly and notoriously very hardly worked. Yet there are always plenty of applicants for permission to join the force. To return to "Trooper," we are assured by him that it is because the recruit finds out that he is neither well paid nor fed, and that his work *is* hard, that so many desertions take place. His words are:—"It is disgust at finding that, in all these respects, they have been entirely misinformed that they make up their minds to desert; for it is amongst the men who have not been discharged from their recruit drill that the great majority of desertions take place." Now as regards pay, there is certainly a misconception on the part of the intending recruit. He enlists with the idea that he will get the famous "clear shilling" a day of Lord Cardwell, for the pay of the artillery and cavalry, though nominally, is not really higher on account of extra expense in keeping of kit. As a matter of fact, after paying for groceries,

Digitized by Google

tea, bread, &c., a private in the infantry, who receives no extra pay from a good conduct badge, or any other source, can, if he is moderately careful, clear sixpence a day. This amount ought surely to suffice for beer, tobacco, and an occasional extra in the way of food. As to the latter, he can hardly be considered badly fed, seeing that he gets three-quarters of a pound of meat every day, one and a-half pounds of bread, and tea, coffee, and sugar sufficient for two meals. From the economies of the messing fund, moreover, milk and butter are often purchased. This may not be luxurious fare certainly; miners, mechanics, and domestic servants are more highly fed; but compared with the meals of an agricultural labourer, those of a soldier are liberal even in these days. Indeed we have no hesitation in saying that the large majority of soldiers are much better fed after, than they were before, enlistment. "Trooper" complains that recruits are not adequately fed. There is something in what he says. A recruit often joins in a half-starved condition and has much lee-way to make up. He is generally a growing lad, whose appetite sharpened by a good deal of drill in the open air, becomes positively wolfish. After a time, when his work becomes lighter, he has ceased growing, and has taken regularly to strong tobacco, his appetite diminishes in its intensity. Nevertheless, as many soldiers, both old and young, often consume both more beer and tobacco than is good for them, and mitigate a feeling of emptiness or craving, we think it would be a wise economy to add a quarter of a pound of meat to the daily ration. At the same time, we do not admit that the soldier can with truth assert that, even on the present scale, he is badly fed, and we have shown that the ordinary private clears sufficient money to enable him, if he should have a specially exuberant appetite, to supplement his diet by some privately purchased addition. Of course the man with a badge, the officer's servant, or the man drawing more than the common pay can still better afford to swell his bill of fare.

The fact, however, remains that the soldier actually receives, *i.e.*, puts into his pocket, only about half the sum which he imagined he was to obtain. He therefore, not unnaturally, considers that he has been deceived. The remedy is very simple. Let what is called the "extra messing," but which really constitutes an essential part of a soldier's diet be paid for by the State. Let a certain sum annually be granted to pay for reasonable barrack

Digitized by Google

changes; let the State, not the soldier, pay for washing and hair-cutting; finally, let a certain quantity of cleaning material, and such an amount of shirts, boots, stockings, &c., as an ordinarily careful soldier would need, be given free by the State. That done, let the soldier be granted whatever sum the Government may think right, and let the sum only be his daily pay. If he were careful the whole of the pay would be available for luxuries and amusement, and no man could pretend that he had been taken in. We take this opportunity of pointing out that in addition to his pay the soldier enjoys very many advantages denied to civilians. If he is sick he receives skilful and careful treatment; if he meets with a disabling accident in the performance of his duty he obtains a provision which he would not get if he were in civil employment. He has amusements of every sort within his reach, either gratuitously or for a merely nominal sum. Moreover, if as a non-commissioned officer or otherwise, he is allowed to complete twenty-one years service, he receives a pension which, if he has behaved fairly well, is, at the lowest rate, enough to keep him from starvation during the remainder of his life. We have not included among the incidental advantages enjoyed by a soldier, that he has the means of attaining gratuitously to a very high degree of education, because schooling is not considered an advantage by all men. Similarly, we have said nothing about the lodging, fuel, light, and employment, which a certain number of soldiers' wives obtain, because a recruit certainly does not enlist with a view to matrimony. One way and another, however, the soldier receives, in return for his service, a very appreciable amount of advantages in addition to his pay. We come now to the question, is his work in time of peace hard? "Trooper" says that, as a recruit, it is very hard, and draws a sensationally distressing picture of the daily routine in a cavalry regiment. "Lancer," writing to the *Standard* on the same subject, declares that "Trooper's" statement, however true regarding his own regiment, is not correct as regards the cavalry branch generally. We need not, therefore, go into the question. At the same time there is no doubt that in the mounted branches of the service the work is hard. Much of this work, too, is unnecessary, for it is caused by the unnecessarily showy nature of the uniform equipments and harness. The uniform might be made quite as handsome as it now is without the keeping it clean being so toilsome a task. The same may be

Digitized by Google

said of accoutrements and harness, which contain far too much bright metal. It was considered necessary in the pre-Crimea days, when soldiering was much simpler and, owing to long service, there was plenty of time to teach a man his duty, to give him plenty of what may be styled dandifying occupation in order to fill up his time. With, however, short service and the numerous branches of his profession, which the soldier is now required to master, it is quite different. Man-millinery should be made to give way to really careful training. Besides, it is absurd to give a man a dress, accoutrements, &c., which practically he could not keep in proper order when in the field. After all, however, we do not think that, on the whole, the soldier can justly complain of an excessive amount of work, certainly not in the infantry.

Not unnaturally a recruit undergoes more fatigue and leads a less pleasant life than the man who has been dismissed drill. It is always more tiresome to learn than to practice a trade. Besides, there are other things besides fatigue which tend to make a recruit's life trying to him. The discipline alone is of course very irksome to a man until he has become used to it. A large proportion of recruits have not been accustomed to be either punctual, cleanly, or given to prompt respectful obedience to superiors. As a civilian he has had, as a rule, but one master, and insolence to him, after all, only entailed, at the worst, dismissal by one employer to find another almost immediately.

As a soldier, and especially as a recruit, it seems to him that everybody is his master, and he is ordered about in every direction. Worse than all, as a civilian he could get drunk when he liked with almost certain impunity. As a soldier a simple glass of beer too much brings him to the guard-room. In short, as a soldier he finds that he is at every step on the verge of doing something which is viewed as an offence, which, before he took the shilling, was no offence at all, and he frets at a discipline which he cannot understand, and which is irksome to him as the curb to an unbroken colt. Under any circumstances and to any person a recruit's life is far from pleasant. Once a soldier gets over this period of trial, and, unless a very uncontrollable drunken man, he finds matters run pretty smoothly, he begins also to take a pride in his regiment, and to conceive a feeling of fellowship, if not actual friendship, for his comrades. In our next article we propose to go into the question of non-commissioned officer's punishments and a few other incidental matters.

Digitized by Google

Field-Marshal the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

By Captain Salusbury.

CHAPTER X.

Strawberry Hill: Walpole's new residence—Walpole's first letter to Conway from Strawberry Hill: Pope's ghost: A queer sort of library: Political corruption in Walpole's time—Conway's marriage—His bride—Walpole to Conway *Les Fêtes des Adieux*—The same to the same: Campaigning at Twickenham and campaigning in Flanders: Walpole's attempts in gardening operations: Lord Worcester's "Century of Inventions" like a riddle without an answer—another letter from Walpole to Conway.

We commence this chapter with a letter that ought, perhaps, to have been given place in the last; but as it marks a new era in the life of Walpole, it may with advantage claim position at the commencement of a new chapter. It is the first letter written by Walpole to Conway from his famous Twickenham retreat—Strawberry Hill. Walpole refers to his new establishment, in his "Short Notes of my Life," and tells us that in May, 1747, he took a small house near Twickenham for seven years. In 1748 he affected the purchase of this celebrated residence by means of an Act of Parliament, which was necessary as the place belonged to minors of the name of Mortimer, and the price paid was £1,356 10s. He adds that he made great additions and improvements shortly after the purchase, and observes that he found it was called Strawberry Hill in one of the deeds. We find some description of the place as Walpole found it in a letter written on the 5th June, 1747, to Sir Horace Mann:—"The house is so small," he says, "that I can send it you in a letter to look at. The prospect is as delightful as possible, commanding the river, the town and Richmond Park, and, being situated on a hill, descends to the Thames through two or three little meadows, where I have some Turkish sheep and two cows, all studied in their colours for becoming the view. This little rural *bijou* was Mrs. Chevenix's the toy-woman *à la mode*, who in every dry season is

Digitized by Google

to furnish me with the best rain-water from Paris, and now and then with some Dresden-china cows who are to figure like wooden classics in a library—so I shall grow as much a shepherd as any swain in the Astræa."

The following is the letter alluded to at the beginning of this chapter, addressed to Conway who was at the time in Flanders:—

"Twickenham, June 8, 1747.

"You perceive by my date that I am got into a new camp, and have left my tub at Windsor. It is a little play-thing-house that I got out of, Mrs. Chevenix's shop, and is the prettiest bauble you ever saw. It has enamelled meadows with filigree hedges:

"A small Euphrates through the piece is roll'd,
And little finches waves their wings in gold."

Two delightful roads, that you would call dusty, supply me continually with coaches and chaises; barges as solemn as Barons of the Exchequer move under my window; Richmond Hill and Ham Walks bound my prospect; but, thank God! the Thames is between me and the Duchess of Queensberry. Dowagers as plenty as flounders inhabit all around; and Pope's ghost is just now skimming under my window by a most poetical moonlight. I have about land enough to keep such a farm as Noah's, when he set up in the Ark with a pair of each kind; but my cottage is rather cleaner than I believe his was after they had been cooped up together forty days. The Chevenix's had tricked it out for themselves. Up two pair of stars is what they call Mr. Chevenix's *library*—furnished with three maps, one shelf, a bust of Sir Isaac Newton, and a lame telescope without any glasses. Lord John Sackville *predecessed* me here, and instituted certain games called *cricketalia*, which have been celebrated this very evening in honour of him in a neighbouring meadow. You will think I have removed my philosophy from Windsor with my tea-things hither, for I am writing to you in all this tranquility while a Parliament is bursting about my ears. You know it is going to be dissolved. I am told you are taken care of, though I don't know where, nor whether anybody that chooses you will quarrel with me because he does choose you, as that little bug the Marquis of Rockingham did—are of the calamities of my life which I have bore as abominably well as I do most about which I don't care. They say the prince has taken up two hundred

Digitized by Google

thousand pounds to carry elections which he won't carry—he had much better have saved it to buy the Parliament after it is chosen. A new set of peers are in embryo to add more dignity to the silence of the House of Lords.

"I make no remarks on your campaign, because, as you say, you do nothing at all, which, though very proper nutriment for a thinking head, does not do quite as well to write upon. If any one of you can but contrive to be shot upon your post, it is all we desire, we shall look upon it as a great curiosity, and will take care to set up a monument to the person so slain, as we are doing by vote to Captain Cornewall, who was killed at the beginning of the action in the Mediterranean four years ago. In the present dearth of glory he is canonized, though, poor man, he had been tried twice the year before for cowardice!*

"I could tell you much election news, none else, though not being thoroughly attentive to so important a subject as, to be sure, one ought to be, I might now and then mistake and give you a candidate for Durham in place of one for Southampton, or name the returning officer instead of the candidate. In general, I believe, it is much as usual—those sold in detail that afterwards will be sold in the representation, the ministers bribing Jacobites to choose friends of their own, the name of well-wishers to the present establishment, and patriots outbidding ministers that they may make the better market of their patriotism; in about all England, under some name or other, is just now to be bought and sold, though, whenever we become posterity and forefathers, we shall be in high repute for wisdom and virtue. My great great grandchildren will figure me with a white beard down to my girdle, and Mr. Pitt's will believe him unspotted enough to have walked over nine hundred hot plough-shares without hurting the sole of his foot. How merry my ghost will be, and shake its ears to hear itself quoted as a person of consummate prudence!

"Adieu, dear Harry! Yours ever."

We cannot tell exactly when Conway returned home from

* It is but fair to observe that Captain Cornewall was honourably acquitted on both occasions when he was tried by court-martial. He was killed on board the 'Marlborough' whilst fighting in the most gallant manner. On the 28th May, 1747, the House of Commons agreed to erect a monument to this officer's memory in Westminster Abbey, and this monument, the first ever voted by Parliament as a reward for naval heroism, was designed and executed by Taylor, and completed i 1755.

Digitized by Google

his Flanders campaign, but we gather that his release must have been effected between October and December, 1747. In the latter named month Conway took an important step; he commenced an entirely new phase of life, that is to say, he changed his state of single blessedness for the condition of a married man.

As we have seen, Conway displayed an effectionate feeling with regard to Lady Caroline Fitzroy, the daughter of Charles, the second Duke of Grafton; but she had married, in 1746, William, the second Earl of Harrington. If not connected by the closer tie of marriage, still Conway was connected with Lady Harrington in another manner, as her youngest sister, Lady Isabella, had married his eldest brother, Francis, the first Marquis of Hertford.

Curiously enough, the name of Conway's second love was the same as that of his first—Caroline. This lady was the only daughter of Lieutenant-General John Campbell, afterwards fourth Duke of Argyle, and Knight of the Order of the Thistle, the eldest son of John Campbell of Mamore (who who was the second son of the ninth Earl of Argyle), and Elizabeth, daughter of John, the eighth Lord Elphinstone. Her mother was the celebrated Mary, daughter of John, second Lord Ballenden. Caroline Campbell, when she married Conway, was the widow of Charles, third Earl of Ailesbury and fourth Earl of Elgin, to whom she had been married, as his third wife, in 1739, with issue an only child, Mary, who married, in 1757, Charles, third Duke of Richmond. Lord Ailesbury died on the 10th of February, 1747, when the Earldom of Ailesbury, &c., became extinct, but was revived on the 8th of June, 1776.

The marriage of Conway and this lady took place on the 19th of December, 1747. Who married the happy pair; who was "best man" on the occasion; who supplied the "breakfast," or what the bride and her attendants wore during the ceremony, are all points upon which I regret I am unable to furnish any information to any fair readers—if these pages are so honoured—but I am certain that the bride looked most charming, and I do not doubt that the bridegroom, so fearless on the battle-field, was bashful, and trembled as much as his spouse, was just the contrary; but it must not be forgotten that *she* had been through the ceremony before and *he* had not. It is quite evident, from the letter we are about to quote, that the newly married pair went

Digitized by Google

upon the Continent for a tour; but at present we cannot find any correspondence or reference concerning this period of the Marshal's career other than that which we provide from the Walpole correspondence. This letter is dated some six months after Conway's marriage.

"Strawberry Hill, June 27, 1748.

"Dear Harry,—I have full as little matter for writing as you can find in a camp. I do not call myself farmer or country gentlemen, for though I have all the ingredients to compose those characters, yet, like the ten pieces of card in the trick you found out, I don't know how to put them together; but, in short, planting, and fowls, and cows, and sheep, are my whole business, and as little amusing to relate to anybody else as the events of a still-born campaign. If I write to anybody I am forced to live upon what news I hoarded before I came out of town, and the first article of that, as I believe it is in everybody's gazette, must be about my Lord Coke.* They say that since he has been at Sunning Hill with Lady Mary, she has made him a declaration in form, that she hates him, that she always did, and she always will. This seems to have been a very unnecessary notification. However, as you know his part is to be extremely in love he is very miserable upon it, and relating his woes at White's,† probably at seven in the morning, he was advised to put an end to all this history, and shoot himself—an advice they would not have given him if he were not insolvent. He has promised to consider of it.

The night before I left London, I called at the Duchess of Richmond's,‡ who has stayed at home with the apprehension of a

* Edward, only son of Sir Thomas Coke, K.B., created Viscount Coke and Earl of Leicester, 9th May, 1744, and Lady Mary Tufton, daughter of Thomas, sixth Earl of Thanet. Lord Coke married in 1747 Lady Mary Campbell, daughter of John, second Duke of Argyll and Duke of Greenwich, the well-known Field-Marshal who commanded the Royal Army at the Battle of Sheriffmuir in the Scotch insurrection of 1715. Lord Coke died in 1753, six years before his father, and leaving no children.

† This celebrated club—raised and continued for gaming purposes principally—was originally started in 1698 as "White's Chocolate House." Many curious bets have been inscribed upon the pages of its books.

‡ Sarah, eldest daughter of William I., Earl Cadogan and Margaretta, daughter of William Munster, Counsellor of the Court of Holland. She married on the 4th December, 1719, Charles, second Duke of Richmond, and died in 1751. The Duke, who was also Duc d'Aubigny in France, was High Constable of England at the Coronation of King George the Second, Master of the Horse, 1745, and a Privy

Digitized by Google

miscarriage. The porter told me there was no drawing-room till Thursday—in short, he did tell me what amounted to as much, that her Grace did not see company till Thursday, then she should see everybody; no excuse that she was gone out, or not well. I did not stay till Thursday to kiss hands, hut went away to Vauxhall. As I was coming out I was overtaken by a great light, and retired under the trees of Marble Hill* to see what it should be. There came a long procession of Prince Lobkowitz's footmen, in very rich new liveries, the two last bearing torches, and after them the Prince [of Wales] himself, in a new sky-blue watered tabby coat, with gold button-holes, and a magnificent gold waistcoat, fringed, leading Madame L'Ambassadrice de Venice, in a green sack with a straw hat, attended by my Lady Tyrawley Wall, the private Spanish agent, the two Misses Molyneux, and some other men. They went into one of the Prince of Wales's barges, had another barge filled with violins and hautboys, and an open boat with drums and trumpets. This was one of the Fêtes des Adieux. The nymph weeps all the morning, and says she is sure she shall be poisoned by her husband's relations when she returns, for her behaviour with this prince. I have no other news, but that Mr. Fitzpatrick has married his Sukey Young, and is very impatient to have the Duchess of Bedford come to town to visit her new relation. Is not my Lady Ailesbury weary of her travels? Pray make her my compliments, unless she has made you any such declaration as Lady Mary Coke's. I am delighted with your description of the bed-chambor of the House of Orange, as I did not see it; but the sight itself must have been very odious, as the hero and heroine are so extremely ugly. I shall give it my Lady Townshend as a new topic of matrimonial satire.

Mr. Churchill and Lady Mary have been with me two or three days, and are now gone to Sunning. I only tell you this to hint that my house will hold a married pair; indeed, it is not quite large enough for people who lie, like the patriarchs, with their whole genealogy, and men-servants, and maid-servants, and oxes, and asses in the same chamber with them. Adieu! Do let this be the last letter, and come home"

Councillor, and acted as one of the Lords Justices for the administration of the Government during the absence of the king in the years 1740-45-48-50. He was K.G. and K.B., and died on the 8th August, 1750.

* The Twickenham seat of Lady Suffolk, better known as Mrs. Howard.

Digitized by Google

Here is another letter from Walpole to Conway:—

"Strawberry Hill, August 29, 1748.

"Dear Harry,—Whatever you may think, a campaign at Twickenham furnishes as little matter for a letter as an abortive one in Flanders. I can't say indeed that my generals wear black wigs, but they have long full-bottomed hoods, which cover as little entertainment to the full. There's General my Lady Castlecomer, and General my Lady Dowager Ferrers! Why, do you think I can extract more out of these than you can out of Hawley or Honeywood?* Your old women dress, go the Duke's levee, see that the soldiers cock their hats right, sleep after dinner, and soak with their led-captains till bed-time, and tell a thousand lies of what they never did in their youth. Change hats for head-clothes, the rounds for visits, and led-captains for toad-eaters, and the life is the very same. In short, these are the people I live in the midst of, though not *with*; and it is for want of more important histories that I have wrote to you seldom, not, I give you my word, from the least negligence. My present and sole occupation is planting, in which I have made great progress, and talk very learnedly with the nursery-men, except that now and then a lettuce run to seed overturns all my botany, as I have more than once taken it for a curious West-Indian flowering shrub. Then the deliberation with which trees grow is extremely inconvenient to my natural impatience. I lament living in so barbarous an age, when we are come to so little perfection in gardening. I am persuaded that a hundred and fifty years hence it will be as common to remove oaks a hundred and fifty years old as it is now to transplant tulip roots. I have even begun a treatise or panegyric on the great discoveries made by posterity in all arts and sciences, wherein I shall particularly descant on the great and cheap convenience of making trout-rivers, one of the improvements which Mrs. Kerwood wondered Mr. Hedges would not make at his country-house, but which was not then quite so common as it will be. I shall talk of a secret for roasting a wild boar and a whole pack of hounds alive, without hurting them, so that the whole chase may be brought up to table; and for this secret the Duke of Newcastle's grandson, if he can ever get a son, is to give a hundred thousand pounds. Then the delightfulness of having whole groves of humming-birds, tame tigers taught to fetch and

* General Honeywood was Governor of Portsmouth.

Digitized by Google

carry, pocket spying-glasses to see all that is doing in China, with a thousand other toys, which we now look upon as impracticable, and which pert posterity would laugh in one's face for staring at while they are offering rewards for perfecting discoveries, of the principles of which we have not the least conception. If ever this book should come forth, I must expect to have all the learned in arms against me who measure all knowledge backward. Some of them have discovered symptoms of all arts in Homer; and Pineda* had so mnch faith in the accomplishments of his ancestors that he believed Adam understood all sciences but politics. But as these great champions for our forefathers are dead, and Boileau not alive to hitch me into a verse with Perrault, I am determined to admire the learning of posterity, especially being convinced that half our present knowledge sprung from discovering the errors of what had formerly been called so. I don't think I shall ever make any great discoveries myself, and therefore shall be content to propose them to my descendants, like my Lord Bacon, who, as Dr. Shaw says very prettily in his preface to Boyle, 'had the art of inventing arts,' or rather like a Marquis of Worcester,† of whom I have seen a little book which he calls 'A Century of Inventions,' where he has set down a hundred machines to do impossibilities with, and not a single direction how to make the machines themselves.

If I happen to be less punctual in my correspondence than I intend to be, you must conclude I am writing my book, which, being designed for a panegyric, will cost me a great deal of trouble. The dedications, with your leave, shall be addressed to your son that is coming, or, with my Lady Ailesbury's leave, to your ninth son, who will be born nearer to the time I am writing of, always providing that she does not bring three at once, like my Lady Berkely. Well! I have here set you the example of writing nonsense when one has nothing to say, and shall take it ill if you don't keep up the correspondence on the same foot.

"Adieu!"

* Pineda was a Spanish Jesuit, and a Professor of Theology. He wrote voluminous commentaries upon several books of the Holy Scriptures, and an universal history of the Church. He died in 1637.

† Edward Somerset, sixth Earl and second Marquis of Worcester, father of the first Duke of Beaufort. He was the author of a book called "The Century of Inventions," written in 1655, and published in 1663. A very curious work, aptly described by Walpole.

Digitized by Google

There is one other letter from Walpole to Conway in this year's correspondence, and with it we will close the chapter.

"Strawberry Hill, October 6, 1748.

"Dear Harry,—I am sorry our wishes clash so much; besides that, I have no natural inclination for the Parliament, it will particularly disturb me now in the middle of all my plantings, for which reason I have never enquired when it will meet, and cannot help you to guess; but I should think not hastily, for I believe the peace, at least the evacuations, are not in so prosperous a way as to be ready to make any figure in the King's speech. But I speak from a distance; it may all be very toward; our ministers enjoy the consciousness of their wisdom as the good do of their virtue, and take no pains to make it shine before men. In the meantime we have several collateral emoluments from the pacifications; all our milliners, tailors, tavern-keepers, and young gentlemen are tiding to France for our improvement and luxury, and as I foresee we shall be told on their return that we have lived in a total state of blindness for these six years, and gone absolutely retrograde to all true taste in every particular, I have already began to practise walking on my head and doing everything the wrong way. Then Charles Frederick has turned all his *virtu*, and, by his influence at the ordnance, has prepared such a spectacle for the proclamation of the peace as is to surpass all its predecessors of bouncing memory. It is to open with a concert of fifteen hundred hands, and to conclude with so many hundred thousand crackers all set to music, that all the men killed in the the war are to be wakened with the crash, as if it was the day of judgment, and fall advancing like the troops in the 'Rehersal.' I wish you could see him making squibbs of his papillotes, and bronzed over with a patina of gunpowder, and talking himself still hoarser on the superiority that his firework will have over the Roman naumachia.

"I am going to dinner with Lady Sophia Thomas,* at Hampton Court, where I was to meet the Cardigans, but I this minute receive a message that the Duchess of Montague† is extremely ill,

* Lady Sophia Keppel, daughter of the first Earl of Albermarle, and wife of General Thomas.

† Daughter of the celebrated Duke of Marlborough, and mother of Lady Cardigan.

Digitized by Google

which I am much concerned for on Lady Cardigan's* account, whom I grew every day more in love with—you may imagine not with her person, which is far from improved lately; but since I have been here I have lived much with them, and, as George Montagu says, *in all my practice* I never met a better understanding, nor more really estimable qualities; such a dignity in her way of thinking; so little idea of anything mean and ridiculous, and such proper contempt for both! Adieu! I must go dress for dinner, and you perceive I wish I had, but have nothing to tell you."

* Lady Mary Montagu, third daughter of John, Duke of Montagu, and wife of George Brudenell, Earl of Cardigan, afterwards created Duke of Montagu.

(*To be Continued.*)

Digitized by Google

Editorial Notes.

Colonel John Horne has been gazetted to the Judge Advocate-Generalship of the Army serving in India, an appointment which cannot fail to be very gratifying to the numerous friends of that popular officer. Colonel Horne has, in his time, done good service in various capacities. When the mutiny suddenly burst over Bengal in 1857 he was employed as Assistant Commissioner on the north-west frontier, where his efforts contributed materially to the uninterrupted maintenance of our rule in the neighbourhood of Peshawar, and where his escape with his life was most miraculous He subsequently resumed military duty, and in 1865 joined the Judge Advocate-General's department, through the successive grades of which he has risen to his present position. His high reputation as a civil administrator and judicial officer is supplemented by social qualities which have for many years constituted him a valuable acquisition to the society of every station in which he has been quartered, and a great favourite with all who have had the pleasure of his acquaintance. His elevation to the head of his department at Simla will, we feel assured, be as conducive to the interests of the service as it is gratifying to his numerous friends.

Our last Number contained a notice of a new equipment, invented and patented by Surgeon-Major Hoile, M.D., the senior medical officer of the cavalry brigade at Aldershot. Since that notice was written we are glad to find that the opinions therein expressed are endorsed by every practical man of our acquaintance. Not only is the conception an admirable one, but in the mechanical arrangement the design is admirably carried out. It is satisfactory to know that not only do the field and company officers approve of the Hoile equipment, but that the medical officers who have tried or examined it recognise its value. To Alpine and Himalayan travellers and to sporting men its advantages cannot fail to be very great. It is not only an equipment which promises relief, and lengthened days to the soldier, but an appliance which may be utilised by any one who is necessitated to carry a load, and who wishes to do so comfortably, or who cares to render himself for a few days independent of others for supplies or necessaries of any sort.

Colonel A. Lyttleton Annesley's appointment to the Adjutant-Generalship of the Bombay Army is not only a good one, but it takes place at an opportune moment. Until within the last two years or so he has been all his service a regimental officer, and regimental experience is what is most wanted now-a-days. In the present condition of the Bombay Army, as exemplified by its recent performances in Afghanistan, Colonel Annesley has an important duty before him, but his reputation, both as a regimental commanding officer and as a headquarter staff officer, justify the hope that he will be equal to the occasion; that in the great essentials of regimental experience, professional discrimination, tact, and firmness, he will not be found wanting. We feel that both Colonel Annesley and the Bombay Army are to be congratulated.

Digitized by Google

Some time since we called attention to the unsatisfactory position of veterinary surgeons. Since then we are glad to perceive that our weekly contemporaries have strongly advocated the claims of these officers, but we fear to but little purpose. It is true that a recent committee has made recommendations which would do away with some of the grievances, but we have long been of opinion that the assembly of such committees is but little better than an excuse for delay. It requires no committee to satisfy the authorities of the disabilities and anomalous position of veterinary surgeons. To the military element, at least in Pall Mall, that position is perfectly plain.

Since our article on the subject of Kandahar was in type, we find that our usually well-informed contemporary, the *Broad Arrow*, has announced—in an article evidently inspired—that the whole of Afghanistan, including the scientific frontier, is to be abandoned. Whilst we admit that the war of 1878-9 may have been a mistake, we feel that the situation created thereby renders the retention of the passes, at least, very desirable, nor can we help giving expression to our regret at their proposed abandonment. If we could foresee a probability of perpetual peace with the Afghans they would be welcome to the passes, in as far as we are concerned, but in view of the fact that Afghanistan may, at no distant day, be made a mischievious cat's-paw of by Russia, we reiterate the opinion that the passes now in our possession should be retained.

We have seen so many new regulations in our time that we have learned to look on every new one with suspicion. There are some who attach an importance to the new regulations for the examination of officers for promotion, that we fear does not belong to them. The regulations hitherto in existence, if honestly administered, would have practically met all the ends professed to be attained by the new ones, but they were not always honestly administered. Some officers were fortunate in getting what was termed a good board; others, and those as a rule the most conscientious, if not the best informed, were unfortunate in getting a bad one. Some presidents not only made a good joke of the whole business, but even decried examinations altogether, and good-naturedly afforded candidates every facility for getting through. Others brought conscience to bear on a duty of this sort. They attached a becoming importance to examinations, spared no pains in seeing that they were honestly carried out, and were abused accordingly. The result was that there were some officers who were not only well known dunces, but occasionally something worse, who came off with flying colours, whilst sometimes the best officer in a regiment was *spun*, or barely succeeded in squeezing through. In a word, the result of the examinations in many cases depended, not on the proficiency of the candidate, but on the *personnel* of the examining board. The names of officers deemed eligible to serve on boards of this sort should be borne in a confidential list, approved by the Commander-in-chief, and kept at the Horse Guards, and from this list all examining boards, in whatever part of the empire they were to assemble, should be detailed by the Adjutant-General. This list should consist of only those with reputations for high professional or educational attainments, or both. They should not only possess these essential qualifications, but they should also be men with a conscientious sense of duty and known firmness of character, who would look on the signature of a document certifying that an officer was qualified for promotion who was believed not to be qualified as a dishonourable act—an act quite as dishonourable as a false declaration made on any other subject. We have been inundated with regulations latterly, but regu-

Digitized by Google

lations are of no use unless measures are adopted for having them honestly carried out. If we wrote less and did more it would be all the better for her Majesty's service. There are too many clerks in Pall Mall.

We are glad to perceive that our prediction of the ovation in our last Number for Sir Bartle Frere on his arrival in this country has not been falsified by the result. His reception at Portsmouth was of the most enthusiastic description, and to add to the pleasure of his friends, he has been cordially received by the Queen and the Prince of Wales. Even in this degenerate age there are people in England willing to honour a conscientious public servant of exceptional ability, even though he may have made a mistake.

Since our article entitled "Bombay Generals" was written, Generals Primrose, Burrows, and Nutall have been recalled from Kandahar, the former to England, and the two latter to Bombay. We are anxious to know by whom their places have been supplied, and whether the "crab" not of the Tugela, but of the Kojack is to succeed General Primrose. We hope not.

Some time since we favourably reviewed two pamphlets by General Samuel Braybrooke on the subject of the management of the Army and Navy Co-operative Society, an institution over which he exercised a non-official but vigilant supervision. General Braybrook has now passed down the tide of time. He will disturb the repose of the officials of that institution no more. He died at his residence in Glendow Gardens, South Kensington, on the 7th October. Although eighty-five years of age, he was both physically and mentally an active man until within a few days of his death. He evidently had a capacity for commercial administration, and will be missed at the periodical meetings of the shareholders of the Army and Navy. He has in our opinion left that Society a legacy of good advice which they would do well to profit by.

Mr. Lepel Griffin's speech at Simla on Afghan affairs is a novelty in its way. It has brought on him a tempest of abuse from his Anglo-Indian friends, but especially from his civil service *confrères*. We trust, however, that their indignation will expend itself in words—that it will not result in his social ostracism. In our opinion Mr. Lepel Griffin is a favourable specimen of the Kutcherry order of knighthood, most of whom are dread thunderbolts of war of the "Jefferson Brick" pattern. Mr. Lepel Griffin has the advantage of most of his assailants. He evidently knows what he is talking about.

Those who remember the good services of the Basutos during our recent South African difficulties, cannot help feeling regret that a state of war should now exist between that tribe and ourselves, and that regret is increased by the reflection that for this state of things *we* and not the Basutos are to blame. During our struggle for existence in South Africa, we appeared sensible of the good services of the latter; but on the termination of the war we adopted an odd mode of showing our gratitude.

When some months ago we drew attention to the disabilities under which marine officers laboured, we were not aware that any regulation existed absolutely excluding them from staff employment. We were under the impression that they were the victims of an unwritten law, for the equitable administration of which no one in particular was responsible. The refusal, however, of the Horse Guards to confirm the nomination by Lieutenant-General the Honourable Leicester Smyth

Digitized by Google

of Captain Luxmore as his aide-de-camp, is suggestive of the notion that we were mistaken. Captain Luxmore was selected, not in virtue of personal relationship to the General, or of family influence of any sort, but in virtue of his known gentlemanly qualities and efficiency as an officer. It has been suggested by some that the reasons which induced General Smyth to make the selection are the only conceivable ones for a refusal to comfirm it; but we are unwilling to endorse this opinion. If, however, a rule does exist excluding marine officers from appointments of this sort, we feel that in Captain Luxmore's case the rule would be more honoured in the breach than in the observance. We have heard before now of Aides-de-Camp not remarkable for efficiency being suggested to, if not indirectly forced on general officers. We hope that there is no "Dowb" in this case.

There is an article in the *Army and Navy Gazette* of the 16th October on the subject of political officers in the field and their positions, a careful perusal of which we would recommend, not only to our readers, but to the Cabinet. Whilst we admit that the ability of many political officers is of a very superior order, the fact that they and the generals in nominal command are in many, if not the majority, of cases antagonistic forces cannot fail to weaken the executive powers of both, and materially to aid the enemy. That a diplomatic expert is in some cases a necessary adjunct to a general officer on active service we are prepared to admit; but we cannot concede that these officials should be privileged to dictate to general officers on questions of strategy and tactics, nor that they should be made the medium of communicating to the latter the instructions of Government, or pestering them with suggestions out of harmony with the military requirements of the situation. Whilst, however, we advocate the advisability of restricting the functions of political officers within what ought to be their legitimate limits, we must admit that if our armies or any portion of them are to be commanded in the field by such general officers as have recently been supplied by the Bombay Presidency, that with such officers a diplomatic functionary invested with supreme political and military powers becomes a necessity.

If the letters of "Trooper" recently published in one of our daily contemporaries set forth the facts, it would be satisfactory to know whether the commanding officer of the regiment referred to has been called on for explanation; as an officer who would sanction such a programme would, we fancy, be much better fitted for the superintendence of a clothing or millinery establishment than the command of a regiment. There is no greater mistake than that of trying to teach a recruit everything at once. His instructions should be conducted systematically and by successive stages, commencing, we would suggest, with gymnastics, marching, and equitation, and until fair progress was made with these, nothing beyond the cleaning of horses, arms, and accoutrements should be attempted. Gymnastics as a preliminary to other exercises would, one would think, suggest itself to any practical officer. The practice of swearing at recruits under instruction has long ceased to exist in well-commanded regiments.

The case of Assistant-Commissary General Lilley, recently placed on the retired list, is, we find, attracting a good deal of attention. In our estimation it is one which supplies another instance of the description of justice meted out to any officer, or even class of officers who happen to stand in the way of War Office favourites. The circumstance of the junior who profited by the extraordinary treatment to which Assistant-Commissary General Lilley has been subjected, having been at the time, if not now, employed within the walls of the War Office

Digitized by Google

makes that treatment all the more annoying. The case not only wears the impress of injustice on the very face of it, but it is one that never would have received the sanction of either Colonel Stanley or Mr. Childers had they been aware of the facts; but alas, it is impossible for a Secretary of State to go thoroughly into every case, and hence the numerous instances of injustice of which we hear so much latterly. We believe it to be one of the first duties of a journal, conducted in the interests of the services, to comment unreservedly on cases of injustice of any sort, and from that duty we are not disposed to shrink. We may return by and bye, and in more detail, to the case of Assistant-Commissary General Lilley.

With our contemporary, the *Army and Navy Gazette*, we are disposed to enquire what are the reasons for the suppression of General Roberts' despatches giving an account of the operations in the neighbourhood of Kabul in December last. It is no secret that in these despatches several officers have been brought favourably to the notice of Government, nor is it any secret that some of them feel very much the delay exhibited in acknowledging their services. Even an announcement that the Commander-in-Chief, or Secretary of State, or the Cabinet, or whoever may be responsible, declined to accede to the recommendation of General Roberts would be some satisfaction to those concerned, inasmuch as it would set expectation at rest, and be accepted as the settlement of the question. The delay in saying what is to be done is all the more annoying as officers who earned rewards twelve months ago have since earned additional ones. We wish that some of those employed about Pall Mall had more lengthened experience in the field. Some one has said that "a little learning is dangerous," and we fear that a little field service under favourable circumstances is not calculated to create sympathy for those who are exposed for lengthened periods in the field under unfavourable circumstances. As a perusal of our pages will show, we have already called attention to the continued neglect of the army that fought in and about Kabul last year. Some of those who long looked for rewards for those services are now in their graves. As we have already said more than once the value of a reward is much enhanced when it is given at once, and with a good grace.

The United Service Gazette pays a well-merited compliment to the gallantry of Surgeon-Major Preston on the disastrous field of Maiwand We, too, are anxious to say a good word for Dr. Preston. He is an old friend of ours, whose genial social qualities, kind-heartedness, and attention to duty in time of peace, not only earned for him the warm friendship of those who knew him, but supplied some guarantee that he would not be less distinguished for useful qualities in time of war. Whilst we regret the severity of his wounds, we sincerely rejoice that his life has been spared, and trust ere long to hear of his complete restoration to health. We agree with our contemporary that it is quite time that medical officers ceased to be "stigmatized" (as Lord Chelmsford puts it) as non-combatant. In the majority of cases their early training is not calculated to induce non-combatant dispositions; but even if medical officers were pacifically disposed in the field the nature of their duties would not admit of their indulging a fancy of this sort. We have heard it asserted that it is criminal for a doctor to expose himself unnecessarily, but, with our present arms, we are curious to know how he is to avoid exposing himself. Besides, if fighting chaplains are tolerated, we feel that it would be unfair to the doctors to deprive them of the privilege of indulging in a little *divarshun* of this sort when not better employed. We have long looked on the term

Digitized by Google

"non-combatant" as applied either to a medical officer or a quartermaster as a misnomer.

Speculation is again rife as to who is to be the new Commander-in-Chief in India. That Sir Garnet is the favourite with those who have only the interests of the Army in India at heart is no secret; but then Sir Garnet is not only one of those who forms opinions of his own, but also one who at times ventures to give expression to them, and there are some who think that this may prove a disqualification. We trust, however, that they are mistaken. The army in India badly wants a Commander-in-Chief with a little originality of character and firmness of purpose, and these are qualifications which Sir Garnet possesses in an eminent degree. A subordinate position at the Horse Guards affords no scope for the talents and energy of Sir Garnet.

The despatches of Generals Primrose, Burrows, and Nuttall have at last seen the light, and, in our opinion, quite deserve the character for meagreness they received from the Viceroy and the Indian Commander-in-Chief. They add nothing to our previous information in connection with the disaster at Maiwand and the unfortunate sortie of the 14th August last. In connection with the generals there is just one pleasing feature, and that is the personal gallantry exhibited by General Burrows in the conflict of the 27th July. Had his strategic and tactical ability been equal to his personal bravery General Primrose's want of capacity would still have been one of the secrets of the future. Fortunately, it is very rarely one finds such a *trio juncta in uno* as the generals who were entrusted with England's honour in Southern Afghanistan in July and August last. But whether the situation will be improved by the substitution of General Phayre for General Primrose is one of the subjects on which we would rather not offer an opinion. The slowness of General Phayre's march through, and from, the Kojack, when Kandahar and its garrison were in imminent peril, is suggestive of the notion, that he will not set the Helmund on fire. The crabs of the Tugela and Kojack should, in our estimation, run a couple.

We see that the Indian papers are loud in their expressions of sympathy with General Stannus. The latter quitted India a man, not only in vigour of life, but an officer with a professional regulation second to none in the Army. For many years he was as well known to the Army in India as the Clock Tower at Curragh to the Dublin Division. He was not only well known, but he was favourably known. Professionally or socially there were but few more popular officers than General Stannus. Brave men are, as a rule, not remarkable for the exhibition of patience under an acute sense of wrong. Whilst we concede that General Stannus may have written indiscreetly, we feel that even an enemy, if possessed of any generosity, would not, under the circumstances, have taken advantage of his writing. In reference to this subject, a professional contemporary, a short time since, remarked that a sense of ill-treatment is not calculated to induce men, with any decent pride about them, to "write with milk upon roses." Had General Stannus been of a temperament such as would have suited a negative quantity, late of Pall Mall, the first Lord Gough would not have died in his bed, nor would some of the letters complained of ever have been written. Discreet, time-serving men of the pattern which would best suit some officials, are not, as a rule, effective cavalry leaders. Had General Stannus been less distinguished, had he simply possessed a reputation for respectable mediocrity, the probability is that he would have been more fortunate.

Digitized by Google

General Browrigg's action at the licensing meeting of the Middlesex magistrates has caused much satisfaction throughout the Army. He has announced his intention to oppose the grant of renewed licenses to any house where soldiers were subjected to invidious treatment, and his announcement met with the approval of the other magistrates. We wish that other military officers would follow the good example set by General Brownrigg. It is a noteworthy fact that it is always the high-born officer who is the most zealous advocate for the social privileges of those under his command. We want more General Brownriggs

---

We have received a reprint from *Hansard* of a speech made by Captain Bedford Pim, R.N., in the late Parliament, on the state of the Navy, which, though delivered six months ago, has certainly lost none of its force and freshness by age. The gallant officer's thrusts go forcibly home to their mark, and his attacks on the administration of the Navy and its *personnel* show that he is equally vigorous in the Senate as on the quarter-deck. The oratorical broadsides which are here discharged are double-shotted with figures, which must surely have taken effect on the official imperturbability usually maintained on these occasions. We are glad to learn that Captain B. Pim, who left Parliament on account of ill health, has been again asked to stand for an important constituency, and that the nation and Navy are likely to have again the benefit of his useful services in the house.

The state of the Navy and mercantile marine must, perforce, engage the attention of Parliament next session at the earliest possible moment. Influence in European diplomacy is all very well, but to maintain it we must be efficient, above all at sea. The fact, that two-thirds of our food supply is imported in ships largely manned by aliens, who would not care one brass button for us in our extremity, is one that ought to set us thinking. How to deal with it is not to be settled in a note nor even in an article. The sketch, begun in the present Number, of the Naval War of 1812, though the defects pointed out there are long since remedied, teaches us, however, a lesson not yet out of date, and that is to look forward to contingencies in the event of war with one or more of the great Powers, which we do not think of in the piping times of peace.

We have to deplore the death, on the 21st of last month, of one of our oldest and most valued contributors, Major-General Edward W. Delancy Lowe, C.B. He was the only surviving son of the celebrated Sir Hudson Lowe, who had charge of Napoleon, at St. Helena, from 1815 to the death of the Imperial prisoner in 1821.

It is not often that letters in the newspapers, especially from private soldiers, produce much effect on the generally impervious minds of the powers that be. We hear, however, that recent letters to the editor of the *Standard* by a "Trooper" and others have induced the authorities to defer the gymnastic instruction course in the case of recruits, as regards cavalry men, till they have been dismissed their foot drill, and, as regards infantry, till they have completed their ordinary recruit drill and have been put through the recruit's course of musketry.

Digitized by Google

Critical Notices.

KINGLAKE'S INVASION OF THE CRIMEA. (Sixth Volume.)

It is long since we looked on Mr. Kinglake's first volume of "The Invasion of the Crimea," and the succeeding volumes have made their appearance at such lengthy intervals that many of the events with which they deal have faded from the memory of most of the present generation. Mr. Kinglake's sixth volume treats of the winter of 1854-5 and its calamities, and it makes its appearance just twenty-six years after the events it describes, a circumstance that may possibly add to its historical value, but which divests it of much of the interest that would have attached to it had it appeared some years earlier, when most of those who survived the war were still alive. However, even at this distance of time, the sad narrative of the sufferings of that terrible winter cannot fail to have a melancholy interest for those still alive who have had experience of it. As the book only came into our hands as we were going to press, we are unable, in our present number, to deal with it at length. We hope, however, to do so in our next.

THE UNITED SERVICE (Messrs. Hammersly and Co., Philadelphia.)

The October number of this periodical which has just reached us is replete with interesting matter. The subjects are not only well-selected, but the whole of the papers are ably written. The Number opens with a paper on "Captain Pierce's Translation of Virgil," by O. O. Howard, which is very interesting; nor is the "Capture of the Monitor Ram 'Huascar,'" by Samuel McMahon less so. In his paper on "War Correspondents" Captain H. R. Salusbury sustains the character of an able writer. "The French Galleys of the Eighteenth Century," by Medical Director Shippen, U.S.N.; "Jean de Vienne," by J. H. Laughton, R.N.; and "Reminiscences of the Confederate Navy," by John W. Moffitt are papers which will well repay a perusal; they are most interesting. The question of "direct promotion" is also dealt with, but its interest is limited to United States officers.

LA DISCIPLINE DANS L'ARMÉE RUSSE, par A. D'Hauterive. (Paris: Dumaine. 1880.)

This little pamphlet is scarcely more than an extract from the official regulations of the Russian Army; but will be highly interesting to all those who, potentially speaking, go upon the principle of *Fas est ab hoste doceri*. Of course there are many of the drastic regulations of Russian military autocracy, which would be unsuitable to our troops, especially the free use of the punishment of the lash, the power of inflicting which seems to be given to officers of very low grades. However, there is much to learn in these few pages,

Digitized by Google

Obituary.

On the 5th July, at The Terrace, Wellington, New Zealand, Captain Charles Sharp, formerly of the Indian Navy, aged 74.

On the 27th July, 1880, killed in action at Kuskh-i-Nakhud, Afghanistan, Second-Lieutenant W. R. Olivey, of the 66th Regiment, aged 20, son of Major W. R. Olivey, of the Army Pay Department.

On the 27th July, killed in action, at Kuskh-i-Nakhud, Afghanistan, Major George Frederick Blackwood, Royal (Bengal) Horse Artillery, aged 41, second son of the late Major William Blackwood, Edinburgh, formerly of fhe H. E. I. Co.'s 59th Bengal Native Infantry.

On the 28th August, at Edwardesabad, Punjab, of fever, George Pycroft, Lieutenant 5th Punjab Cavalry, late of the 25th K.O.B., son of George Pycroft, of Kenton, Exeter, aged 24.

At his residence, Drumadravy House, Irvinestown, county Fermanagh, Hugh Montgomery Archdale, late Captain 52nd Light Infantry, aged 56.

On the 28th August, 1880, at Agra, Bengal, Frederic Charleton, Esq., Captain 5th Fusiliers, younger son of Edward C. Carleton, Kildare Street, Dublin, and Old Bawn, Bray.

On the 1st September, killed in action, near Candahar, Captain St. John T. Frome, 72nd Highlanders, aged 39, only son of General Frome, Royal Engineers, Ewell Surrey.

At Peshawar, of fever, on his return from Afghanistan, Charles Alexander, Daubeny, H.M.'s Indian Army, seventh son of the late Edmund J. Daubeny, J.P., Somerset, aged 28.

On the 25th August, at Sailkot, Punjab, India, Major G. C. Udny, Bengal Staff Corps, and D.A.C.G., in his 42nd year, eldest son of the late Charles Grant Udny, B.C.S., and formerly Judge of Bauleah, Bengal.

On the 26th September, at Ruby Hall, Monkstown, Ireland, after a long illness, Edward Henry Cassan Simpson (Colonel), late, 4th Bengal Cavalry, aged 47.

On the 9th September, 1880, at Rawul Pindee, Punjaub, Colonel Richard Jenkins, Commanding 1st Bengal Cavalry, eldest son of the late Sir Richard Jenkins, G.C.B., aged 52.

On the 9th September, at Hyderabad, Deccan, of fever, Frederick Townley Dowding, son of the late Rev. B. C. Dowding, Southbroom, Devizes, and tutor to H.H. the Nizam of Hyderabad, aged 29.

Digitized by Google

On the 12th September, at Pretoria, Transvaal, of fever, Arthur Symons Justice, Lieutenant Royal Scotch Fusiliers, aged 31.

On the 15th September, at the officers' Sanitarium, Bombay, of fever, Fred. L. Archer, Captain Royal Artillery, aged 34, dearly beloved son of Geo. S. Archer, Esq., of Henbury, Gloucestershire.

On the 17th September, at H.M. Coast Guards, Fraserburg. N.B., Francis Rose Bromilow, Lieutenant Royal Navy, only surviving son of the late Adam Bromilow, Esq., Barrister-at-law, and grandson of the late Admiral Sir Ross Donnelly, K.C.B.

On the 18th September, at Naini-Tal, India, killed by a landslip, Earnest Thomas, second son of W. Burrowes Moss, late of H.M.C.S., of Morden, Surrey, aged 23 years.

On the 18th September, at Niani-Tal, killed by the landslip, the Rev. Alexander Robinson, M A., Trinity College, Dublin, a Senior Chaplain on the India Establishment and of Moradabad.

On the 18th September, at Naini-Tai, killed by the landslip, in the effort to save life, Frederick Sherwood Taylor, Colonel Royal Engineers, Consulting Engineer to the Government of India.

On the 18th September, at Cronstadt, Alfred George Nelson, second officer of the s.s 'Hidalgo,' and elder son of G. Nelson, M.D., of Bridlington Quay, Yorkshire.

On the 16th September, at Avenel, Torquay, Charles Harcourt, eldest son of Edward Loraine, Esq., aged 32, late of the 86th Regiment.

On the 18th September, killed in the landslip at Naini-Tal, in the performance of his duty, Second-Lieutenant James Barré Hood Carmichael, of the 33rd (Duke of Wellington's) Regiment, aged 20.

On the 18th September, at Naini Tal, India, killed by a landslip, Leonard Taylor, C.S., Assistant-Commissioner, fourth son of David Taylor, M.R.C.S., 180, Kennington Park Road, S.E., aged 27.

On the 18th September, at Gosport, aged 63, Major Alexander Penrose Miller, Governor of the Military Prison, and late of 92nd Gordon Highlanders, second son of the late Thomas Miller, Yr., of Glenlee and Barskimming (eldest son of Sir William Miller, Bart., Lord Glenlee), and brother of late Sir William Miller, third Baronet.

On the 18th September, at Naini Tal, North-west Provinces, India, killed by the landslip, Captain Henry Sidney Freeman Haynes, Royal Engineers, eldest son of the late Freeman Oliver Haynes, of Wimbledon and Lincoln's-Inn, Barrister-at-law, aged 34.

On the 18th September, at Naini Tal, India, killed by the second landslip while endeavouring to save life, Lieutenant Ralph S. P. Robinson, 33rd Regiment third surviving son of Charles R. Robinson, of Bretaneby Manor, Yorkshire, aged 21.

On the 18th September, at Naini Tal, Kumaon, India, killed, while helping at the landslip, George Henry Carden Noad, Personal Assistant to the Inspector-General of the Police, N.W.P. and Oudh, eldest son of

Digitized by Google

the late Rev. George Frederick Noad, D.C.L., Rector of Cold Norton, Essex, aged 32 years.

About the 18th September, between Calcutta and Madras, on the voyage home, Major C. S. Pratt, 34th N.I., fourth son of the Rev, W, Pratt, of Harpley, Norfolk,

---

On the 21st September, suddenly, at Banbury, Charles Pemberton, Chief Inspector of Machinery, Royal Navy, Medjidie of the 5th Class, late of Deptford Dockyard, aged 63.

On the 21st August, at Great Malvern, very suddenly, Lieutenant-Colonel George Romney Rawlinson, of Graythwaite, North Lancashire, late of the 3rd Dragoon Guards.

On the 21st September, at Harston, Cambridgeshire· Captain Daniel Brown, F.R.G.S.

On the 23rd September, at Lee, Kent, Thomas Eyton, Commander, R.N

On the 23rd September, at Ponna, Lieutenant-Colonel James Ponsonby Cox, R.E, Chairman of the Bombay Port Trust, aged 50.

On the 23rd September, at Woodlands, Castle Connell, Captain. Rich, late R.H.A., in his 91st year.

On the 24th September, Captain Frederick George Vardon, late 87th Royal Irish Fusiliers, only son of Captain F. C. Vardon, of Sandgates, Chertsey, aged 35.

On the 24th September, at Herne Bay, Lieutenant-Colonel William Alexander Godley, aged 48.

On the 25th September, at 8, Addison Road North, Notting Hill, Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Alexander Thomson, late 54th Regiment.

On the 25th September. after a long illness, at his residence, 58, Warwick Square, S.W., Admiral Sir J. Walter Tarleton, K.C.B., grand-nephew of General Sir Banastre Tarleton, G.C.B.

On Sunday, the 26th September, at his residence, Ruby Hall, Kill-o-Grange, Monkstown, county Dublin, Edward Henry Cassan Simpson, late Colonel 4th Bengal Cavalry.

On the 27th September, at Melbourne, Australia, Carisbrooke James Lyon, late 52nd Light Infantry, second son of the late Captain James Lyon, of Dangstein, near Petersfield.

On the 1st October, at Hull, Yorkshire, after a painful illness, Captain Joseph Willis, of Hull, late of Goalunda. Lower Bengal, steamer Princess Alice, Eastern Bengal Army (retired) aged 38.

On the 1st October, at 225, Cornwall Road, W., Lieutenant-Colonel George O'Bryen Ottley, Her Majesty's Bengal Army (retired), aged 70.

On the 1st October, at 12, Church Road, Hove, Brighton, W., after a long illness, Algeron Pitcher, M.R.C.V.S., R H A., aged 34 years, second son of Algeron Pitcher. Esq., of Boreship, Hellingly, Sussex.

Digitized by Google

On the 2nd October, Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Stuart Baker, late of Her Majesty's 59th Regiment, eldest son of the late Colonel George Baker, of Grosvenor Place, Bath, and grandson of the late William Baker, Esq., M.P., of Bayfordbury, Herts.

On the 27th September, at his residence, Bertram Lodge, Sandown, I.W., Arthur Meredith Duff, late Captain 74th Highlanders, aged 40 years, youngest son of the late Adam Duff, Esq., of Woodcote and Heathend, Oxfordshire.

On the 27th September, at Cadenabble, Lake of Como, George Sherbrooke Airey, Captain R.N., aged 63.

On the 28th September, at Levally, Enniskillen, Major Edward Haughton, late of the 98th (Prince of Wales's) Regiment, aged 80.

On the 29th September, at Stuttgart, Robert Smith, Deputy-Inspector-General of Hospitals (retired), aged 72.

On the 30th August, Captain Edward Chinn, of The Close, Lichfield, late H.M. 12th Foot, aged 43.

On the 30th September, 1880, at Avenue House, Great Malvern, Major-General Charles Thomas Harkness, late 4th Regiment, M.N.I., aged 57.

On the 9th October, at his residence, 69, Durnford Street, Stonehouse, Devon, General Sir Fortescue Graham, K.C.B., in his 86th year.

On the 9th October, at Aberdeen, William John Bolton, C.M.G., Lieutenant-Colonel Royal Artillery, and Battalion Colonel Commanding Auxiliary Artillery, 2d Sub District, N.B., aged 25 years.

On the 11th October, on his voyage home from India, Henry Cariston Seton, Captain R.A., No. 4 Battery, Hyderabad Contingent, Deccan, aged 39.

On the 11th October, at 13, Bloomfield Street, Upper Westbourne Terrace, Captain Joseph Arimathæa Freeman, aged 74.

On the 11th October, suddenly, at Pitminster, near Taunton, Captain William Robert Hobson, R.N., aged 49.

On the 13th October, at The Cottage, Bishop's Canning, Devizes, suddenly, of heart disease, Berhard Trant Colley, Esq. R.N. R.I.P.

On the 13th October, at Ryde, Isle of Wight, George Campbell Henville Player Brigstocke, of Chelsworth Hall, Suffolk, late Captain 4th Dragoon Guards, aged 48.

Lieut. Brophey, Yeoman of the Royal Body-Guard, at St. James's Palace, says: "Having suffered from Deafness, Neuralgia and Rheumatism ever since I left the Crimea, and likewise from Indigestion and consequent Debility, I was induced by a friend to try your Vitalized Phosphates, and I cannot speak too highly in their favour. Nothing I have ever taken has afforded me such great and permanent relief." This preparation is now much used by professional men; it is pleasant to take and free from all danger. Sold by Chemists 3*s*. 9*d*. per bottle, (containing forty-four adult doses,) or post free from F. Crosby, 137A Strand, London, upon receipt of stamps or P.O.O. Descriptive pamphlets post free.—(ADVT.)

Digitized by Google

COLBURN'S

UNITED SERVICE MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1880.

Captain Bedford Pim, R.N.

AND

Sir E. J. Reed, K.C.B., M.P.,

Late Chief Constructor Royal Navy.

The publication of a remarkable correspondence between two well-known men has forcibly called attention to the state and condition of the Royal Navy of England. It is not too much to say that upon the efficiency of her Navy the existence of the United Kingdom as a Great Power chiefly depends. It is, therefore, proposed in the following pages to analyse critically the contents of the letters to which allusion has been made, and to endeavour to arrive at some definite conclusion as to whether the English Navy is the bright particular star it is popularly supposed to be, and is really so far behind the requirements of the Nation as the gallant officer whose name appears at the head of this article asserted it to be from his place in the House of Commons.

It is well-known and understood that the *United Service Magazine* has nothing to do with party politics, and devotes itself exclusively to considerations affecting the welfare of the two noble Services it has had the honour to represent, for upward of half a century. But in the present connection it must be frankly stated, to clear the ground, that the politics of the two gentlemen, with whose correspondence we are about to deal, are as the poles asunder. Captain Bedford Pim is as his career both in and out of the House of Commons abundantly proves, a Tory of Tories; he has never even acknowledged allegiance to the Conservative

Digitized by Google

party, although voting with them as the nearest approach to his views, and on the principle that "half a loaf is better than no bread." All the world knows his sturdy independence, and that the motto he has consistently followed throughout his career has been the old Tory one of "God and Country."

It is unnecessary to say one word in respect to the naval services of Captain Bedford Pim; whether in early life employed on surveying work, or as a gallant seaman in front of the enemy, or as the intrepid traveller over the snowy wastes of the Arctic regions, no one would ever dream of questioning the bravery, the zeal, or the intelligence of that officer.

Of Sir E. J. Reed, it is equally pleasant to speak in high terms. He has raised himself from a very humble position indeed to very considerable wealth and influence. His father was a working shipwright in Sheerness dockyard, and his son learnt all he knows of shipbuilding in that yard. He did not, however, devote himself to working as a shipwright in a royal dockyard, but left Sheerness as soon as he possibly could, and came to London to seek his fortune.

For some time he was employed as a clerk in the office of Messrs. Roberts and Brooman, Fleet Street; raised in the course of time to sub-edit the *Mechanic's Magazine*, and through the influence of Mr. Scott Russell, ultimately obtained the appointment of secretary to the then newly formed Institute of Naval Architects at a salary of £150 per annum.

While in this appointment, the opportunity offered of being useful to Admiral Lord Clarence Paget, and the noble lord, as soon as he had acquired the position of Secretary to the Admiralty, did not forget his humble friend, but conferred the appointment upon him of Chief Constructor of the Navy. As a proof of the confidence placed in the abilities of Mr. E. J. Reed by Lord Clarence Paget, it may be mentioned as a curious fact that when the new occupant accepted the charge of the design and construction of Her Majesty's ships and vessels of war, he was absolutely untrammelled by any old world notions of ship building, for, at the time of his appointment, he had never built, nor even been concerned in building, from his own design a single ship either for war or mercantile purposes.

For several years Mr. Reed continued Chief Constructor of the Navy, and during that period no less than sixty-eight vessels

Digitized by Google

were designed under his auspices. It will be necessary later on to give a list of these vessels.

At present Mr. E. J. Reed is not employed upon any great work, but his genius will doubtless not be allowed to slumber, and indeed has just been recognised by the new Prime Minister of England, Mr. Gladstone, who has conferred upon that gentleman the coveted decoration of the K.C.B. for "services to the Navy." The first intimation of the honour seems to have been made in the columns of the *South Wales Daily News*, a Liberal journal, like its London contemporary of the "largest circulation," in Cardiff and the district, the locality so ably represented in Parliament by the new knight.

The following is the resolution to which reference is made, and which seems to have excited the ire of Captain Bedford Pim. It should be stated that Mr., now Sir, Edward J. Reed. K.C.B., M.P., is a Liberal, perhaps, it would be more correct to say a liberal dissenter :—

South Wales Daily News, 25th August, 1880.

SIR EDWARD J. REED, K.C.B., M.P.

The Liberals of Cardiff are just holding their annual ward meetings for the purpose of electing the various officers and committee of the association. During the past week two of the wards—viz., the East and Canton Wards—held their meetings, and, after completing their other business, availed themselves of the opportunity of congratulating the Hon. Member for Cardiff on the honour lately conferred upon him by Her Majesty the Queen, and passed the following resolution, which was forwarded to him by the hon. secretary, Mr. Sanders :—

"That this meeting of Liberal electors records its high appreciation of the regular attendance of Sir Edward J. Reed in Parliament during the present Session, and particularly of his active support of the Government. It also desires to offer its most cordial congratulations to the Honourable Member upon the distinguished honour that has been conferred upon him by the Queen, in recognition of his important services to the Navy, and trusts he may have further opportunities of rendering still more signal aid to the public service."

To the letter conveying the resolution the following reply has been received :—

August 23rd, 1880.

My dear Sir,—I have received with the liveliest pleasure the resolutions of satisfaction and of congratulation which have been so generously and warmly passed by both the East Ward and the Canton Ward electors at their meetings.

In responding to the letter of the illustrious Prime Minister, in which the new dignity was offered me, I ventured to express the belief that my constituents, and many electors of the Principality generally, would feel complimented and gratified at this mark of favour, and the resolutions which my friends have passed, and which you have transmitted, have fully justified my hope and expectation.

I request you to be so good as to return my best thanks to the elec-

Digitized by Google

tors and committees of the East and Canton Wards for their generous confidence and congratulations, and say to them that I am proud to sit as the representative of Cardiff in a Parliament which, in spite of the greatest discouragements, is passing measures of justice and wisdom for which the country has too long waited.

I am, my dear Sir,
Yours very truly,
E. J. REED.

W. Sanders, Esq.,
Secretary, Liberal Association, Cardiff.

It is not to be supposed that the advancement of Mr. E. J. Reed to the dignity of a K.C.B. met with universal approval. Captain Bedford Pim was not alone in expressing disapprobation of such advancement, but he was alone in the effort to expose the fact that the decoration could not have been conferred for "services to the Navy."

The professional papers were decidedly severe on Mr. E. J. Reed personally. The *United Service Gazette*, for instance, used no uncertain expressions about that gentleman, and the *Army and Navy Gazette*, a non-political newspaper, edited by Dr. Russell, the famous war correspondent, adopted so decided a tone that it will be necessary to quote its *ipssisima verba*:—"We have received," says that paper, "innumerable inquiries as to the *raison d'être* of Mr. E. J. Reed, C.B., and M.P. for Cardiff, being knighted, but can only say in reply that we surmise the honour is intended to commemorate the fact that, of all men in times past or present who have ever held an official position, Mr. E. J. Reed is the man who has wasted the largest sum of money for the tax-payers of this country in experimental attempts at naval construction, which have, as a whole, proved decided failures. The last of the *Bessemer* can now be seen rusting on the shore opposite Blackwall, Mr. E. J. Reed's latest failure having, very wisely, been broken up." Captain Bedford Pim, however, it will be observed in the following letter, carefully abstains from any personal remarks on Mr. E. J. Reed's non-official failures:—

South Wales Daily News, 1st September, 1880.

SIR EDWARD J. REED, K.C.B.

SIR,—I have seen in your impression of the 25th August the resolution passed by the Liberals of certain Cardiff Wards, with Sir Edward Reed's reply thereto; and as the matter chiefly concerns the service to which I have devoted the best years of my life, and as the efficiency of that service is of vital interest to the nation, I should, indeed, be deserving of severe reprehension if I did not join issue with the assertion distinctly made, and not contradicted by Sir Edward Reed, K.C.B., that this gentleman has conferred "important services on the Navy."

Digitized by Google

I beg leave, with the utmost confidence, to contradict that statement, and to insist that, far from having rendered "services to the Navy," Sir Edward Reed has been the main cause of its present condition, described by me in the House of Commons, on the 8th March last, without disproof, as "rotten from keel to truck."

I enclose you the speech to which I refer, reprinted from Hansard, and inasmuch as Sir Edward Reed's designs are handled therein, you may think it right to publish that speech in your columns. So long ago as 1875, both in the House of Commons and the public press, I exposed the worthless nature of no fewer than 68 vessels, for which Sir Edward Reed is responsible.

You must understand clearly that I entirely disclaim any personal feeling in respect to this gentleman; for beyond the acquaintance begotten by sitting on opposition sides in the House of Commons for six years, he is unknown to me. I simply contradict the statement in your columns as emphatically as I can on purely public grounds; and I challenge the Liberals to point to a single ship of any class in the Royal Navy with which Sir E. Reed's name is associated as worthy in any way to be called an efficient war ship, or at all calculated to carry out satisfactorily the duties which, even under ordinary circumstances, devolve upon the least pretentious of Her Majesty's ships or vessels.

I do not say a word as to what may by some be considered the impolicy of dragging the K.C.B. distinction through the mire; this responsibility will no doubt sit lightly upon Mr. Gladstone; but I do protest, in the name of the Navy and the nation, against the assumption for one moment of the monstrous notion that Sir E. J. Reed—whose blunders, official and other, are notorious—has been justifiably made a K.C.B. for services to the Navy.

I am, Sir, yours truly,
BEDFORD PIM.

British Association, Swansea.
31st August, 1880.

Whatever fault may be found with Mr., now Sir, Edward J. Reed in respect to his designs for war ships, or even with his non-official failures, no one will accuse him of any want of pluck and readiness in returning the fire of an opponent, as the following letter abundantly proves:—

South Wales Daily News, 4th September, 1880.

SIR EDWARD J. REED, K.C.B., M.P.

The following letters have been handed to us for publication by a gentleman resident in Cardiff, well known to ourselves and to the inhabitants generally:—

September 2nd, 1880.

"My dear Sir,—It would not have occurred to me to take any notice of the letter of "Bedford Pim," which appeared in the *South Wales Daily News*, of yesterday, but for your communication. The writer was once in the naval service, it is true, but that was many years ago, and his opinions are not based upon actual service in iron-clad ships, and have no weight whatever, that I know of, either inside or outside of the naval service. Certainly I regard them of the less importance (because of his known peculiarities) than those of any other naval officer whatever. He got returned to the last Parliament by the borough of Gravesend; and he used his position there on many occasions for the purpose of trying to injure me, and to lower the character of my ships; but as

Digitized by Google

he attacked almost everybody and everything else in the naval service in unmeasured terms, and with an extravagance of manner that reached the comical, but little notice was taken of him. On one occasion he insisted upon reading to the House a petition which had been condemned by the Petition Committee as unfit for the House to print—its main contents being an attack upon myself; but the members on both sides of the House expressed their contempt by leaving the House, and causing it to be counted out, thus defeating his acrimonious intention. He started a newspaper which contained continued attack upon me and my ships; but it failed, as was to be expected. He is one of a little knot of persons who are so envious of my reputation that they can never be quiet for long; but in their case, as in many others, people with no eminence of their own have vainly sought to attain a little by persistently attacking someone far above them. In a larger sphere, and in the case of our greatest man, Mr. Gladstone, how often has not the same thing been attempted? There probably is not a blatant fool in the country who has not hurled his minature thunders at the "Chief of Men." My advice is let "Bedford Pim" alone; he can do no harm whatever. To show you how little he is entitled to speak for the naval service, I enclose for your perusal a letter from a real captain R.N. (not a retired or fossil one); a man who has served in my iron-clads in various parts of the world, and who is one of the most scientific and active officers of the Royal Navy. I received it two or three weeks ago, on the occasion of my advancement by Her Majesty, and it is but one of many congratulatory communications which I had the very great honour and pleasure to receive from naval officers of various ranks. It speaks for itself, and its voice will be more effectual to you, I feel sure, than the blustering of all the old Commodore Trunnions that still survive—they are but few.

"I have not written this for other eyes than your own, but if you care to publish it, with the enclosure, I shall not object; only in that case I will ask you to omit the name and address of the writer, as I have not asked for his authority to make a further use of it.

"I am, my dear Sir,

"Yours very truly,

"E. J. REED."

[COPY.]

"August 12, 1880.

"Dear Sir Edward Reed,—I hope that I was at one time sufficiently known to you to justify me in now sending you my hearty congratulations on the honour which Her Majesty has so deservedly conferred upon you. It will be regarded by many as both a testimony to your distinguished personal merits, and as a compliment to the honourable profession which you have done so much to extend the eminence of.

"I have of late years occupied myself a good deal in examining the state of foreign navies, and nothing is more certain than that there is not one that does not show distinct traces of the influence of your ideas, sometimes directly as in the possession of your own designs, sometimes indirectly as in imitation of them. It is no exaggeration to say that no living Englishman has so impressed his opinions upon foreigners as you have; in fact, the modern war-ship, both armoured and unarmoured, allowing for modifications introduced to meet new conditions, is your creation.

"The naval architects of this country are probably the only body of Englishmen who, practically, give the law to all the world, an honour to be attributed chiefly to yourself. It is satisfactory that this is no longer to go unrecognised, and that rewards and distinctions are no

Digitized by Google

more to be monopolised by those who are engaged in a ridiculous attempt to make England a great military, instead of a great naval Power.

"Yours sincerely,

"———, Captain, R.N."

It will be observed from the above that Sir Edward J. Reed handles his case with very considerable adroitness. He does not condescend to enlarge upon the good "points" of his vessels, but hurls his thunder at the devoted head of Captain Bedford Pim, who probably was as much astonished as any reader of the above letter can be, at learning that he had become "fossilized." At the same time it must be admitted that the readiness of Sir E. J. Reed, upon an emergency of no mean nature, must be admired. The ability with which he utilised the opportune certificate of his anonymous Captain R.N. was certainly worthy of a better cause; but who is there who will not commiserate the unhappy position of that blank Captain R.N.

However, upon this point the rejoinder of Captain Bedford Pim is sufficiently explicit and speaks for itself:—

SIR E. J. REED, K.C.B., M.P.

SIR,—Since leaving the British Association at Swansea on the 1st inst., I have had no opportunity of seeing your journal until my return to London, when my attention was called to your issue of the 4th inst. containing the reply of Sir E. J. Reed to my letter of the 31st ult.

It has been my positive duty, both in and out of the House of Commons, to expose the deplorable condition of the Royal Navy, and of necessity I had to deal with the nature of the vessels for which the late Chief Constructor is responsible, proving, I think, beyond doubt, their unfitness for active service. It is the *reductio ad absurdum*, therefore, for Sir E, J. Reed to accuse me of being envious of his reputation when that reputation rests solely upon the designs of a number of ships of proved inefficiency.

It would have been more satisfactory to the public if, instead of shielding himself behind the certificate of an anonymous Captain R.N., he had accepted my challenge, and pointed out one single vessel of his creation possessing the qualifications of a real man-of-war.

My chief anxiety is to warn my countrymen, before it is too late, of the danger to them of an inefficient Navy, *whereon*, as solemnly asserted in the Preamble of an Act of Parliament, *under the good Providence of God, the wealth, safety, and strength of the Kingdom chiefly depend*, 29 and 30 Vic., cap cix. And I again challenge the late Chief Constructor, in his character as a public man, to deny, if he can, the statement I have made about the value of his ships. Let him name one out of the many for which he is responsible, and for which he has so loudly taken credit, "as worthy in any way to be called an efficient war ship, or at all calculated to carry out satisfactorily the duties which, even under ordinary circumstances, devolve upon the least pretentious of Her Majesty's ships or vessels."

I am most anxious to avoid any remark which may lead away from the grave question of the efficiency of the Navy; and therefore I shall refrain from personal rejoinder or even asking the name of the Captain

Digitized by Google

R.N., who has been made Sir E. J. Reed's sponsor on this occasion, but I am sure that the late Chief Constructor will admit the seniority of an Admiral over a Post-Captain, and by the same train of reasoning, that the opinion of five Admirals upon his iron-clads must outweigh that of one Post Captain. The opinions to which I allude are public property.

First—That of Admiral Sir W. Houston Stewart, K.C,B., the present Controller of the Navy, extracted from the Blue Book containing the evidence taken before Lord Dufferin's Committee. In answer to question 4142, the Admiral says:—*Mr. Reed designed the* 'Monarch,' 'Hercules,' 'Bellerophon,' *and* 'Audacious' *class to sail as well as sailing ships, and I expected that the* 'Monarch' *and* 'Hercules' *would sail well; but they do not do so, nor do the* 'Audacious' *and* 'Vanguard.'

Second—A late senior Sea Lord of the Admiralty, Sir Sidney Dacres, an officer who had himself commanded the Channel Fleet, or rather squadron, said of them (the iron-clads), *that he did not think they could cruise in company with safety.*

Third.—Lord Clarence Paget, late Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Fleet, said, *these large iron-clads are not safe when near the land or one another, or in bad weather without steam power.*

Fourth.—Admiral Sir Thomas Symonds, also lately in command of the Channel squadron, said *that they (the iron-clads) are unable to save themselves under the commonest circumstances.*

Fifth.—The Admiral of the Fleet, Sir George Rose Sartorius, says, *our iron-clad ships-of-war are equally unfit for the exigencies of coast or distant warfare, and for the blockading of an enemy's ports impracticable.*

Such a consensus of condemnatory opinion is rarely to be met with, and alone, I think, establishes my position on the 8th March last, when I described the Navy as "Rotten from keel to truck."

I may be asked how does it come to pass that the public has for so long condoned such ignorance on the part of its responsible officials? I answer that such condonation arises from the cowardice of the politicians who have governed the nation of late years; they have proved positively afraid to grapple with the mismanagement at the Admiralty.

I hope Sir E. J. Reed will disabuse his mind of the funny idea that "I am one of a little knot of persons envious of his reputation," and will now endeavour to establish, to the satisfaction of his countrymen, that he has a reputation which anyone can covet.

I am Sir,
Yours truly,
BEDFORD PIM.

2, Crown Office Row, Temple, E.C.,
20th September, 1880.

It is not difficult to understand the condition, placed as he was on the horns of a dilemma, of the unhappy editor of Sir E. J. Reed's Cardiff paper, the *South Wales Daily News*, when he received the above letter—who was to bear the brunt, Sir E. J. Reed or the editor of the *South Wales Daily News?*

It was clear that the case offered no inducement to stultify the old proverb, and accordingly of the two evils the lesser was chosen. The unhappy editor being sacrified on the altar of his chief's reputation! Therefore Captain Bedford Pim's letter was refused insertion as will be seen by the following:—

Digitized by Google

SIR E. J. REED, K.C.B., M.P.

SIR,—The gentleman who called upon you last week on my behalf, has forwarded to me the issue of the *South Wales Daily News* of the 27th ult., to which you referred him, and therein I find, that "B. P. must excuse us for not inserting his letter. We do not see any good public object to be served by it."

I have not one word to say against your decision so far as I am personally concerned, but surely you cannot be in earnest in asserting that there is no "good public object to be served" in discussing the condition of the Royal Navy upon which the Act of Parliament, 29 and 30 Vic. Cap. cix., solemnly asserts that "*the wealth, safety, and strength of the kingdom chiefly depend.*" Besides is it not by general consent allowed that the efficiency of the Navy is a public object of the first importance?

That there is ample reason, by any and every means, to call attention to the inefficiency of the Navy no thinking man will deny; but to show the pressing importance of the subject, permit me to quote the following extracts from a letter to the *Times* of 16th April last, written by no less a person than the admiral of the fleet, the distinguished Admiral Sir Thomas Symonds, K.C.B., &c, &c., &c., "*who after anxious thought feels bound to declare his conviction that the condition of the English Navy falls far below her needs,*" and who asserts, "*as to the qualities of our ironclads these are bad and generally obsolete * * * The greater part of them are unmanageable under sail, and are bad steamers * * * We have very few ships fit to go into action, for their watertight compartments are so large. that when one is filled by any casualty, the ship sinks, or is water-logged * * * None of our war ships can, I believe, carry sufficient coal for more than four days full power steaming.*" The gallant admiral in bringing his letter to a conclusion, uses these ominous words, "*I feel it belongs to my office to draw public attention to that which I honestly believe is a great national peril.*"

Do you, Mr. Editor, in view of the above facts, still persist in the idea that no "good public object is to by served" by an honest and certainly disinterested endeavour to expose the ignorance and folly which has saddled our country with a Navy which it is no exaggeration to say is rotten from keel to truck?

I have had so much political experience that I was *not* surprised to hear that the insertion of my letter had been refused. It is becoming a bye-saying "scratch a Liberal, and you will find the essence of illiberality." I must, therefore, I suppose, seek another channel for the publication of the correspondence which has arisen, in consequence of Mr. Gladstone's unwisdom—if the distinction is to maintain its old repute—in conferring the K.C.B. on Sir E. J. Reed, M.P., for "services to the Navy."

I am, Sir, yours truly,
BEDFORD PIM.

2, Crown Office Row, Temple, E.C.
5th Oct., 1880.

This correspondence which has been published *in extenso* in the *Gravesend Journal*, of the 23rd October, 1880, has, by the facts of its publication, been brought to a conclusion, and indeed, so far as the state and condition of the Royal Navy is concerned, is conclusive enough; for, who can withstand such a consenus of "condemnatory opinion" as that contained in the views publicly expressed, of no less than five of England's most distinguished

Digitized by Google

Admirals, all intimately acquainted with the qualities of Sir E. J. Reed's boasted ironclads.

It would be a work of supererogation to deal further with the above correspondence in a critical spirit. Those who read the letters will be able to judge for themselves, inasmuch as they are written in the plainest Saxon, whether Captain Bedford Pim, or Sir Edward J. Reed has the best of the argument; but it is absolutely necessary in conclusion, to say a few words on the general subject.

It may be considered by many very trite indeed—this question of the efficiency or otherwise of the British Navy—but in very truth, it really involves the future position of the United Kingdom as a great power.

What is Great Britain? Two small islands, containing 120,000 square miles of surface, with a population of 33,000,000 of souls, possessing a wealth estimated at no less than £7,400,000,000 sterling, without taking into account Colonies and dependencies in various parts of the world, amounting in the aggregate to at least 5,000,000 square miles of land, or a tenth part of the habitable globe. Such is the answer to the question —what is Great Britain? It is now not difficult to point out why an efficient navy is all important to her.

The human beings who constitute the population of the two little islands of Great Britain and Ireland, are doubtless a great people; the population is also said to be very dense. It is difficult to reconcile the paradox truth of this latter statement, in more senses than one, as applied to the English; no one can dispute, nevertheless, though a great people, and no matter how dense, that they must be fed.

From whence is the necessary food to be obtained? It is obviously not procurable from the cultivated soil of the United Kingdom, which all the world knows can only sustain a population of some 11,000,000; it must, therefore, be imported from abroad, and consequently Great Britain is dependent upon the foreigner for at least one-half of the sustenance necessary to support life.

This state of affairs is in itself most serious, but when it is added that the main supply is derived from San Francisco, and that the wheat ships, for example, have a voyage to perform of some 16,000 miles before they can land their precious freight at

Digitized by Google

an English port,—last year no less than a million tons, *not* quarters, were imported—it is clear that in time of war the food supply, to say the least of it, is precarious, for nothing is more certain, than that on so long a route a multitude of opportunities must offer themselves to an active enemy, with only *one* smart cruiser, handled as intelligently as was the 'Alabama' by Captain Semmes.

But any likely enemy to this country would possess not *one*, but many cruizers, and then it would become a grave question how best to meet and foil the enemy's "knavish tricks," and how best to convey the staff of life in safety to a home port. Unhappily the inefficiency of the Navy is not confined to the ironclads, for a close scrutiny of the Navy list does not elicit the cheering information, that there exists any vessel of a type calculated to convoy in safety the cargoes upon which such vital interest depends.

The following is a list of the sixty-eight ships referred to above, as those for which Sir Edward J. Reed is said to be responsible by Captain Bedford Pim. The list is taken from a speech delivered by that officer in the House of Commons, on the 8th of March last (1880), and extracted from Hansard's Parliamentary Debates.

Unarmoured Vessels.

Amazon, (foundered); Niobe; Vestal; Blanche; Nymph; Daphne; Dryad; Minstrel: Cherub; Helicon, (P.W.); Osborne, (P.W.); Inconstant; Thetis; Blazer; Comet; Scourge; Snake; Vigilant (P.W.); Lively (P.W.); Shah; Plucky; Woodlark; Vulture; Bittern; Druid; Briton; Tenedos; Dido; Thalia; Active; Volage; Raleigh.

Armoured Vessels.

Pallas; Favourite; Research; Enterprise; Waterwitch; Vixen; Viper; Audacious; Invincible; Vanguard (foundered); Iron Duke; Triumph; Swiftsure; Repulse; Sultan; Monarch; Hercules; Bellerophon; Penelope; Lord Clyde; Lord Warden; Glatton; Hotspur; Rupert; Cyclops; Hecate; Hydra; Gorgon; Thunderer; Fury; Devastation.

Transports.

Euphrates; Serapis; Jumna; Malabar; Crocodile.

It must be confessed that such an indictment as that preferred by Captain Bedford Pim, himself an expert sailor, assumes very grave proportions upon an examination of the qualities of the vessels enumerated above.

Digitized by Google

The lists opens with the ominous word "foundered" affixed to the very first vessel. The 'Amazon,' a ship launched with considerable eclát and a loud flourish of trumpets, as an "improved 'Alabama,'" provided with a ram, on her first voyage, in the English Channel, collides with an Irish pig-boat, her ram "falls off," and in an incredibly short space of time, not a vestige of the "improved 'Alabama'" remains above water.

A step higher than the "improved 'Alabama'" is the corvette class; the behaviour of one will suffice to indicate the value of her sisters. The 'Volage' is an iron corvette cased with wood, of 3,078 tons displacement, and 4,532 indicated horse-power. The following extract from a report, dated 11th June, 1875, written by Captain Fairfax, in command of her, will give an idea of her seaworthiness:—

"At the Cape we had taken on board four bullocks and 100 sheep. Owing to the immense quantities of water shipped over the lee nettings, on the 5th and 6th, three bullocks and thirty sheep were drowned or died from the cold and injuries received. All the poop cabins were deeply flooded, and on several occasions the depth of water on the lee side of the quarter-deck was such as to cover the guns, and two men were carried off their legs, washed over the guns, and nearly over the netting. The freeing ports under the gun ports relieved the ship very soon of the water; without them such an immense weight of water, accumulating each roll, and rushing from side to side, would have been most serious. As neither I nor any officer in this ship had seen a vessel ship water in this way, perhaps you may think fit to draw their Lordship's attention to it."

The 'Supply,' built for P. and O. Company, an old iron store ship, of 1,126 tons displacement, and 265 indicated horse-power, was in the same weather, and at the same time, but behaved so differently that, with one gun, she could have sunk the 'Volage' without that vessel being able to return a shot.

Going still higher on the unarmoured list, there is the frigate class, take one. The 'Shah' is an iron frigate cased with wood of 5,700 tons displacement, and 7,500 indicated horse-power. This vessel having been ordered to the Pacific as flag ship to the Station, was unable to leave for want of proper coal stowage. Two new bunkers had to be constructed; but when the first few tons of coal were emptied into these new bunkers, the 'Shah' began to go down in the water at such a rate as to astonish Captain Bedford, who at once reported the circumstance. At this time the 'Shah' had not undergone her captain's trial. The order was therefore given to discharge the coal, and go out on trial. This was done; but the ship, on steaming out of Portsmouth

Digitized by Google

harbour against a fresh westerly or beam wind, heeled over to such an extent that, although no sail was set, it was found impossible to depress the starboard guns sufficiently to hit the hull of a vessel 100 yards off. On starboarding the helm hard over, the 'Shah' was found to heel seven degrees when turning at full speed. The same effect was observed when the helm was placed hard a-port, and in either case the guns could not be depressed sufficiently to lay them for the horizon. Professional men will at once grasp the meaning of such defects in a man-of-war. In fact, out of the whole of the unarmoured vessels enumerated, it seems only too true that not one is a really efficient ship of war, or fit to convoy merchant vessels on a long and hazardous voyage.

Upon a careful comparison of Captain Bedford Pim's list of "Armoured Vessels" of Sir Edward J. Reed's creation, it seems that ballast has been resorted to in most instances to prevent these vessels from capsizing. The 'Sultan,' for instance, has no less than 500 tons on board, but even with this after thought to keep them upright, the qualities of the ships themselves appear in anything but a creditable light: Take a few questions and answers before Lord Dufferin's Committee for example—

Captain C. May, R.N.

Q. 1913. Would you consider her (the 'Monarch') a manageable vessel under canvas alone?—A. No; I don't think I have ever seen an iron-clad that I would trust under canvas alone.

Staff-Commander W. W. Kiddle, R.N.

Q. 2450 With regard to her (the 'Invincible's') stability, is she tender?—A. Very Perhaps I could give you an illustration. We went out with all her guns in; the upper-deck guns were dismounted and lashed on the deck so as to be able to leave them; the spirit room had seventy tons of water in it; the top-gallant masts were on deck, no sails were bent, her boats in, and with the rudder alone she went over from 10 degrees on one side to 11 degrees the other.

Captain E. H. Lambert, R.N.

Q. 3233. The guns both of the 'Vanguard' and the 'Iron Duke' have been constantly worked, I believe, under all conditions?—A. We have never fired fore and aft, because there is no doubt it would destroy the skylights.

Q. 3234. Do you suppose that anybody could stand forward on the forecastle?—A. I should be sorry to put anyone there.

It reference to the turret ships, 'Cyclops,' 'Gorgon,' 'Hecate,' and 'Hydra,' in reply to question 2383, Mr. Pearce, head of the famous firm of John Elder & Co., Glasgow, said: The bottom of the 'Hydra' is half-an-inch thick. The 'Hydra' is very weak.

In reply to question 2094, he said: 'Cyclops' (same class as 'Hydra'), seeing that the stem is only connected to the hull of the vessel by means of seven-sixteenths of an inch longitudinal, and a half-inch vertical keel, I think that if the vessel were ramming at full steam the stem would be completely knocked away and the plating would collapse.

In reply to question 2096, he said: Taking the ground and being left by the tide, the bottom would go up.

Digitized by Google

The fact after a careful revision of the iron-clads in the above list, it certainly does appear that not one of them comes up to the well-known requirements of an English man of war.

The last five ships are transports, not required for action, but compared with the 'Himalaya,' or even an ordinary passenger ship, a Cunard, or P. and O. vessel for example, they fall very far behind both in speed and stowage, while as to cost the amount per ton, excluding very extensive repairs, far exceeds anything ever paid by private shipowners.

The money spent on the sixty-eight vessels to which attention has been drawn, amounts in the aggregate to an enormous sum, sufficient indeed to provide the finest fleet the world has ever seen; but happily that is a very secondary consideration compared to the efficiency of the vessels themselves. In this respect there is doubtless much to be desired, but the remarkable correspondence upon which this article has been based will not have been written in vain if public attention is called to the real state and condition of the Royal Navy. "*Whereon under the good providence of God, the wealth, strength and safety of the Kingdom chiefly depends.*"

We shall return to this important subject, the state of the Navy, in an early issue.

Digitized by Google

The Duties of Regimental Quartermasters Particularised.

By One of Themselves.*

(*Concluded.*)

The Equipment Ledger contains accounts of the receipts and issues of all arms, accoutrements, musical instruments for buglers and drummers, instruments for signalling, tools used by the armourer, pioneers, or various trades, all the articles required in tents when encamped, ammunition, stores of all kinds, harness and saddlery, and the material required to keep in repair the arms, accoutrements, &c.

Connected with	Arms and their repair there are	87	articles.
„	Accoutrements	62	„
„	Armourers' forge and tools .	146	„
„	Pioneers	30	„
„	Drummers	19	„

And in addition a great many others, so that, the introduction of improved arms and the valise equipment has caused a large increase in work, and corresponding expense of time. Whereas in years gone by, the quartermaster had little or nothing to do with the repairs, once the arms &c., were in charge of the captains, now no pin breaks, or strap gives way but, on requisition from the company, he must supply others from the component parts or material in store. To know these articles at sight, and to be able to name them, would puzzle an ordnance officer. The headings in the ledger and the vocabulary of stores are both works worthy of deep scientific research.

It is, perhaps, not generally known that regiments for India are transferred from the English to the Indian Government, and, for this purpose, prior to embarkation, an officer from the War Office and another from the India Office, inspect every article in possession of the corps, and the valise is then debited to the

* This paper affects nothing of elegance of style. It is a simple, temperate, and intelligible statement of facts, set forth in plain homely language, by a practical man, who is evidently thoroughly well informed on the subject on which he writes. We believe that this paper will prove interesting to our professional and non-professional readers.

Digitized by Google

Indian accounts. The close scrutiny and inspection made to the minutest detail extend over a long and tiresome week. There are, of course, returns to be made out, checked, and the necessity for close attention to see that the items on the vouchers are forthcoming at the right time, for once noted as deficient the articles will be charged for, no matter whether they turn up again or not, so that, there is work all the day long; and after that, the compilation of the day's returns and the preparation of new ones. Both these inspecting officers are men of the largest experience; they know, and could readily state, how much they have been assisted in the performance of a highly important public duty, by the willing and zealous labours of the quartermasters; willing and zealous at a time when they have, in addition, all the other details, of embarkation to attend to; at such a time no man has more work no man works harder, and, what is more, no man is more silent about it. The work is done although he be fagged and wearied almost to death.

IN TENTS.—When a regiment is ordered under canvas the requisitions for tents, cooking utensils, and other articles necessary for camp life are made on the ordnance department, the distribution to officers and companies, and all details connected with supplies and arrangements for health and comfort of the troops, devolves upon the quartermaster. The preservation of tents and other property, so liable to damage or loss, calls for his most watchful care and supervision, for he has had experience of the careless, if not wilful, damage by young soldiers; and that nothing short of actual fair wear will save the regiment from having to pay on their return into the store. The order, regularity, sanitation, in fact, every important point connected with the camp and its occupants rest with his department. We retain very lively recollections of the Crimea: the tramp through soft snow, sludge, or thick mud, to or from the Commissariat, not once, but half-a-dozen times a day; it makes ones teeth chatter to think of it. Much has been altered since then, but our circular tents, round camp-kettles, and soft iron bill-hooks still remain as mementoes of the past. We confess to our inability to understand how the feet of twelve men meeting at the pole in the centre are disposed of, and why the bill-hooks are made of soft iron, and the worst possible shape.

BARRACKS.—Anyone who was ever present at the handing over of barracks by one regiment to another, will admit that it is the most cheerless, tiresome of duties. The barrack square, usually

Digitized by Google

the scene of busy life is empty, and all is silent as the dead. Outside some door a forsaken pup lies crouched, and under the windows, close by the wall, creeps stealthily along, a melancholy-looking cat. The barrack party of each corps may be seen going from passage to passage and room to room at a funeral pace, a member of the Comissariat department accompanies them in their rounds, desiring to do nothing more than be a silent spectator. It is a depressing sight enough to go into an empty house with only its few rooms, but a series of rooms one after the other, up to 180 or 200, each one of which has to be closely examined to see that the walls, fixtures, cots, and every article or utensil is in good order and complete, occupies hours, more frequently the live long day. Should any defect or damage have escaped the argus eyes at inspection, the incoming occupant never fails to notice it, and not only intimates that the cost will not be borne by him, but takes upon himself the *role* of injured man. This is not pleasant, to say the least of it, for one who has been on foot all day working like a horse, and perhaps without food for hours—it may be regarded as only one of the delights of military life. The barracks having been taken over, the distribution to quarters follows. The companies are told off to rooms according to their strength, and of course every effort is made to keep each company intact for the sake of discipline and convenience. The rooms are assigned to families by husband's seniority or the number of children; in the case of those with four or more two rooms are usually allotted. With regard to officers, unless those who have special quarters for them, the selection is made by themselves, beginning with the senior in rank and ending with the junior subaltern, who finds himself the happy possessor of a small upper room in a three-storied building, from the back windows of which he can not only command a view of yards with cloth lines, and many kinds and shapes of chimney pots, but also practice his banjo or other musical instrument to his heart's content.

While the quarters are being made over, the square is gradually filling with baggage; wagon after wagon comes in until it would appear as if there never would be an end to it; however, fatigue parties are soon at work, and boxes are seen moving in all directions, and in a day or two all is cleared away. The officers have had their rooms furnished by dealers from outside, and the soldiers and their families have filled their mattresses with straw

Digitized by Google

and drawn their blankets and sheets, so that, after only a few days, it would appear as if there had not been a move at all.

The bedding supplied to the soldiers consists of a mattress and and pillow, two linen sheets, three blankets in summer, and four in winter. The mattress and pillows are changed and filled with fresh straw every three months, the sheets are changed once a month, and the blankets once in twelve months. Each article of bedding is closely inspected on its return into the barrack store, and where it appears damaged, or dirtier than it should be by fair wear, a charge is made. Should any be considered unserviceable they are charged at full or half price, or according to their dates of issue, cut up in the presence of an officer, and the pieces retained by Government. Owing to this close scrutiny, to change eight or nine hundred sheets occupies two or three hours, and other things somewhat more time; we may mention in the case of families, only two sets of bedding are allowed for the man and his wife, none for the children, unless it is paid for at a rate of ½d. a day for each set of bedding; thus a man obliged to take two sets for his children would pay 1d. a day or 30s. a year, while the actual cost of new ones is, four blankets at 5s. 4d., two sheets at 2s., one bed 3s. 9d., one pillow 10½d.—total value 29s. 11½d., so that he actually pays for one set out of two in one year; to avoid this, some burden themselves with extra articles, which become so much more baggage, or perhaps line them from outside. We have known instances in which iron bedsteads were hired and brought into the barracks; we think this only requires to be known to be remedied. It is hard lines that after being allowed to marry, a man is not supposed to have any children, and "Tommy Atkins" and his comrades in the barrack-room look on it in this light, and say what you will they won't see it in any other.

Fuel and Light.—The issue of coals, wood, and candles is made once a week, and occupies in the summer a couple of hours or less, but in winter three or four. The boxes in which the coal is carried hold 80lbs., so that one box being filled and weighed may be placed on one side as a sample, and all others filled up and accepted accordingly without the trouble of weighing. The issues vary in quantity with the three periods—summer, June to August; intermediate, April, May, September, October; Winter, November to March inclusive. The scale laid down we look on

Digitized by Google

as a curiosity in its way; twelve men are supposed to constitute a room, the allowance for which in the depth of winter is 37lbs. a day; need we say this is wholly insufficient, and that the men are obliged to subscribe about 2d. each for the purchase of more. You ask, Is it necessary where there are so many living in one room to have large fires? Yes; not only on account of warmth, but for drying belts and muddy or wet clothes. The soldier has none other but his one room, and only a certain quantity of clothing, say two suits; in these he must always appear clean. A person in civil life will not be taken to task by his employer should he appear in a dusty or dirty coat, but a soldier will be punished for doing so. The allowance for each family is 18lbs. a day, that is one cwt. per week; when you tell Jane to bring up another scuttle of coal, just think that is the quantity for a married soldier's family for the whole day. A colonel receives the allowance for three rooms or thirty-six men, a major twenty-four men, a captain subaltern, and quartermaster twelve men; the latter is provided with special quarters in which is a kitchen range for his convenience as a married officer, but no fuel for it; he gets no more than the single subaltern for warming, and although the latter is allowed fuel to cook his food in the officers' mess, the other is not allowed any for his kitchen. What appears to us a most extraordinary thing is, no fuel or light being allowed for any of the officer's kitchen, so that in the cold, damp, foggy, or frosty mornings, they are wretched holes, in which two or three servants may be seen trying to clean their masters' things by the dim light of some candle end.

The sergeants' mess receives 37lbs. for warming and 40lbs. for cooking purposes; so far from this being enough, we know for a fact that they purchase at least one ton per month at a cost to them of 24s. or 25s.; this is then a tax either on their pay or on the profit by beer consumed. For cooking soldier's rations in the cook-houses ½lb. per man per day is given, there are perhaps 400 men in mess, and the coal issue is 200lbs. for eight companies, the band, and drums; there will be at least eight coppers required for tea or coffee, morning and evening, and probably the same number for dinner, in cooking stew, boiled meat, and soup, potatoes and other vegetables; there may also be one oven in use for baked meat; the fuel for these fires burning from 4 a.m. until 5 p.m. (the oven from 8 a.m. to 1 p.m. consumes nearly 40lbs.) is

Digitized by Google

about 20lbs. each; this is inadequate, so that the cooks after burning their coals resort to the ash-pits, and collect cinders. We believe there are occasions on which one third more fuel is allowed, that is, when it is shown that extra articles of food in addition to the regular ration is cooked; but for the ordinary ration itself to be cooked in different ways so as to "vary the diet" the allowance is not enough. It may do in the School of Cookery at Aldershot, which perhaps prepares for large numbers, and cooks on one fire as much for 100, as a company in a regiment can do for forty men. In any case we think it only wants to be known to have the issue increased, so that there will be no need for soldier cooks interfering with the dustman's rights.

Barrack Inspections.—Every month a special inspection of the barracks, and fixtures in rooms, is made by a Captain and the Quartermaster; and by the Royal Engineer Department, once in three months. At these inspections all damages are noted, and a requisition for their repair sent into the Royal Engineer; should any not have been caused by fair wear, the cost is charged against the troops. The number of items on these requisitions is invariably large, but may be accounted for by the constant use of out-buildings, and tramping in and out of rooms by many men. The average number of occupants in single men's rooms being about eighteen, consequently there is a great deal of wear, and the repairs to doors, locks, windows, floors, and grates are simply endless.

There are also inspections monthly, by the regiment, and quarterly by the Barrack Department, of the utensils in rooms, as cots, tables, forms, cans, tubs, dishes, mops, brooms, scrubbers, &c., and a return sent in of those that require to be exchanged, or to replace losses; any article which appears not to have received fair usage, and all deficiences, are charged for. In due course charges are received from the departments, which are checked by the Quartermaster, entered in his books, and having notified to each company what its amount is, a return is furnished to the Paymaster, showing from whom the money is to be recovered for credit to the public. From this, it will be seen that the onus of fixing the charge for loss or damage falls upon him, and should he fail to do so, he must, as our Yankee friends say, "Swaller grit."

BAGGAGE.—There is nothing which gives one a clearer idea of

Digitized by Google

the bother and trouble in the move of a regiment, than the amount of its baggage. For several days before the time for despatch, articles begin to find their way into the barrack square. Some from officers who are living out of barracks, or the library, school, officers' and serjeants' messes, and the Quartermaster's stores, so that on the day for weighing, the whole space within barracks is covered with boxes and packages of all sizes and shapes. Men are seen struggling along under huge heavy chests, and are coming and going on fatigue duty all day long. The baggage of each individual or department is weighed by itself and noted, as also the number of packages; this continuous weighing goes on until all is finished, and is a long and very tiresome business. It requires great care in order that such baggage overweight regulation shall be traceable, and charged to the proper persons. After the weighing comes the loading into the waggons, and despatch to the railway station, to be there again removed from the waggon, and packed in the railway luggage vans. It may interest some to know, that the ordinary weight carried by a regiment is seldom less than forty tons, and the number of packages about 1,000 or 1,100. The quantity carried at the public expense, is for Colonels 18 cwts., Major 15, Captain 10, other officers 9. 1st class Staff Serjeants 2 cwt., soldiers' wives 1 cwt. and all serjeants half cwt. each; the allowance for messes, &c., we need say nothing about, but will just remark that there is none for soldiers' children. Alas! poor Tommy. Why didn't you take Punch's advice to persons about to marry, which is, "Don't?" After you have paid the cost of excess of baggage over one cwt., you will be in debt for some time, and be obliged to live on short commons. The poor little wifey, who gloried in her wee bit room being tidy, and just somewhat like a home, may well look distraught, as she takes down window curtains, and bits of furniture coverings, and childrens' clothes, and cups, saucers, plates, dishes, saucepans and frying pans, and other gear, and packs all into a box which is not to weigh over 1 cwt. You can never do it, little woman, and must just make up your mind for another box or two, it won't do to throw them away, or sell them for nothing, the same will occur every march. It will be just hard fare for a while and all be straight again before the next move; but as for thrift and putting by for a rainy day, there is but small hope of that. Each little stranger is one more mouth to feed, and one more

Digitized by Google

body to clothe, and yet the husbands' pay cannot be supplemented by him in any way; his wife may earn a little by washing, and it will be well for her if she is strong and able to do it, for the day may come when the bread-winner will be sent abroad to war, and his wife and little ones be compelled to seek a home, charity, or the parish dole.

FOREIGN SERVICE.—Only very recently regiments were sent off in the greatest haste to India, and anyone who went to the barracks to see their relatives must have been struck with the general stir, the fussiness of some, and anxious careworn appearance of many; none, however, more tired and weary-looking than the staff; they appear to find no rest. All the details necessary for an embarkation of troops, are more than we need enter into. We will suppose the women and children have been seen into the dockyard, and are now passing on board the troopship; each woman, as she enters the port hole, produces her ticket, and is at once taken to the berth she is to occupy. A party is engaged in loading the baggage on a crane which is swung in-board, and then lowered into the ship's hold, and here we are sorry to say, a great deal more damage is done to baggage than ought to occur. The remedy lies in a great measure with the regimental authorities, and like everything else, experience proves the best teacher. The soldiers march on board and are told off into messes of about sixteen each by the First Lieutenant, and each party is conducted by a marine to the mess it is to take up; this is done in the most orderly manner, so that in a few minutes the men are all right and settled down comfortably. The officers going on board find a plan in the saloon entrance, on reference to which, each one will find where he is to be located. The names of the ladies are also noted in the cabins for ladies, or in the nursery, and everything is exceedingly well managed.

The Quartermaster having handed over the barracks, and seen a complete clearance of his regiment, and everything connected with it, is heartily glad when he steps on board, and seeks his berth, even should it be in the "Pandemonium," the abode of gay young subalterns, very much alive in the flesh, cheery, hearty, and so full of fun and frolic, that it does one's heart good to see them, and to enjoy, even if not share in, the bolster fights, when pillows are whirling through the air. We pass over the voyage. On arrival at Bombay the officials come on board, and there are

Digitized by Google

returns of all kinds to be filled in. Requisitions (the name in India is Indents), have to be made for helmets, havresacks, water-bottles, &c., which are supplied to the men before they are allowed to disembark. The Quartermaster proceeds to the Commissariat on shore and sees all the bedding for his regiment counted, conveyed to the train, and loaded in the wagons, marking the contents in chalk; while the baggage is being brought from the ship in lighters, carried to the train and loaded, the Quartermaster hurries on board, after being on foot all day, and hands over to the steward the bedding and utensils used during the voyage, and as the navy insist on prompt settlements, the losses or damages have to be paid for before leaving the vessel. The troops land and proceed by rail to Deolalie, the barracks are taken over and distribution made, the bedding is issued to companies, and, after a week's stay the baggage is packed again, and the troops proceed by rail to their appointed station. The journey by rail is from five in the evening until eight or nine the next morning, when the train is run on to a siding, and leaving their things in the carriages, the men are marched to the rest barracks, or tents, in which they are to remain during the day; their rations are cooked, the rooms are cleaned, water brought, &c., by natives, who are paid by Government; there are cots to lie on, and all in all, the arrangements are very good; the train is occupied again in the evening, and the journey similarly proceeded with until the end of the journey by rail is reached. It sometimes happens that the regiment has to march to its station, in which case tents and all other articles of camp equipage are obtained from the Ordnance Department, and the Quartermaster issues them to companies at the rate of sixteen men to each double-poled tent, a tent being alloted to every four families. The 1st. class Staff Serjeants have each a small tent, and 2nd class are two in a tent, and a certain number of both large and small tents being told off for the hospital, the medical stores and dhoolies, &c., are applied for by the surgeon. Officers provide themselves with tents and carriage, for which purpose they receive a tentage allowance; the number of tents in regimental charge is about twelve small single-poled, forty-five double-poled, and two or three sepoy pāls. Each tent has a lantern, and there are two copper water cans to each large, and one to each small tent, the value of the camp equipage being something great. There is a native establishment of sweepers, water-carriers, tent-men, &c.,

Digitized by Google

so that the Quartermaster has, in addition to new and responsible duties, the necessity forced upon him of learning something of the native languages. Indents having been made on the Commissariat for carriage, a few days are spent in the collection of bullock-carts for baggage and families, and elephants or camels for the tents; the allowance is two families on each two-bullock cart, but when sufficient are procurable, each family prefer having the cart to itself and paying the extra cost. Officers are provided with carriage, but they must pay for it. We need not enter into the detail of elephants and camels beyond this, they are all under charge of the Quartermaster, who, if he be given to animal studies will find in them realities not so pleasing as Carl Haag's pictures. Everything being ready, an advance party, consisting of the pioneers, and one colour man per company, march the day previous to the regiment, and the Quartermaster selects the camp-ground, sees that the necessary supplies for man and beast are forthcoming, if not, takes steps to make them so, marks out the places for the tents, and, early in the morning on which the regiments come in, every thing is ready for its reception. Each string of camels goes straight to where the company colour is, and deposits the tents or bedding, similarly with regard to officers, and the soldiers' families. As soon as the regiment has settled down, and the baggage guard reported itself, the advance party proceeds to the next camp, the Quartermaster remaining behind for a couple of hours, to receive the order of the commanding officer, ascertain that the baggage animals are in good order, and where it may be necessary, make exchanges or replacements. It often happens that complaints are made by the camel men, or the cart drivers, and it is therefore incumbent upon the Quartermasters to know something of the language for his own satisfaction, as well as their good. During the march there are rainy days, when, owing to the wet tents being too weighty for the animals, a halt is necessitated, or the road may become very bad, or a bridge be broken, or a difficulty in the way of supplies, under these circumstances a good deal of hardship and extra labour falls upon the Quartermaster, and it requires on his part a large amount of zeal, tact, and ability, in dealing with natives and others, order that the health of the regiment may not suffer, and the public may not be put to serious loss by waste or damage to property. In the event of that dreadful scourge cholera breaking out, the courage and energy of the Quartermaster is at once brought

Digitized by Google

into action; the medical officer looks to him for the ablest assistance, knowing well that he can fully rely on his experience and devotion to duty, and that putting aside all thoughts of wife and children, he will sink the husband and parent in a stern sense of duty. The Quartermaster is the doctor's right hand man on such occasions, and what is more, his cool intrepid conduct, gives fresh courage to, and brightens with hope, the heart of many a young soldier in this hour of trial. Those who have gone through a cholera epidemic, will recall to mind the feeling that creeps over one and all, the blanched look, the colour coming and going in the face, as it is whispered, another case, or so and so is dead. It is in such times and under such circumstances, that the true value of men is known, not only to the regiment they are in, but to the service generally, and at such critical periods the Quartermaster has ever proved the right man in the right place. What does he do? He goes straight to where the cases occur, sees the barrack cleared, tents put up, and is continually in and about the quarters and tents of those attacked, whilst the epidemic lasts. Everything that the surgeon suggests and that he is able to do, or get done, is done under the Quartermaster's own eye; he knows its importance, that it is a matter of life or death. Indeed we have never yet known a Quartermaster who has not on such occasions earned for himself the gratitude of his men, and the kindest wishes of his brother officers.

We have no need to enter further into the inner life of a regiment, to show how one so placed as the Quartermaster, is brought into contact with every individual in it, how large a share of the confidence of his Colonel is given to him, how the officers, one and all, look on him, not only as if he were an institution in the regiment, but as an old and valued comrade. How his words of counsel fall upon the willing ears of the non-commissioned officers and how the soldiers, from the eldest, with his four or five badges, to the boy who has only just joined, respect him, and with what promptitude they comply with his wishes.

If what we have said in the foregoing paper is true, and its truth will, we believe, be confirmed by every officer who has commanded a regiment, we trust that in asking for some improvement in the position, pay, allowances, and retiring allowances of Quartermasters, we are not asking for anything that any experienced

Digitized by Google

officer, or enlightened statesman, will look on as unreasonable. In conclusion we would venture to remind the authorities and others, that the "perquisites" and "pickings," which at one time supplemented the pay of Quartermasters, as well as others, are things of the past, and that the Quartermaster is now dependent for the support of his position, on his pay and allowances alone.

Digitized by Google

Field-Marshal the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

By Captain Salusbury.

CHAPTER XI.

Peace rejoicings: Conway at a Masquerade: Miss Chudleigh's character! at the same—A sad result of the Masquerade: death of Conway's sister—Lines commemorative of the mournful event—Conway hires a country seat in Buckinghamshire—Walpole pays him a visit—His description of the place: Conway as an "antique"—Lord Conway created Viscount Beauchamp and Earl of Hertford, with remainder, failing male issue, to Conway's descendants—Walpole's account of a curious incident in connection with the titles—Walpole again visits Conway at Latimers—Conway leaves England to join his Regiment—Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann a letter advising him of Conway's visiting Florence, and displays much affection and admiration: A model husband—Description of Ragley Hall, near Alcester, Lord Hertford's seat in Warwickshire—Letters from Walpole to Sir Horace Mann, regarding Conway—Conway arrives at Florence—Half a letter better than no letter—Conway to his brother: An imaginary disappointment: "Old-fashion love:" Florentine customs: Conway's pursuits—An unexpected pleasure: Transfer to the 13th Light Dragoons—Returns home—Conway as M.P. —Speech in opposition to Motion for prohibiting the punishment of Soldiers except after trial by Court-martial—Speech on a Bill for limiting the time for Soldiers to serve in the Army.

It is evident, from a letter of Walpole's addressed to Sir Horace Mann, that Conway was in England in the spring of 1749. In this letter, dated May 3rd, Walpole gives a description of the fêtes held in London to celebrate the declaration of peace, and alludes to his friend's presence at a subscription masquerade, as we shall see in this quotation:—"The King was well disguised in an old-fashioned English habit, and much pleased with somebody who desired him to hold their cap as they were drinking tea. The Duke had a dress of the same kind, but was so immensely corpulent that he looked like Cacofogo, the drunken captain, in 'Rule a Wife and have a Wife.' The Duchess of Richmond was a Lady-Mayoress in the time of James I., and Lord Delawarr* Queen

* John West, 7th Lord Delawarr; created Earl Delawarr in 1761.

Digitized by Google

Elizabeth's porter, from a picture in the Guard-Chamber at Kensington; they were admirable masks. Lord Rochford, Miss Evelyn, Miss Bishop, Lady Stafford,* and Mrs. Pitt,† were in vast beauty, particularly the last, who had a red veil, which made her look gloriously handsome. *Mr. Conway was the Duke in 'Don Quixote,' and the finest figure I ever saw.* Miss Chudleigh was Iphigenia,‡ but so naked that you would have taken her for Andromeda; and Lady Betty Smithson [Seymour] had such a pyramid of baubles upon her head, that she was exactly the Princess of Babylon in Grammont." This masquerade appears to have caused the death of Conway's sister, an event that was treated by Walpole in a somewhat light-hearted fashion, if we may judge from the following extract of a letter written to Sir Horace Mann.—"Now I am talking scandal to you, and court scandal, I must tell you that Lord Conway's sister, Miss Jenny, is dead suddenly with eating lemonade at the last subscription masquerade. It is not quite unlucky for her; she had outlived the Prince's love and her own face, and nothing remained." The following lines were also composed upon this, to Conway, melancholy affair:—

> "Poor Jenny Conway,
> She drank lemonade
> At a masquerade
> So now she's dead and gone away."

This lady was half-sister to Conway, being the only daughter of the

* Henrietta Cantilion, wife of Matthias Howard, 3rd Earl of Stafford.

† Penelope Atkins, daughter of Sir Henry Atkins, of Clapham. She was a great beauty, and married George Pitt, of Strathfieldsaye, who was, in 1776, created Baron Rivers.

‡ Writing about Miss Chudleigh at this ball, Mrs. Montague says:—"Miss Chudleigh's dress, or rather undress, was remarkable: she was Iphigenia for the sacrifice, but so naked the High Priest might easily inspect the entrails of the victim. The Maids of Honour (not of maids the strictest) were so offended they would not speak to her;" and the writer adds, "Pretty Mrs. Pitt looked as if she came from heaven, but was only on her road thither in the habit of a chanoiness." Miss Chudleigh's career was a curious one. She was the daughter of Colonel Thomas Chudleigh, Lieutenant-Governor of Chelsea Hospital, who died in 1726. Her mother was appointed house-keeper at Windsor in 1750, a place worth £800 per annum; and when King George the Second had concluded this appointment, he stood up to Miss Chudleigh and demanded a kiss as a reward. Although a Maid of Honour, she was privately married to Augustus, second son of Lord Harvey, by whom she had two children. This couple were ill-matched, quarrelled, and never acknowledged their marriage. Still she retained her berth at Court; and eventually, though her husband was alive, she married the Duke of Kingston.

Digitized by Google

Marshal's father by his second wife, Jane Bowden, of Drogheda, and she was therefore older than her half-brother. She was never married, and at the time of her death was twenty-seven years of age.

Conway, having laid aside for a time the martial garb, devoted himself to peaceful pursuits, and enjoyed a period of well-earned repose at a place he had hired, for a term of seven years, as a residence for his wife and himself, called Latimers, in Buckinghamshire. Here Walpole visited them, in the autumn of 1749; and he describes his visit in a letter to George Montague:—"I saw Cheneys (Buckinghamshire seat belonging to the first Earl of Bedford) at a visit I have been making to Harry Conway at Latimers. This house [Conway's] is large, and bad, and old, but of a bad age; finely situated on a hill, in a beech wood, with a river at the bottom; and a range of hills and woods on the opposite side belonging to the Duke of Bedford. They are fond of it; the view is melancholy. In the Church at Cheneys Mr. Conway put on an old helmet we found there; you cannot imagine how it suited him, how antique and handsome he looked, you would have taken him for Rinaldo."

On the 3rd of August, 1750, Conway's brother was created Viscount Beauchamp and Earl of Hertford (the revival of honours that had been conferred upon an ancestor, Edmund, Duke of Somerset, but which had expired at the death of the seventh duke), and it was settled that if the elder brother died without male issue, the titles should go to the male descendants of Harry Conway. As it happened, Lord Hertford had, besides six daughters, seven sons by his wife Isabella, daughter of Charles, second Duke of Grafton. The present head of the house is the grandson of the fifth son of the Marshal's brother, and to his kindness I am indebted for much interesting and valuable information bearing upon the subject of this memoir. In connection with the advancement of Lord Conway, this, that I am about to quote from a letter of Walpole's to Mann, dated 4th April, 1750, will be interesting matter:—

"I must tell you a very curious anecdote that Strawberry King-at-arms [Mr. Chute] has discovered, by the way, as he was tumbling over the mighty dead in the Herald's Office. You have heard me speak of the great injustice that the Protector Somerset did to the children of his first wife, in favour of those by his second; so much that he not only had the dukedom settled on the younger brood, but,

Digitized by Google

to deprive the eldest of the title of Lord Beauchamp, which he wore by inheritance, he caused himself to be anew created *Viscount* Beauchamp. Well, in Vincent's Baronage, a book of great authority, speaking of the Protector's wives, are these remarkable words: '*Katherina, filia et una Coh. Gul. Fillol de Fillol's hall in Essex, uxor prima; repudiata, quia Pater ejus post nuptias eam cognovit.*' The Speaker [Onslow] has since referred me to our journals, where are some notes of a trial in the reign of James I., between Edward, the second son of Katherine the *dutiful*, and the Earl of Hertford, son of Anne Stanhope, which in some measure confirms our M.S., for it says the Earl of Hertford objected, that John, the eldest son of all, was begotton while the Duke was in France. This title, which now comes back at last to Sir Edward Seymour, is disputed. My Lord Chancellor, [Hardwicke] has refused him the writ, but referred his case to the Attorney-General [Ryder], the present great Opinion of England, who, they say, is clear for Sir Edward's succession." (To this is added a note "Sir Edward Seymour, when he became Duke of Somerset, did not inherit the title of Beauchamp.—DOVER.")

Later on, Walpole paid another visit to his friend at Latimer, as we find in a letter directed to Sir Horace Mann, dated 25th July, 1750, in which he says, "I go to Mr. Conway's, in Buckinghamshire, to-morrow."

Poor Conway was not permitted to spend the term of three years that he had taken his house for, in undisturbed quiet. The reason is explained in a letter Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann, who was resident at Florence. The letter is dated 16th July, 1751, and proceeds:—"My chief reason for writing to you is to notify a visit that you will have at Florence this summer from Mr. Conway, who is forced to go to his regiment at Minorca, but is determined to reckon Italy within his quarters. You know how particularly he is my friend; I need not recommend him to you, but you will see something very different from the staring boys that come in flocks to you new, once a year, like woodcocks. Mr. Conway is deservedly reckoned one of the first and most rising young men in England. He has distinguished himself in the greatest style both in the Army and in Parliament. This is for you. For the Florentine ladies there is still the finest person and the handsomest face I ever saw; no, I cannot say that all this will be quite for them; he will not think any of them so handsome as my Lady Aylesbury * * *

Digitized by Google

I am going into Warwickshire [to Ragley] to Lord Hertford, and set out this evening."

The following description of Lord Hertford's beautiful Warwickshire home is appropriate to our story, and we will quote it from a letter written to Montagu by Walpole, dated 22nd July, 1751, just after the visit alluded to above.

"I was much struck with Ragley; the situation is magnificent, the house far beyond anything I have seen of that bad age, for it was begun, as I found by an old letter in the library, from Lord Ranelagh to Earl Conway, in the year 1680. By the way, I have had, and am to have, the rummaging of three chests of pedigrees and letters to that Secretary Conway, which I have interceded for and saved from the flames. The prospect is as fine as one destitute of a navigated river can be, and hitherto totally unimproved. So is the house, which is but just covered in, after so many years. They have begun to inhabit the naked walls of the attic story; the great one is unfloored and unceiled; the hall is magnificent, sixty by forty and thirty-eight high. I am going to pump Mr. Bentley for designs. The other apartments are very lofty, and in quantity, though I had suspected that this leviathan hall must have devoured half the other chambers."

On the 31st August, Walpole writes to Mann:—"I imagined you would have seen Mr. Conway before this time. I have already told you how different you will find him from the raw animals that you generally see." Again he addresses his friend, on October the 14th:—"You are exceedingly kind about Mr. Conway. I have just received a miserable letter from him on his disappointment. He had waited for a man-of-war to embark for Leghorn; it came in the night, left its name upon a card, and was gone before he was awake in the morning, and had any notice of it. He still talks of seeing you; as the Parliament is to meet so soon, I should think he will scarce have time, though I don't hear that he is sent for, or that they will have occasion to send for anybody, unless they want to make an Opposition."* And on the 22nd of November Walpole writes:—"Pray have you got Mr. Conway yet?" To the same correspondent he writes on the 12th of December:—"I have received yours and Mr. Conway's letters, and am transported that you have met at last, and that you answer so well to one another, as

* Parliament was opened on the 14th of November. The session was a quiet one.

Digitized by Google

I intended. I expect that you tell me more and more all that you think of him. The enclosed is for him. As he has never received one of my letters since he left England, I have exhausted all my news upon him, and for this post you must only go halves with him, who I trust is still at Florence. Though you are in the season of the *villegiatura,* believe me Mr. Conway will not find Florence duller than he would London; our diversions, politics, quarrels, are buried all in our Alphonso's grave!*

"I have tipped Mr. Conway's direction with French, in case it should be necessary to send it after him."

We have in the above, positive proof of Conway's arrival in Florence, and in the following letter, addressed to Lord Hertford by Conway, we have still stronger evidence of the fact.

(N) "Florence, December 30, 1751."

"Dear Brother,—Since my last from hence I have received yours of the 18th November, and since that your former of a much older date, for both which, and particularly for the account they give me of your kind endeavours to serve me, I return you a thousand thanks; that they have not succeeded may possibly, in some measure, be my fault—I am sure it is not yours—and for the rest, I must make myself as easy as I can under this double disappointment, which, however, with me has but one object that interests me much. As to the Regiment, if I had not wished for it very much, I should not have been prevailed upon to ask for it, though even now I by no means repent of having done it, as the manner in which I was received gave me reason to think I retained some little share in his R [oyal] H [ighness'] good opinion, and at the same time leaves me still hopes of success on another occasion, though I have not the least remaining on this. I don't by any means wonder at his preferring Lord Ancram, that was very natural, and had I known he was my competitor, I assure you, for several reasons, I should not have dreamt of asking to be preferred before him. Nor was the Duke's answer to me such as gave me any great reason to imagine I was to be the very first, and if I was persuaded into some belief, it would be so by the sanguine hopes of some of my friends. It was chiefly on account of its coming from other authorities, and particularly that of Mr. Fox, who, I imagined, might have known His R. H.'s intentions upon it; and having

* The Prince of Wales, who had recently died, is alluded to. A line in "The Mourning Bride" is referred to.

Digitized by Google

mentioned Mr. Fox, I must beg you will return him my best compliments for his goodness, and for the trouble he has had on the occasion. I can't dismiss the subject, neither, without saying that I am very sorry my name should anyhow come in competition with Lord A. [ncram]'s. I heartily wish him to escape that cursed place I have been in, and I am sure nobody deserves his promotion better. So, you see, my misfortunes don't incline me to rail, as some men's of true spirit do, and that I can bear with my benefactor, though he refuses to add one extraordinary one to the many favours I owe him. I was heartily concerned to see so disagreeable an account of his accident in the newspaper, and am still far from being easy, though I hear he is thought much better. His size and complexion are formed to give his friends the greatest alarms on such occasions; and, with all my imputed politics, there are none that wish him more sincerely and zealously well than I do.

"Now to turn a little to myself. It is unnecessary to say how I have been affected with these things. I had, doubtless, somehow or other worked myself up into almost a certain expectation of returning to England this winter, and with my old-fashioned love for Lady Ailesbury, and regard for the rest of my friends, that certainly was no trifling object. However, I have made the matter easier to myself since the resolution I see Lady A. has taken to come abroad to me, which, though I combatted heartily while I thought my absence would be of some few months, I shall now as heartily desire, if nothing happens to prevent it before the spring, which I still think far from improbable, so upon that footing I have put it with her. She talks in her letters of late as if she meant to set out immediately, and so positively that I have put off my journey to Rome, and wait here for her answer to my first [letter] on this head, hoping, in the meantime, you and all her friends will join [in original "*joyn*"] to support my prudent system, and dissuade her from any thoughts of stirring during the winter months, which, at the same time that they are so unfit for a woman's travelling, will also absolutely determine the affair of my return.

"This place is not very fertile of events, as perhaps you may remember enough of it to know. There are but two things at all thought of here—love and antiquities, of which the former predominates so greatly that I think it seems to make the whole history and the whole business of this place, and for a stander-by like me

Digitized by Google

is really a comical scene enough. My business here has been to see the *sights* of the place, and to make what progress I could in the language. I have now begun a sort of course of Medals in the Gallery, which I certainly shan't have time to finish, but as it is an amusement for the present, and as I never think of being a medallist, I am not much concerned about it.

"Adieu, dear brother! If I have time I'll write you another letter for Mr. [name not clear in M.S.], if not, it shall be for next post.

"I am most sincerely affectionately yours,

"H. C."

"My love and compliments in the family."

As in a former instance, it is curious that at the very time of writing upon the matter, Conway had his wish fulfilled. As we have seen, on the 6th of April, 1746, he had been appointed to the command of the 48th Regiment of Foot, thence, on the 24th of July, 1749, he was transferred to the 34th "Cumberland" Regiment, and now he was placed in command of the 13th Regiment of Light Dragoons (in these days known as the 13th Hussars, one of the finest Light Cavalry Regiments in the Service), in succession to Sir Charles Armstrong Powlet, K.C.B., his appointment being dated 25th December, 1751, just five days previous to the date of the letter in which he expresses his disappointment.

We think this must have been the very Regiment Conway refers to, as we do not find that Lord Ancram was promoted, or removed from the Regiment of which he was Colonel at the time—the 24th "2nd Warwickshire" Regiment of Foot, to the Colonelcy of which gallant corps he had been gazetted on the 1st of December, 1747. The "cursed place" of which Conway writes would doubtless be Minorca, where, we suppose, the 34th Regiment was stationed.

There is a letter from Walpole to Sir Horace Mann, dated 2nd February, 1752, which bears upon the subject of the letter just quoted:—"We are much surprised by two letters, which my Lady Aylesbury has received from Mr. Conway, to find that he had not yet heard of his new Regiment. She, who is extremely reasonable, seems content* that he went to Rome before he got the news, as it would have been a pity to have missed such an opportunity of seeing it, and she flatters herself that he would have set out immediately for England, if he had received the express [notifying his appointment] at Florence. Now you know him, you will not

* The word "*content*" evidently means *confident*, for we know that Conway postponed his intended visit to Rome; on the authority of his letter to Lord Hertford.

Digitized by Google

wonder that she is impatient; you would wonder, if you knew *her*, if he were not so too."

In March, 1752, Conway returned to England, to the joy of his wife and friends. Walpole informs Sir Horace Mann of the fact in a letter dated 23rd of March:—"Mr. Conway has been arrived this fortnight, a week sooner than we expected him, but my Lady Aylesbury forgives it. He is full of your praises, so you have not sowed your goodness in unthankful ground. By a letter I have just received from you, he finds you have missed some from him with commissions, but he will tell you about them himself. I find him much leaner, and great cracks in his beauty. Your picture is arrived, which he says is extremely like you."

More than once allusion has been made to Conway's connection with Parliament. He had been returned as Member for Penryn in the tenth Parliament, in conjunction with George Boscawen—Colonel in the 1st Foot Guards, *Aide-de-Camp* to the King, and Deputy-Governor of the Islands of Scilly—which Parliament commenced its career on the 10th of November, 1747. We are now about to quote two of Conway's speeches delivered from his place in the House of Commons, and the reader will no doubt admit the truth of Walpole's expression of the favourable popular opinion touching the ability of Conway as a politician and orator. On February 7th, 1750, Colonel George Townsend moved to add a Clause to the Mutiny Bill by way of rider, for preventing any non-commissioned officer being "broke," or "reduced to the ranks," or any officer or soldier being punished, but by the sentence of a Court-Martial.* The Clause being brought up and read, Conway rose and said:—

"Sir; I hope I have as great a regard for the liberties and properties of the subject as any gentleman in this House; but I think that the liberties, and properties, and even the religion of the people of this kingdom, depend upon our preserving a strict discipline in our Army; and, therefore, I shall always be extremely cautious of introducing any new regulations, or abolishing any old custom relating to our Army. The power which the Colonel has over the serjeants and corporals of his

* In the next number of this Magazine I shall relate an incident that will most conclusively prove that the defeat of Colonel Townsend's motion was one of the worst affairs that ever happened for the credit and the welfare of the British Army. Had the motion been carried, many a grave act of injustice would not have come to pass.

Digitized by Google

regiment—I mean the power of creating and reducing them whenever he pleases—is a power co-eval with our army; and while we have an army, I think it is necessary that it should subsist. In advancing a common soldier to be a corporal, or a corporal to be a serjeant, the Colonel generally takes the advice of the Captain, in whose company such sergeant or corporal is wanted; and a man's knowledge of the exercise, his diligence in performing his duty, and his bravery, are the qualifications that usually recommend a common soldier to be a corporal, or a corporal a sergeant. But there are likewise other qualifications necessary, and qualifications that cannot be known till a man comes to be tried, therefore both the Colonel and Captain are often mistaken in their man, and when they find themselves so mistaken, it is absolutely necessary for the good of the service, that the Colonel should have an unlimited power to reduce him again to a private sentinel. Nay, a Captain may find that he has got a very incapable or troublesome sergeant or corporal into his company, and yet it may be impossible for him to make his incapacity or troublesomeness appear by proper proofs to the satisfaction of a court-marshal. I must likewise observe, Sir, that as bravery, activity, and diligence, are necessary for recommending a soldier to the rank of a corporal or serjeant, as it is necessary that, after he is advanced to that rank, he should continue to be as brave, active, and diligent as ever he was before; and yet, when he is advanced to the rank of a serjeant, which is perhaps the summit of his desires, or, at least of his hopes, he may very naturally grow lazy and indolent, or perhaps, in a day of battle, take more care of his life than is consistent with his duty; for which reason, I think it is necessary for the Service that such officers should always remain under the apprehension of being reduced by their Colonel, if they are guilty of the least cowardice, negligence, or misbehaviour.

"Whatever notions some gentlemen may have of absolute power, Sir, it has been thought necessary in all countries for preserving subordination and discipline in an army. In the Roman Commonwealth, from its very first original, the generals of their armies had a most absolute and unlimited power over every officer and soldier in the army. They could not only prefer and reduce, but punish even with death itself, by their sole authority, and without the sentence of any court-martial. The story of Manlius, who put his own son to death for fighting the enemy against his orders, is so well known that I need not put gentlemen in mind of it. Not only

Digitized by Google

particular men, but whole armies, were among the Romans subject to be punished by the sole and absolute power of their general; for we read that Appius, in the very infancy of that Commonwealth, caused every tenth man in his army to be whipped for flying from the enemy, besides punishing some of the officers with death. And I believe there is now no country in the world where their armies enjoy so much freedom, or so much security against being oppressed by their commanders, as both the officers and soldiers of our British Army enjoy.

"But in this, Sir, as in most other things, there is an extreme—there is a *ne plus ultra*—for if you extend this freedom and security too far, you will destroy all discipline and subordination in your army; and I am afraid that what is now proposed will be running into that extreme, without so much as a pretended necessity; for, though this power of reducing staff officers to private sentinels has been enjoyed by every Colonel in our Army time out of mind, yet there has never been so much as one complaint of its having been made a bad use of, or applied to any wicked purpose; and, indeed, if it is ever exercised, it is always at the desire of the Captain of the company to which the serjeant or corporal belongs, and after an examination into the complaints against him, so that the Colonel really acts as *judge* in the affair, and is as good and impartial a judge as any Regimental Court-Martial can be supposed to be.

"As this has always been the practice in our Army, Sir, I must presume that the hopes of an halbert will be as great an incitement for common soldiers to behave well as it could be were the Clause now offered made part of this Bill, for when once they have got an halbert they are now sure of keeping it as long as they perform their duty, and surely no gentleman will desire that they should hold it any longer. But if this clause should be passed into a law. I am afraid it would have one of these two bad effects—the staff officers would trust so much to this security that they would behave negligently, and if courts-martial acted with vigour, more of them would be cashiered or reduced than ever were so by our colonels; on the other hand, if courts-martial did not act with vigour, and never punished one unless he was guilty of some heinous crime or egregious neglect, the posts of serjeant or corporal would become a sort of civil employment, and would, I fear, be too often sold to the highest bidder.

Digitized by Google

"As to the danger which officers under the rank of Colonel may be exposed to by staff officers bearing false witness against them at the instigation of their Colonel, it appears to me to be altogether imaginary, for the danger of suborning witnesses to give false evidence is so great, that no colonel, nor any one for him, would ever attempt it; and should he attempt it, and succeed so far as to find two or three men abandoned enough to undertake it; by being examined apart, and artfully cross-questioned, the falsehood of their evidence would probably be detected, and they punished for their perjury, which could hardly fail of bringing on a discovery, or, at least, a strong suspicion of the subornation; and no colonel, under such a suspicion, could expect to hold a commission in the Army, as it is, and, I hope, will always be, in the King's power to dismiss such a colonel from the service; for the officers of the Army, as Cæsar said of his wife, should be, not only innocent, but free from suspicion.

"Then, as to what the honourable gentleman said about the end* of punishment, he should consider that reducing a serjeant or corporal to a private sentinel is not properly a punishment, but the removing a man from a post which experience has shown him not to be fit for; and that experience must be known to the whole regiment, as well as to the colonel of the regiment, or the Captain of the company he belongs to. Should a serjeant or corporal be guilty of any crime, or of any criminal neglect of duty, the Colonel would not certainly content himself with removing him, but would order him to be tried by a Regimental Court-Martial, in which case the offence would be proved, and the punishment would be an example; but when no such criminal matter is alleged against him, when nothing is alleged but only a natural stupidity, or a natural want of understanding, which renders him unfit for anything in the Army above that of a common soldier, there is no occasion for any proof, or for any punishment by way of example.

"To conclude, Sir; the power which the colonel has over the staff officers has subsisted for above sixty years, without any complaint of abuse; and as no one can know what will be the effect of abol-

* Colonel Townshend had said:—"What is the end [*i.e.*, object] of punishment? Not merely resentment or revenge, I hope. Is it not, ought it not always to be inflicted as an example and a terror for preventing others from being guilty of a like offence?"

Digitized by Google

ishing it, I hope the honourable gentleman will excuse me for denying my approbation of the Clause he has been pleased to offer."

Personally, although I grant that Conway adduced capital argument in support of his idea, I must confess that my sympathies are entirely with Colonel Townshend's view of the question. There is too much arbitrary authority in the hands of the military authorities, and that which would be scouted by the common law and common sense is allowed to hold good so far as military administration is concerned. Military Courts, except for the trial of minor offences, such as are dealt with by *Regimental* Courts-Martial, or for purely military offences, or when on active service in the field, should be utterly abolished, and a soldier, who does not in theory lose his civil rights, should be granted the same privileges as his civilian fellow as regarding trial. A change must be made, and will be made before long.

Conway, in this matter, was supported by Fox, and when the House divided, Colonel Townsend's motion was defeated, the numbers being—For the Clause, 109; against it, 178. On the 15th of January, 1750, Mr. Thomas Pitt had moved for leave to bring in a Bill for limiting the respective times at and conditions upon which every non-commissioned officer or soldier in the service of the Crown should be entitled to be discharged. On the 16th of February the Bill was brought before the House for third reading; and, after Lord Barrington and others had spoken, Conway rose and addressed himself to the subject of debate as follows:—

"Sir; I am one, and, I believe, one of many gentlemen in the Army who approve of the general principles upon which this Bill is founded. I am persuaded there are very few gentlemen in the Army who do not wish to see military discipline and a war-like spirit propagated, and made as general as possible among the people of this island; and I do not wonder at it, for there is no set of men in the kingdom so much interested, or so immediately concerned in this event, as the gentlemen of our army; which is not, and I hope never will be, kept up to tyrannize over the people, or to support a Government that is hated by the people, but to prevent the Government and the people from being suddenly surprised and subdued by an invasion of foreign enemies, or an insurrection of the few that, from a wrong bias in their education, are disaffected here at home; consequently neither of these fatal events

Digitized by Google

can ever be brought about, but by the previous utter extirpation of our Army; and every man must see that it would not be so easy to extirpate our Army, when supported by a brave and warlike people, as it would be to surround and slaughter a handful of regular troops unsupported by any other man in the kingdom.

"For the same reason, Sir, I believe there is no set of men in the kingdom so desirous as the officers of our Army, to have the common soldiers made as free and as easy in their circumstances as is consistent with the nature of military discipline; because both the life and reputation of an officer depend upon the behaviour of the soldiers under his command; and the more free and easy the soldiers are in their circumstances, the more pleased they are with their situation, the more bravely, the more obstinately, they will fight in defence of their country. For these reasons, Sir, as I have myself the honour of being an officer in our Army, I think I may be easily believed when I say that I approve of the principles upon which this Bill is founded, and most heartily wish they may be carried into practice; but I cannot approve of the methods proposed for this purpose by the Bill now under consideration, because they will, I think, tend to ruin all discipline in the Army, without contributing in the least towards propagating military discipline, or a warlike spirit among the rest of the people; and they will certainly load the public with a new and very heavy expense in recruiting, for the fund of the non-effective is not now sufficient for that purpose, nor ever can, if care be taken to keep the regiments as complete as they always ought to be. Gentlemen may fancy what they please, but while our regiments are liable to be sent to Ireland, to Gibraltar, or Port-Mahon, to our plantations, or to the assistance of our allies when we are called on for our contingent in pursuance of treaties; I say, whilst our regiments are liable to these chances, and these they must always be liable to, no man in easy circumstances will list himself as a common soldier, nor will any man list as such without some reward or bounty, by way of listing money; and the reward necessary for this purpose will increase in proportion to the demand for recruits, and to the sum a man knows he must pay for his discharge, which every common fellow would, by such a law as this, be apprised and put in mind of, whereas, at present, they generally list without ever thinking of a discharge, or of being obliged to pay any money for obtaining it.

Digitized by Google

"Hence, Sir, we have, I think, good reason to apprehend that listing money would rise very much above the three pounds appointed by this Bill to be paid for a discharge; and in that case all your regiments must always remain incomplete, or you must establish a new fund for recruiting. In this country we are upon a very different footing from what they are either in France or Holland. In France, we know that their regiments of regular troops are all recruited by draughts from their militia, and in all their cities and provinces their militia is formed by compulsion; men in such and such circumstances are forced to list in their militia, and by force they are drawn thence into their regiments of regular troops. In *that* country, therefore, they may easily and without any expense, keep their army complete, and yet allow every man who pleases to leave the army at the end of a certain term. But in *this* happy country no man who is not a vagabond can be forced into the Army; they must be enticed to list voluntarily by bounties and rewards; therefore, it is not possible for us to follow the same method, without loading the public with a greater expense than it can bear. In Holland, again a great part of their Army is composed of Swiss Regiments, the soldiers of which always list for a certain term, and must be discharged, if they desire it, as soon as possible after their term expires: and to keep their other troops in good humour, the States-General are obliged to allow the soldiers the same privilege; but they have it so regulated that not above such a number must leave any regiment at once, and if more than that number desire to be discharged, they must draw lots, in order thereby to determine who shall at that time have leave to go, and those that go are easily replaced either from Switzerland or the frontiers of Germany, because in those countries a poor man can hardly, with the utmost industry, gain a subsistence equal to that of a common soldier; whereas, in this country any man with common industry may gain a subsistence superior to that of a common soldier, and consequently our recruiting must always be much more difficult and expensive.

"However, Sir, if the methods now proposed would contribute towards propagating military discipline among our better sort of people, I should be for establishing a new recruiting fund, rather than not adopt a proposition that might be attended with so signal an advantage, and so great an ornament as well as security to the country; but I have already shown that no man in tolerable cir-

Digitized by Google

cumstances will ever enter as a common soldier into any of our regiments of regular troops; consequently, what is now proposed can never have any effect among our better sort of people; and I am not for having such an effect produced among the lower sort only; for I shall always think it dangerous to have the mob only disciplined, because they might probably take it into their heads to join an insurrection of the disaffected, in order to become the masters, instead of being the servants, of the commonwealth. I should therefore, Sir, be extremely glad to see a militia properly established, and all men of worth bred to arms and properly regimented. In that case we might now in time of war, as well as in former times, see a great many of the officers of our militia appearing as volunteers in our regular armies, and encouraging the soldiers of our regular regiments by their example; but we can never expect that gentlemen, or the sons of substantial farmers or tradesmen will list for any term as common soldiers in any of our regiments of regular troops. Nor can we ever expect to have a militia fit for any service, unless it be recommended by gentlemen of fortune and martial character, and composed of house-keepers or the sons of house-keepers.

"I therefore think it evident, Sir, that the regulation proposed by this Bill will no way contribute towards propagating military discipline among our better sort of people, and yet, at the same time, it will, I think, ruin the discipline of our Army. A soldier who had served his ten years, and had, by some means or other, got his three pounds ready to pay for his discharge when he wanted it, would grow so lazy or so saucy that there would be no bearing him, especially if he knew that his captain could not get another man in his stead for that money; and like an unruly horse in a troop, a saucy, impertinent fellow is enough to spoil a whole company. Such fellows would be continually stirrring up mutinies among the other soldiers, and if they found themselves in danger of being brought before a Court-Martial, they would immediately demand and insist upon being discharged, after which they could not be tried nor punished by a Court-Martial for the mutinous practices they had been guilty of. This, Sir, would be the case of those soldiers who had got their three pounds ready to pay for their discharge; and what, do we think, would be the case of those soldiers who had served their time, and wanted to be discharged, but had not their three pounds to pay for it? Why, Sir, they

Digitized by Google

would rob or steal, in order to get money for that purpose; some of them would certainly do so, and thus the law you provide for their relief would prove a trap for bringing many of these poor fellows to the gallows. Thus, Sir, the law proposed would certainly produce some bad effects, and could not produce any one good one; nor is such a law at present wanted. Our common soldiers are generally well enough pleased with their condition, and will, I believe, continue to be so, if you do not render them otherwise by proposing laws for their relief, in cases where they do not want any. I cannot pretend to much experience, but from all the experience I have had, and from my conversation with those who have had a great deal more, soldiers who are bound for life seem to be better pleased with their condition than those that are bound only for a term of years. This was manifest in the late war, for there was less desertion among the British and Hanoverian troops than among the Dutch, the Swiss, or any other troops of the Confederate Army. Therefore, I wish that gentlemen who do not belong to the Army would apply their thoughts to other objects rather than towards regulating our Army, and that they may hereafter do so, I shall be for putting a negative upon the present question."

Conway was on the victorious side. When the house divided it was found that ninety-two voted for the Bill and one hundred and fifty-four against it, so the Bill was lost.

The force and power of Conway's argument must be admitted, but I venture to think, for my part, that his opponents were in the right in this matter.

Digitized by Google

The Naval War of 1812 with the United States.

The scene of action is now shifted to the south seas, where the American Government considered that they could do most injury to British Commerce, and a squadron was therefore dispatched by them to the south.

In the first engagement in these waters, our old acquaintance, the 'Constitution,' was again pitted against a captured French ship, the 'Ronommée' renamed the 'Java,' carrying 46 guns, but manned mostly by landsmen, 397 in number, of a most motly description, jail-birds, loafers, and street sweepings of all sorts. The 'Java' was also heavily laden with copper, which she was taking to Bombay for some of H.M.S. ships at that port.

The vessels meet in Latitude 13°.6′ S. Longitude 30° W. on 29th December 1812, and, after a vain endeavour to escape on the part of the 'Constitution,' who was chased for some hours by the British ship, the action began. A furious combat ensued, and at last Captain Lambert of the 'Java' determined to board. At the moment, the latter's foremast went over, crushing the forcastle and encumbering most of the deck. The remains of her bowsprit, passing over the 'Constitution's stern, caught in her starboard mizen rigging, and brought the ship up in the wind, whereby the opportunity to rake as well as to board was lost. The 'Java' was now at the mercy of her opponent; but her rapscallion crew still fought desperately, and Captain Lambert being mortally wounded, the command devolved on Lieutenant Chads who, though wounded, remained on deck, supported on his feet by two men, and urging resistance to the last. Finally, at six p.m. the action having begun at two, the 'Java' was taken possession of by her powerful enemy. An instance of juvenile heroism in this action, is recorded by the historians of the time. A young British Middy not thirteen years of age, who had his leg amputated soon after the action was over, anxiously asked if the ship had struck, and, seeing a ship's colour spread over him,

Digitized by Google

became uneasy till he was convinced it was the Union Jack. The poor boy died, apparently quite relieved, immediately after. The 'Java' was subsequently set on fire.

The 'Constitution' returned soon after this to Boston; where her captain and crew were received with all the honours, substantial and otherwise, so liberally granted during this war to her successful seamen by the United States Government and people. Her companion the 'Hornet' however remained in the south seas and, after making some valuable prizes, met the 16 gun brig sloop 'Espiegle' lying at anchor, refitting, off Pernambuco without the bar. While trying to get at her, the British brig sloop 'Peacock' came up and broadsides were exchanged. After this the 'Peacock' wore to renew the action, on the other tack, and the 'Hornet' bearing up, received her enemy's starboard broadside, then ran the latter close on board on the starboard quarter. The 'Hornet' now poured in so heavy and well directed a fire that, having her commander killed, her rigging cut to pieces, and being half full of water, the 'Peacock' hoisted from her fore rigging an ensign, union down, as a signal of distress.

Both ships now anchored, and every effort was made to save the sinking vessel, but without effect, as she went down ten minutes after; several of her crew being drowned.

In this case, as in nearly all the others we have mentioned, the British were overmatched both in weight of armament and number of crew, it being apparently the fortune of war in these hostilities for the stronger nation, on the whole, to meet its enemy almost invariably in single combat and when individually weaker.

A turn in the chances of war now took place in the case of the 'Shannon' and 'Chesapeake' which occurred in June 1813. Captain Broke, of the British frigate 'Shannon,' had devoted great attention to the efficiency of his ship and armament in every particular, and thirsted to meet an opponent on equal terms.

Accompanied by the 'Tenedos,' he blocaded the harbour of Boston, where lay the 'Constitution,' refitting, the 'President,' and the 'Congress.' During a fog, the two latter got away, and the 'Chesapeake,' under the command of Captain Lawrence (promoted from the "Hornet') returning from a successful cruise on the Atlantic coast of South America, escaped into the harbour

Digitized by Google

by similar means. As the 'Chesapeake' and 'Shannon' were not very dissimilar, though the advantage was on the American side, Captain Broke sent away his companion the 'Tenedos' so as to be on nearly equal terms, and dispatched a challenge to Captain Lawrence, who on its receipt at once stood out.

The 'Constitution,' as we have seen was not in fighting trim. Between the discharge of the first gun and the boarding of the 'Chesapeake,' which Captain Broke effected on closing, only ten or fifteen minutes elapsed; and almost immediately afterwards she was captured, showing how different a result might have followed, in other actions, if efficiency had been as well maintained in all His Majesty's ships as it had been on board the 'Shannon.' Captain Lawrence died a short time afterwards of wounds received in this engagement.

Escaped from Boston, the 'President,' Commodore Rodgers, made sail for the North Sea, where she met, what appeared to the Commodore, the superior force of the British 32 gun frigate 'Alexandria,' and the 16 gun ship sloop 'Spitfire.' A chase of several days followed—the long daylight in those northern latitudes at that time of year allowing the British frigate to keep her expected prey in view night and day, but her inferior sailing powers enabled the Commodore to escape, and he returned to America with some small prizes only. The 'Congress,' which had parted company with the 'President,' had even a less eventful cruise and returned in the following December to Portsmouth New Hampshire. The 'Tenedos' cruised off this post for some months after, her captain, Parker, using all means to induce her to come out, but in vain.

The honours of war next returned to the United States, when the British schooner 'Dominica,' 12 guns, had to surrender to the Franco-American Privateer 'Decatur' of lesser strength; and in the following month, (September) the 'Boxer,' a British brig sloop, 12 guns, had to haul down her colours to the 'Enterprise,' gun brig 14 guns, the superior firing of the Yankee again leading to victory, as the brig suffered very slightly in her hull or rigging, though the resistance was stubborn.

The 'Boxer's' Captain was killed in the first broadside, and the American Commander also fell. The sentence of the Court-Martial makes particular mention of the bad handling of their guns by the crew of the 'Boxer.' It would seem as if it was

Digitized by Google

the old story all through, little or no attempt being made to profit by the constant lessons given.

About the same time, the 18 gun brig sloop 'Pelican,' Captain Maples, sallied out from Cork, in search of the American sloop 'Argus' which had been known to have been committing depredations in the channel. The latter was soon found and, after a sanguinary conflict, in which the American Commander was mortally wounded, she was boarded and taken, thus arresting for a moment the tide of victory in this war of duels. The vessels were in this case about equally matched.

During 1812, 1813, and 1814, the naval part of the war progressed also on the American lakes, and by boat expeditions in Chesapeake and Delaware bays, in which the Americans were more successful on the lakes, and the British on the coast. But though important in the history of the war, the incidents of these operations do not bear so much upon the lessons which we have set ourselves to consider as do those of the fighting at sea.

Mediation by Russia was offered in the spring of 1813, and accepted by the United States, but refused by England, and it was not till the 3rd July, 1815, that peace was finally signed, though hostilities ceased sometime before that date. The war accordingly proceeded through 1814 with unabated vigour. Admiral Sir John Warren, who had had the conduct of the war on the British side, was superseded in June of that year by Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane, and it was hoped that, the latter being younger and more vigorous, the tide would turn; but the wrong remedy was applied, there was no extra vigour wanted, efficiency and skill were the wants still unsupplied, and except for the successes of the boat expeditions matters did not seem to improve. Certainly the 'Essex,' and the 'Orpheus,' American frigates, surrendered in 1814 to two British ships of similar class, but these cases were exceptional. It is a curious fact and shows how the whirligig of time goes round, to note that the United States frigate 'Essex,' when about to engage hoisted a white flag with the motto "Free trade and sailors' rights," a device which that Government would hardly raise now-a-days. The British answer on this occasion, we should hope, is one we could still hoist with pride, "God and Country, British sailors' best rights, traitors offend both."

Digitized by Google

An equal handed fight, near Port Royal, Jamaica, between the English 18 gun brig sloop 'Epervier' and the 'Peacock,' resulted on the 29th April in the surrender of the former. Captain Wales of the 'Epervier,' who had just quelled a mutiny of a motly crew composed of all the sweepings of the lowest classes, after having had nearly all his rigging shot away and the sloop rendered unmanageable, tried in vain to get his crew to board, and the flag was struck to save the lives of the few remaining good men.

On the 28th June, a similar result took place in the case of the 'Reindeer' and 'Wasp,' British and American brig sloops of about equal size. The engagement was one of the most sanguinary of the war, the American riflemen in the tops, picking off the British officers and crew in every part of the deck. Captain Manners of the 'Reindeer' behaved on this occasion in a most heroic manner; when the ships closed, though badly wounded in both legs, he managed to climb up the 'Reindeer's' rigging, in order to lead a boarding party, when two balls from the 'Wasp's' maintop passed through his brain and he fell dead. When, after a four hour's struggle, the Americans rushed on board, the senior officer left to give up the ship was the Captain's clerk. The 'Wasp' soon after sunk the 'Avon,' an 18 gun brig sloop, after a fierce action, and subsequently foundered herself in a gale, off Madeira.

In the early part of January, 1814, the 'President,' which had given us so much trouble, met the British 40 gun frigate 'Endymion' and the 'Pomona,' 38 guns, and yielded her colours after a running fight of some hours. 434 prisoners from the 'President' were landed at Bermuda, and she was added to the British Navy.

The fight between the 'St. Lawrence,' British schooner of 12 guns, and the United States privateer 'Chasseur,' 14 guns, was the last important one in this monotonous catalogue of single combats. The 'St. Lawrence' was boarded and taken, after a very short resistance, due no doubt in this, as in many other instances, to the immense superiority of the Americans in sharp shooting, and to the higher *morale* and character of their crews.

To sum up: the Americans in this war were superior to us in three important points; first in the better character of their crews; they had a population in the lower classes of a much higher average order than ours, and they had fewer ships to supply from

Digitized by Google

it, while all their resources in this respect were available for the war with England. Great Britain on the other hand was exhausted by the long continuance of the prolonged contest with France. She had to turn where she could to keep her navy manned, busy as it was in every quarter of the globe; not only had she to be satisfied with crowding her ships with landsmen, but those of the lowest class had to be accepted. This difference between the belligerents was perhaps inevitable; but it was not so with the second point of superiority of the United States; viz.: that of their frigates in sailing qualities, by which the handling of their vessels as well as their speed, was made available on every occasion to our detriment. But above all, our misfortunes were due to the bad training of such men as we had, especially in gunnery, for which neglect there was absolutely no excuse. It is said that the Admiralty of the day actually adopted the penny-wise policy of saving the allowance of shot and shell required for gun practice.

When, through the repeated successes of the Americans, it dawned upon the inert minds of the wiseacres forming this important body, that something must he done, they stirred themselves up, rubbed their eyes metaphorically, and procceeded vigorously to do the wrong thing—or, to say the least of it, that which was the least necessary. If instead of cutting down their line of battle ships, and building more frigates, they had used all their available resources in improving their crews, as far as that could be done, and training them better, the result might have been far different, and the reputation of England for common sense, as well as the honour of her arms, been better sustained. Hardly any of the remarks on the failings of those days, apply now, except in a general sense, nevertheless incompetence in high places, and inability to see the signs of the times, are not of such infrequent occurrence, even in the present day, that we can afford to neglect the lessons taught by the disasters of the past, which, though partly beyond our control, were largely the consequence of these very defects. Nor have we now the pretext, which they had, of overweening confidence in our own strength, which so greatly contributed to the apparently pig-headed carelessness which we have seen thus prevailed.

It must always be remembered, that the events we have recorded were, to a certain extent, lost amid the excitement and

Digitized by Google

din of those stirring times. They and their lessons might well be overlooked in the red glare of the great European events of that period; in which the great constitutional struggle against the overwhelming power of Napoleon was just beginning to become less hopeless—when the victories of the Peninsula, the retreat from Moscow, the carnage of Leipsic, began to represent the faint streak of light breaking out after the long gloom of Imperial oppression.

We can excuse the indifference of our forefathers to defects which showed themselves only as it were in a sort of secondary conflict, and the results of which did not damage them materially; but we *cannot* excuse the present generation if, in time of peace and security, they neglect to see that all their weapons are duly furbished up and ready when the day of reckoning comes.
With old Polonius we should say,

> "Beware
> Of entrance to a quarrel: but, being in,
> Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee"

The efficiency of our present fleet, and of those who are responsible for it, has never been tested by the dread arbitrament of a great war. When it is, will it stand the trial? The spirit of England is as great now as it ever was, but all her spirit, all her obstinacy, all her chivalry, will be of no avail if, like in that struggle of 1812, our gallant seamen are sacrificed to the stupidity against which, it is said, the gods fight in vain.

Digitized by Google

An Ex-Zouave's Recollections of the War of 1870-71.

FROM THE FRENCH, BY MAJOR-GENERAL KNOX, C.B.

(*Continued from August*, 1879.)

CHAPTER VII.

Red Tapism and a Skirmish.

When I arrived at Paris from Brussels on the 14th September, 1870, the city had already been partially invested for three or four days. I took my friends quite by surprise, for, not having any news of me, they naturally inferred that if not killed or wounded I was at the last gasp in some distant German hospital, so that I was welcomed as one risen from the dead. Though my foot still pained me a good deal and I was rather lame, my first thought was to rejoin what remained of the 3rd Zouaves after going through the fiery ordeal of the battles of Reichshofen and Sedan. The difficulties and impediments that had met me, as I have described upon my first entry into that gallant corps, had again to be encountered, for public offices in France have fully learned how to complicate the most simple matters of detail, and how to obscure the most self evident facts.

At the first office I presented myself I was told to apply to the Intendance, and thither I accordingly repaired. The clerk to whom I addressed myself and whom I found carefully docketing some papers, assured me without looking at me that I had come to the wrong shop and ought to apply at the Recruiting Depôt near the Hotel des Invalides. There I was informed by a fellow who was sweeping out the office, that it was closed for the day and that I had better call next morning.

On returning accordingly to the recruiting office, a clerk, after laughing heartily at the stupidity of the Intendance, referred me to the Latour Maubourg barracks. It was the day after our repulse at Châtillon, and I found the barrack square thronged with soldiers in the deepest state of dejection, but my heart beat

Digitized by Google

quickly when I saw Zouave uniforms among the crowd. Most of them belonged to the 1st and 2nd Regiments after the usual fashion of my countrymen under reverses, they loudly exclaimed they had been betrayed. Discipline and subordination for a time had ceased in this crowd of fugitives who belonged to many different regiments, and I could now fully realize the meaning of the words *esprit de corps*, for there was not the slightest vestige of it in this motly group.

Finding there was nothing to be got by remaining here, I went back to my friend the clerk at the Intendance, but he only got in a passion, and turned me neck and crop out of his office for coming again to bother him. Fortunately, however, I met here an old comrade who had shared with me the misery and starvation at Glaires, and who, like myself had been lucky enough to escape from the clutches of the Prussians. We naturally fell into conversation. He was like myself, a volunteer, but had belonged to a line regiment, and expressed an opinion that the war was by no means over yet.

As a proof of the way in which things were being now managed at the War Office he showed me a route ordering him to join his depôt at Strasbourg, ignoring the well-known fact of the Bavarian General Werder having invested the town for the last three weeks, but, "no," he added, "the wretched clerk here wants me to fight my way alone through the German lines and join the depôt of the 87th."

As for myself, by dint of perseverence I was at last lucky enough to obtain a written order to join the depôt of the 3rd Zouaves at Montpellier in the south of France. Though this did not at all suit my views as I wanted to form part of the defending force in Paris, I waited twenty-four hours and then, all railway trains having ceased running out of the capital, I became *nolens volens*, but much to my satisfaction, a humble unit of the garrison of Paris.

Soon after this I most fortunately fell in with one of our own yellow vested fellows of the 3rd Zouaves, who informed me, that a handful of our men and a few of the 1st and 2nd who had cut their way out of Sedan, were to be found in the barracks of the Rue Pepiniére; there I was received with open arms, and, heartily disgusted with all government offices, I at once went and rigged myself at my own expense in uniform, as I had hitherto been wearing

Digitized by Google

the plain clothes I bought in Brussels. How changed was now the aspect of Paris, it seemed no longer the gay city I had quitted a few short weeks ago. An air of dismay seemed to pervade the streets, they still sang the Marsellaise, but in a much lower key then before the disaster, for we now well knew the quality of the foe we had to contend with.

The entire male population seemed to be under arms, ramparts and forts bristled with heavy guns, drums were beating, bugles sounding incessantly, and drill going on in every vacant space. A republic, which was to be a panacea for all ills, had been proclaimed, and the worthy Parisians seemed rather surprised that the army of the Crown Prince had not taken alarm at this fact and retired to its own country.

I was speedily posted to the 1st Company 3rd Battalion of the 4th Zouaves, Captain R. who commanded it at Sedan, and having known him at that hell upon earth called Glaires, a kind of freemasonry at once sprung up between him and his humble corporal to which grade I was now elevated. This new regiment of Zouaves (which still exists in 1880) was formed into three battalions out of the wrecks of the three older Zouave corps. It was, as I have mentioned, the 4th and having as yet no regimental colour there was a question of handing over to it the Eagle of the 3rd, which had been saved at Sedan, but the remnants of our old corps raised such an outcry against this proceeding that our tattered banner was solemnly consigned to the Artillery Museum. We were immediately ordered to Courbevoie and our three battalions were quartered in the small houses which lie between the village and the railway embankment.

On reaching our new quarters picks were served out to us, and we set to work loop-holing our walls and demolishing the partition This was speedily effected, the village was put into a state of defence and we settled down into our desolate quarters, for the inhabitants had deserted the village, However some of them began to recover confidence; a wine shop was soon reopened and the wine merchant with the help of a sturdy wench, who was quite used to soldiers, for the Imperial Guard had lately been stationed at Courbevoie, got up a kind of scratch mess for our officers, and his example was speedily followed by a tobacconist, so that we began to make ourselves very comfortable—then an enterprising washerwoman set up a laundry, so after the manner of soldiers we were quite

Digitized by Google

at home. As loop-holing walls palls as an amusement after a while, we began to find time rather heavy on our hands, not knowing what was going on inside Paris, and the days passed away slowly and tediously. All the duty we had was a couple of hours drill daily and every now and then to furnish picquets on the banks of the Seine. At first the authorities tried to make our fellows work at throwing up a redoubt near Charlebourg, but Zouaves as a rule don't take kindly to pick or shovel, the Chassepot being more in their line. There used to be a great bustle with shovels and wheelbarrows, but somebody would start a joke, a song or a story, then the spade would be laid down, everyone would listen and no work was done, so at last it was given up as a hopeless job and was handed over to some linesmen and Mobiles.

At last, very early on the morning of the 16th October, one of our numerous false alarms took place, we turned out in hopes of a fight near the Rond Point of Courbevoie but nothing came of it and we went back to our usual dull monotonous existance.

Again, on the 21st of the same month, we were under arms at an unusually early hour and received our long expected order to march. Off stepped the new regiment with a firm and elastic tread. As I had hitherto only fought behind stone walls I was anxious to witness a battle on open ground, but I was again doomed to disappointment. After moving along under a bright autumnal sun for a short distance, we were halted amidst the jeers and grumbling of the men, for the carping critical spirit of the old veterans of the first empire were by no means extinct in their descendants. My rear rank man was inquiring the cause of our halting.

"Ah," says a corporal, "you want to know, do you? Well I'll tell you in confidence, if you won't repeat it, its because the Prussians were not quite ready for us, and we wish to give them time to collect. It's only a *ruse de guerre.*" The men began to laugh and the officers turned away their heads, pretending not to hear, though the corporal had not whispered his remarks.

This spirit of chaff is an old tradition in the French army, it has no effect upon the pluck of the soldier or even on his discipline, and though he may carp and audibly scoff at the orders he receives, he will fight bravely enough, and if victorious he is quite ready to laugh at the criticisms he made before the fight.

At about eleven, after cooling our heels for some time in the

Digitized by Google

damp grass, no counter order having fortunately reached us, we set off again passing through Nanterre, which was totally deserted and empty, and the little village so famed for its cakes and rose gardens had a forlorn appearance. The shops were of course all closed as we tramped through the empty streets though here and there we caught a glimpse of a head peeping furtively from behind some closed window curtain. We kept on parallel to the railway in the direction of Chaton, leaving behind us the Rueil Bougival station. It would be difficult to describe my sensations at now passing, with a chassepot on my shoulder and in company with thousands of soldiers, this charming region every inch of which I had well known in happier and more peaceful days. Part of my battalion was now in support of the guns which were thundering on La Malmaison and on Celle St. Cloud, from which Prussian batteries were slowly firing in reply. Their shells now began to drop near us, but falling as they mostly did upon soft damp earth, few of them exploded and we suffered but little from their fire. I ceased thinking of the many jolly little water parties I had enjoyed in days of yore here, for my attention was fully engaged watching the shells as they lobbed in among us. Our compulsory inactivity became almost unbearable, patience under these circumstances as I was well aware is an essential in every army, but what anxiety and irritability standing motionless under fire causes! Your nerves become affected in spite of you, and a constant shudder thrills through your frame as shell after shell drops beside you. At Sedan it is true I had been much under fire, especially that time when, as I have described, the bricks and mortar of the gateway were flying about me in splinters, but then I was not in a state of inaction for I was busy loading and firing as fast as I could, so I now affected a calmness which I was very far from feeling. We strained our eyes to ascertain where the enemy's battery, which was so annoying us, was, but all we could make out were a few puffs of white smoke behind a distant clump of trees.

At last came the welcome order to advance. We broke into extended order on the flat ground between the so called American railway and the Seine; and then lay down behind any cover we could get, whence we opened fire upon the houses of Bougival which sheltered the enemy; but I am bound to say that our fire did not seem to do the Prussians much harm. Sometimes we advanced a little, then we fell back when the enemy's fire became

Digitized by Google

too hot. A poor private in the Zouaves who, like myself, had only witnessed a defeat and a capitulation, has 1 well know no right to offer his opinion upon strategy, but I must say I thought our operations devoid of energy, vigour and system. Still the fight raged hotly round La Malmaison, of yore the great Napoleon's favourite abode. the trees in its park caught fire, and the park wall was splintered with the round shot. As I kept on firing from time to time I amused myself watching the branches of trees as they were lopped off as neatly as though cut by a knife. It was now for the first time during my brief military career that I was able to observe the anxious look of astonishment which comes over a man's face when mortally hit, for he looks as if struck by lightning. Close to me was a Zouave busy loading and firing from behind the shelter of a willow, making a rest for his rifle on two forked branches, and never firing till sure of his aim. I had glanced at him once or twice, but ceasiug to hear the report of his Chassepot I turned round and saw him perfectly motionless, his head fallen forward over the butt of his rifle, his finger on the trigger and a slight stream of blood flowing or rather trickling from a tiny wound on his forehead. Dead as Julius Cæsar was he but not one of his limbs had stirred.

The "retire" now sounded and we fell back again to be halted under the abominable shell fire, but we made good use of our time, for a potatoe field being hard by, we took the opportunity of digging up a lot of fine potatoes with our sword bayonet, and, after a few more orders and counter orders, marched back to our old quarters at Courbevoie.

We were often sent on outlying picquets along the Seine sometimes for forty-eight hours at a spell and we used to enjoy this immensely as we could, with comparative safety, take pot shots at the Prussians across the river by day; the nights on these occasions were spent patrolling the peninsula formed by the Seine at Gennevilliers. We used to go out in parties of four men under a corporal, keeping strict silence, (a difficult task for Frenchmen) and, like so many Red Indians, used to watch the Prussians to observe whether they would attempt to throw a bridge across the stream, and when back again in our quarters next morning there used to be a regular scramble among the men for the Paris papers which used occasionally to reach us. I now began to comprehend how easy it is for a private to go through a general action

Digitized by Google

without knowing anything about its details. The soldier sees nothing but the precise spot at which he is told to fire; a captain may be able to tell you what his company did, and a colonel can describe the deeds of his own regiment. Some battalion kept in reserve in a friendly hollow have seen nothing but the smoke and heard only the sound of firing, and this may account for how one of our corporals in perfect truth and sincerity described to me the battle of Wiessenbourg, telling me it was only a large beetroot field round which he heard a vast deal of firing. At six in the evening he was ordered to retire and he remembered one of his squad forgot his pack. No, only the general in command can give a true account of what takes place, and even that he cannot do correctly until he has received details from his divisional generals.

Now and then during November I with difficulty got a pass to go into Paris and see my relations. The town looked quiet enough and, if one had not heard the roar of the guns outside, it would have been difficult to fancy that a couple of hundred thousand Prussians were besieging us. People still flattered themselves we should get the best of it but I, having seen Sedan, was far less sanguine, so I thought it best to keep my opinions to myself for fear of being thought either a fool or an agent of Count Bismark's. Still the town with its strong girdle of forts seemed impregnable and it was thought impossible that four hundred thousand soldiers, Mobiles and National Guards could ever be compelled to surrender—but the probable effects of starvation were overlooked.

About the 20th November, soon after the disastrous, but heroic fight, at Le Bourget, a number of Zouaves and Chasseurs of the ex-Imperial guard were drafted into our 1st and 2nd battalions, to complete their establishment, and our battalion received a lot of Turcos, most of whom, by the way, were Parisians by birth, still among them were some fifty *bonâ fide* Africans, Arabs or Kabyles, fine old soldiers, who had seen active service, so that now the 4th were the only Zouaves in the beleaguered city.

CHAPTER VIII.

Ducrot's Sortie.

The 28th November was an eventful day. At daylight the companies fell in on their private parades to hear read General

Digitized by Google

Ducrots famous proclamation to the Army of Paris. When our Captain came to the celebrated passage, in which Ducrot said, "I will only return to Paris dead or victorious!" he could not continue, for emotion choked his voice. The Captain's eyes were filled with tears as he handed me the paper saying, "Corporal, read the rest for me," and as I finished his task, in a tremulous voice, a visible thrill ran through the ranks.

Though Ducrot neither died nor conquered, he should not be blamed for a few superfluous words, perhaps too hastily penned, for death does not always meet those who seek it most eagerly. Ten times that day did Ducrot bravely head his men under showers of shot and shell, but death would have none of him. Be this as it may, the effect produced by his words was very good, the soldiers were electrified by them, and our national pride was soothed. The 3rd battalion now formed up, and with firm and elastic step, in spite of the weight of our *tentes d'abri*, cooking utensils and heavy packs, we gaily footed it to the Porte Maillot, at the entrance of the Bois de Boulogne. There we got into the train which took us by the circular railway to Charonne, which is quite to the eastward of Paris, and near Vincennes, but owing to the usual delays and bungling, it was half-past six in the evening before our train got under way, and consequently night was far advanced when we reached the wood of Vincennes where we alighted.

Our march through the wood that cold frosty night was picturresque if not agreeable. The cold was severe, and the wind, which shook the bare branches as we passed, fanned the numerous bivouac fires, lighting up groups of men sleeping near their lines of piled arms. A few looked up sleepily, when aroused by our heavy tramp, and sank down again to sleep, many of them their last sleep on earth. Emerging at last from the wood, we passed Nogent, halting by order from time to time, but seldom long enough to allow us to ease our shoulders of their heavy burden. At last we were allowed to pile arms and to take off our packs, but our officers warned us on no account to light fires or pitch our tents, as the Prussians were believed to be quite close. So I lay down on the damp grass huddled quite close to our company serjeant major for the sake of warmth, and soon fell asleep. The chilly approach of the dawn roused us up and in a few minutes the regiment had fallen in. We rolled up our blankets still reeking with the heavy dew and strapped them on our packs. It was so

Digitized by Google

dark that one could hardly discern the other companies as they got under arms. The men felt excited and anxious, little imagining how often they were thus to be baulked; some were wiping the barrels of their rifles with the skirts of their great coats, others tightening their leggings and all kinds of "shaves" and rumours were flying about. After two hours of this sort of thing, it became broad daylight, we could see the road we had left behind us swarming with troops, guns and waggons of different kinds crowding to the front, and I could make out that we had spent the night between Forts Nogent and Rosny. At about eight came the order "packs on," and now, we thought, we are in for it at last, we moved on half a mile or so and then came another halt, and we were ordered to light fires and cook our rations, there being then no sound of firing to be heard in our vicinity. Though the Frenchman is a cooking animal and seldom unwilling, if a soldier, to set about culinary pursuits there was now much grumbling in our ranks. What, the men asked, were our generals thinking about? were they becoming paralysed and have we been brought all the way from Courbevoie to Nogent, merely to make soup? In spite of all this discontent we set to work, wood was speedily collected and camp kettles were soon emitting a savoury odour; but we were on the alert and ready to pitch away their contents at the first alarm. Our officers were moodily walking up and down smoking their cigars with a thoroughly bored look, probably fully aware of our way of thinking on these matters.

When our meal was over we clambered up the railway embankment to try and see what was going on, for a few shots from time to time led us to fancy the fight was beginning, but two o'clock came, we were told to pitch our tents, and we now despaired of having any work to do that day. Then came news that the Marne having swollen, owing to recent rains, the pontoon bridge was too short, and so the battle was to be postponed. This matter about the bridge was another instance of the mismanagement and ill-luck which had attended the French since the fatal day of Weissenbourg, at the commencement of this unlucky war. We were very suspicious about the shortness of the pontoon bridge, and naturally laid the blame on the Engineers, but after all some fellows took a more cheerful view of the matter, consoling themselves that the fun was only postponed for a few hours, though the delay would be no doubt beneficial to the Prussians. At

Digitized by Google

about six in the evening, fatigue parties were ordered to proceed to Montreuil, to draw rations, and I was detached for this duty. The evening was sharp and clear, and I did not much mind a walk of three or four miles, as we were in hopes of finding a dead horse or two on the road, from which to cut a juicy steak, but when we reached Montreuil the commissariat had, as usual, broken down. Neither bread nor meat was forthcoming; all we could get was a little sugar and a few grains of coffee, with which we returned, minus even the anticipated horse flesh. It was a lovely clear, starlight night, bivouac fires were burning cheerfully, but not a sign did we see of the Prussians on our way back to camp. As I turned in under the invaluable *tente d'abri*, wrapped snugly in my warm blanket, I was warned we were to parade at four next morning, and though I knew the next day would be a deadly one, I had no fears for my life, having a rooted but firm conviction that I should escape unscathed, and so it proved.

At four o'clock on the morning of a day memorable in the history of the siege of Paris—to wit, the 30th November, 1870—we rose and packed our things by the expiring light of our camp fires, at which the Zouaves warmed their benumbed hands. At half-past five arms were unpiled, the companies fell in for inspection, and by six our battalions were tramping along the hard frozen ground. The road was so encumbered with waggons and vehicles that we were soon obliged to take to the fields, and, day having nearly broken, we could see in the gloaming our dense columns on every side. The crests of the neighbouring heights were lined with French troops, and our batteries were moving into position, all really this time betokening a speedy fight. We were halted on a small platform some 350 yards from Neuilly-sur-Marne, between that village and the railway.

The wintry sun now rose splendidly, reminding some of us of the traditional sun of Austerlitz, so often alluded to by Napoleon, and on this plateau we remained quietly for about two hours.

At length the first cannon-shot was fired, making us start, for the fight was now beginning.

The cannonade now waxed louder, and dense clouds of smoke hung over our guns, but the perfect silence of the Prussians disquieted the minds of our men, as they could not comprehend it It soon became evident we were to cross the Marne, and, by

Digitized by Google

standing on tiptoes, I could see plainly enough that the bridge was long enough.

"Now the ball is going to begin," says one of our fellows; "but what a splendid target the bridge will make for the Prussians, there's not an inch of cover or shelter for us anywhere near it."

About this time our 1st and 2nd battalions were ordered off to Villers, a village on the far side of the Marne. I had many friends in both battalions, and I anxiously watched them, as long as they were in sight, for our battalion stood fast for the time, but the smoke and the undulations of the ground soon hid our comrades from our gaze. That evening, at our bivouac, I heard that the two battalions had been hurled against the loop-holed walls of a park, which our chiefs had not thought worth while to breach with our guns, and that they had been repulsed, with the loss of 670 men killed and wounded, including an officer I had known at Sedan, whose stomach was struck with a round shot. At this moment I was watching, with intense eagerness, the fighting going on before us, or rather to our right. We could partially see what was in progress on the crests of the hills round the Marne, but at so great a distance colours became indistinct, and our officers, who had no glasses, failed to make out the red trousers of the French or the helmets of the Germans, and our gunners in Fort Nogent were so uncertain as to their aim that they dropped a shell into the midst of an unlucky battalion of Mobiles, who were doing their best to beat back some Prussian skirmishers. All this time we were boiling with vexation and impatience, eager for the order to advance.

A battery near us was covering with its fire the pontoon men who were still busy at the bridge, and the three mitrailleuses, were brought down to the bank of the Marne to clear the little wood on the opposite side of the river. We watched branches and earth flying about under their volleys, but no Prussians appeared to be concealed in the wood.

At last the bridge was ready, and now for the decisive moment. Forward was the cry, and to our No. 1 company, to which I belonged, fell the perilous honour of leading the attack. Why, I cannot say; but just then I fell a-thinking of the bridge of Arcola of which I had seen so many pictures, with the grenadier as he is depicted falling forward with his hands before

Digitized by Google

him. My heart beat fast as I nervously clutched the butt of my trusty Chassepot, for I was naturally a little frightened when I thought of the myriads of bullets I was about to encounter, and I already pictured myself in the position of the aforesaid grenadier, taking an involuntary header into the Marne and not the Po.

I have always marvelled when men said they felt quite unconcerned on these occasions, but now I could scarcely believe them, and though fully determined to do my duty like a man, I must on this occasion plead guilty to a slight sensation of fear.

General Carré de Bellemarc and his staff led the way; the bridge rocked and quivered under our tread, but no round shot or musketry awaited us—nothing of the kind, and we began to wonder what infernal surprise the Prussians had in store for us. The general rode quietly on, his hand on his hip, and I kept watching his gold laced kepi, expecting every instant to see him blown to pieces; but the same profound silence continued, and I began to have a better opinion of the amiable qualities of the Prussians.

We soon got across, and I breathed more freely, flattering myself the worst was over. When our rear company had got over, we broke into skirmishing order, and I plunged into the bush-wood which our Gatlings had already searched so thoroughly. The rime fell on our faces from the branches as we struggled through them; our officers drew their swords, and we were about to open fire on our silent and invisible foe, when, lo! the "Retire" sounds, and to our amazement and disgust, we retraced our steps over the bridge, wondering if we were going to fight on the other side. We had scarcely resumed our old position when came a counter-order, and for the third time that morning we crossed the bridge. This time there is no humbug; we advance in open order through the wood, which we find denser than it was at first, and at length the Prussian balls begin to whistle over our heads, and we are in for it. As soon as a pickelhaube is seen, our fellows let fly at it; but though I was a young hand I was an old soldier, and did not waste my ammunition.

Before us was a large park, the walls of which had been partially breached by our guns; but the Prussians were awaiting us in the enclosure, for one of our captains well to the front pointed them out with his sword. "*En avant*" is now the word; we

Digitized by Google

scramble after him over the loose stones, and push through clumps of trees, only to find the park void of all Prussians, except a few dead ones lying on their faces in the grass. The assembly then sounds, and our men warm and cheerful under the bright December sun, are in such high glee at their easy victory that they think nothing impossible.

Not to lose time, we explored and ransacked a few neighbouring houses already empty and broken open, but it was pretty clear the Prussians had not left them long. We found on a table a handsome porcelain pipe still alight ornamented with a picture of Faust's "Margaret." I stretched out my hand to seize it, but one of our corporals had already commenced smoking it. Lighted cigar ends were lying about, and a half-eaten omelette which was cooling alongside of a semi-devoured sausage fell an easy and welcome prey to one of our hungry buglers. In one of the adjacent houses, where a venetian blind and the remnants of a chest of drawers were making a cheerful blaze, I heard sounds of snoring from under a blanket which covered a round mass in the corner. Carefully removing the blanket with the point of my bayonet, a grunt was heard, and a huge burly Saxon grenadier blind drunk sat up, rubbing his eyes, and laughing enough to dislocate his jaws.

"He's a wag," says one of our fellows, giving him a slight prod with his bayonet, the only effect of which delicate attention was to elicit a loud "Ya, ya!" from our stout Saxon, who immediately turned on his side, and fell fast asleep again.

A few shots from the neighbouring ridges now began to strike the houses, so we resumed our advance in extended order, driving back some Prussian skirmishers. Our own posts were all this time firing over our heads, the shells bursting in the Park of Villiers.

Our supports now re-inforced us, and we pushed back the Prussians, who, however, stoutly contested every inch of the ground. Our men began to drop, wounded Zouaves were tailing off to the rear, others unable to walk lay down in the furrows and ditches. Sometimes, but not always, their comrades fell out to help them to the ambulances, and my heart ached to see many a poor fellow, whose life prompt surgical assistance might have saved, left there to die. But my blood was now up, and I thought but little except loading and firing my Chassepot.

Our guns had ere this crossed the Marne, and were now firing

Digitized by Google

regular salvoes into Villiers; they had taken up a position scarcely fifteen yards in our rear, and were belching out shot and shell just over our heads, as we were lying down, to our great personal discomfort. My back used to quiver, and I felt as though my spine was shattered by the explosions. Night had now closed in, and we were left where we were till next morning. Oh! how our backs ached after carrying our heavy packs during this long fatiguing day mostly through ploughed fields.

The *tentes d'abri* were soon pitched, picquets for a wonder were thrown out, but as no rations reached us, we had to sally forth to the potatofields for our supper; meeting with tolerable success, and having fortunately a little coffee we managed to do pretty well. Dwellers in cities accustomed to the usual comforts of civilised existence, will scarcely realise the possibility of any one being able to go to sleep in front of hundreds of guns ready to open fire at any moment, his feet in wet grass, a stone for his pillow, and with a nearly empty stomach; but one gets used to anything and everything in this world, and it was five in the morning and pitch dark before I awoke after a capital night's rest.

A sad disappointment awaited us as we were rolling up our coats and blankets, and packing up our tents. Again were we destined to fall back and recross the Marne, giving up the ground we had gained yesterday. We accordingly went back to our former position sullenly and reluctantly enough. The cold that day was intense, but we obtained plenty of fuel out of some deserted house.

That morning, the 1st December, we were roused up at an early hour by a loud crackling of musketry, the Prussians having surprised the pickets of a regiment of the line, bayonetting or capturing most of the men, for twenty similar surprises during this unfortunate war had not yet taught our people to take proper precaution. We were then ordered to march off, passing under the guns of Fort Nogent; we then wheeled to our left, and covered by the fire of the redoubt at Grevelle, we reached at the double Joinville le Pont. Here, to our surprise, we found several battalions of National Guards clustering round the hamlet. It was the first time I had ever seen any of them under fire, and they evidently did not seem to like it at all, being much agitated, talking and gesticulating wildly, many of them falling out in spite

Digitized by Google

of the strenuous endeavours of their officers to prevent them. Some were coolly sitting down to breakfast, and the settlers had hard work to supply their wants. When they saw the Zouave uniform they gave us three cheers, and evidently relieved in their minds at not having to accompany us, they fell to eating with greater relish than ever. Crossing the Marne at this point, a road led us through a wood to the heights of Petit Bry, where we passed plenty of signs of recent fighting, and met crowds of litter bearers returning from the front with their ghastly burdens. These worthy fellows belonged to some religious order, and performed their sad duties quietly and efficiently from the beginning to the end of the siege. A hard dry road now stretched before us, and we were rapidly advancing when we came upon a general officer and his numerous staff. It was General Trochu who, seeing our uniforms, exclaimed with an air of satisfaction, "Ah, the Zouaves!" but we were so eager to meet the enemy that we had not time even to give him a cheer. The increasing number of dead and wounded borne past us did not much tend to raise our spirits; but small puffs of smoke could now be seen, and the roar of cannon grew more distinct.

When about five furlongs from Petit Bry, we halted and lay down flat, for we were now on the outskirts of the fight, and within musket range, for the bullets were pinging above our heads, sometimes even grazing the packs on our backs, and it was by no means safe to look about one. Some of our fellows were enjoying a smoke when a loud noise made me turn round. I saw two or three battalions of mobiles who were moving up on our left. On they came like a mob running in and treading on us; for I do not think they had the least idea we were there; but unfortunately the Prussians saw them, and sent such a volley of grape into them that down they all ducked as if by word of command, throwing themselves flat on the ground but there was some excuse for them, for the poor young fellows had never been in action before.

(To be Continued.)

Digitized by Google

A Terrible Ass.

There was no doubt about it that, wherever a petticoat was concerned, Jones was a terrible ass, a fact which he was the first to acknowledge when at a safe distance from the sirens who wear that too fascinating garment.

How many times he had been engaged I don't suppose that he himself could remember; but certainly the 'Slavecatcher' was never in port a week without Mr. Jones offering himself, his debts, and his magnificent full pay of ten shillings a day, less income tax, to some charming, but portionless damsel, who, dazzled by his epaulettes, his dancing, and his undeniable good looks, would perhaps accept the temporary loan of his too susceptible heart, and live in a fool's paradise until the fatal hour arrived when the ship weighed anchor, and Jones proceeded to fresh fields of amorous pastures new.

"How you have managed to escape being either kicked or married for so long, Jones," I said one day to him, "puzzles me."

"I am fool and I know it," replied he; "but there are some fellows, Hayman, who are fools and don't know it, and I should that you belonged to that class."

"Granted, for the sake of argument, my dear fellow; but what has that to do with the question?"

"Did you ever hear of me, in my wildest moments, getting engaged to an heiress?"

"Certainly not, Jones, an heiress would think twice before she—"

"Not at all; not at all. I could tell you stories, but you would think me conceited. No, Hayman, my plan is to fall in love with a pretty girl without a cent, whom it would be simply impossible for me to marry; sooner or later we both recognise this fact, shed a few natural tears, exchange photographs and locks of hair, and part."

Digitized by Google

Here the ruffian went to his cabin, and produced for my inspection, a regular album of tresses of all colours and sizes—black, brown, and golden. "Ah! Hayman, it is a sad thing to have too soft a heart."

"Why, you ruffian, you are worse than a red Indian," said I, "he, at least, when he scalps his victims puts them out of their pain, but you first of all steal their hair and then break their hearts."

Two or three nights after this conversation, Jones, the Doctor, and I were dining with the Skipper, when, just as our hospitable host was pressing us to take a whitewash, a telegram was brought in by the officer of the watch. The Captain opened and read it, then, turning to Jones, said, "We are ordered to Zanzibar; it will puzzle even you, Jones, to lose your heart there."

"I don't know, sir," said Jones; "I have often thought that the Europeans are strangely indifferent to the charms, ample though they may be, of a full-blooded negress, and I have always maintained that a touch of the tar-brush adds a certain piquancy to—"

"D——n the fellow, he is quite incorrigible," broke in the Skipper. "Steward, bring in coffee."

Arrived at Zanzibar, Jones announced his intention of studying the language, and soon informed us that it was beautifully soft, with vowel endings, and nearly as good as Italian for making love in.

Before the Slave Market was closed, Jones, accompanied by the interpreter, might generally have been seen, at about four o'clock in the afternoon, criticising, with the keenest interest, the points of the female slaves.

Once, happening to be strolling there myself, purely out of curiosity, Jones espied me, and seizing me by the arm, dragged me over to where a bevy of superior slaves was being exhibited for sale.

"There you are, my boy, she'll just suit your artistic eye. There's a head of hair for you. Don't call it wool, you can nearly get a comb through it. There's an arm for you; and isn't she plump. The Arabs like 'em fat, Ali says, and—"

"You good-for-nothing jackanapes," quoth I, "what do you mean by talking so to a respectable member of society? Avaunt thee. Get thee behind me, Sathanas!"

Digitized by Google

"Well, don't get angry; nobody here knows you are married, and I won't split on you. I could buy her for five hundred rupees; at least, of course an Englishman can't buy a slave, but Ali could for me."

I beat a hasty retreat, and was careful never to venture near the Slave Market when it was Jones's day on shore.

If the Slave Market was Jones's favourite lounge, the Sultan's stables were mine. I was fond of riding, and his Highness had been kind enough to give orders that the English officers were to have the pick of his stable, and a little backsheesh judiciously expended had induced the head groom to reserve a pretty little Arab mare for my exclusive use.

When he could tear himself away from the Slave Market, Jones used sometimes to condescend to accompany me, and as he could be an amusing companion when he liked, and I felt that he was unable to indulge in his favourite eccentricities whilst on horseback, I was always glad of his society.

One afternoon, just as the sun was getting low, and life becoming endurable, Jones and I rode out of the Sultan's stables, picked our way carefully, but hurriedly (for I was always afraid of him in the streets) through the crowded bazaars, my companion exchanging lively salutations with good-natured wenches, whose laughing eyes and flashing teeth lit up the darkness of their sooty complexion, and after a sharp burst across the level plain of Maazi Majo, hit the path through the orange groves, whose golden fruit hung temptingly down within easy reach, and struck off in an inland direction.

Jones had picked up an amazing fund of information in his walks and talks with the interpreter, which he now drew on for my entertainment.

"Right or left?" I sung out, as we came to a fork in the road.

"Left; it will lead us past a pond where there are always a lot of girls washing clothes."

"Then I shall go right."

Oh! of course you are wise to flee if you can't stand temptation."

The path to the right was skirted by orange trees and cocoa-nut palms, until half-a-mile further on, the trees became less frequent and the country a little more open. We were cantering gaily

Digitized by Google

along the narrow path, when suddenly the jingling of bells, as we turned a corner, and the warning cry of "Simile Punda" (make room for the donkey), caused us to pull up.

"Halloa! here comes a chapter out of the 'Arabian Nights,'" exclaimed Jones, as a picturesque calvacade swept by us.

Running in front, armed with sticks, were two stout, active-looking niggers, clearing the way by shouting "Simile Punda;" then ambled by a magnificent white donkey, richly comparisoned, and with its trappings hung with innumerable little bells, pealing musically at every stride of the animal, mounted on which, seated cross-legged like a man, but so muffled up that she looked like a shapeless sack, and not a feature of her face to be seen, was a woman, evidently the wife or favourite of some rich Arab.

> "With rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
> She shall have music wherever she goes."

quoted Jones.

Then rode by, also on a donkey, a handsome Arab attendant, richly and picturesquely dressed, with a brace of silver-sheathed and be-jewelled daggers hanging from a silver belt. He scowled on us, and returned no answer to Jones's salutation of "Yambo Sano," an expression that does duty for "how do you do."

After this truculent-looking warrior, came by the gem of the piece, as Jones said—a really pretty brown-skinned girl, who be-strode her donkey with a grace that was heightened by contrast with the slovenly-draped leader of the party. She wore red trousers, like Turkish trousers, and just above her naked, finely-moulded feet shone two large anklets of massive silver, her delicate wrists were covered with bangles, that set off the symmetry of her fairy-like little hands, and tapering slender fingers, rose-tipped with henna, that swayed the reins with a dainty bewildering grace.

"Yambo sana," said Jones.

"Sana, sana," replied the soubrette, as her face lit up with a smile of good-natured curiosity and fun.

"Sana kama lulu," said he.

"Kama lulu," and the saucy beauty swept by, and the procession ended with another stalwart negro.

"My dear Jones, what on earth were you saying? I had no idea you had picked up so much of the language."

Digitized by Google

"I only asked her if she was well, and when she said she was, I asked if she was as well as pearls, and she said she was, and and then I ought to have asked if she was as well as coral, only I could not remember the word."

"Upon my word, that is rather free with a perfect stranger."

"Oh, no! they all do it; it is a beautiful language; 'Sana kama lula;' so soft, so like Italian, so easy to make love in: I have already learnt the whole of the verb 'kuspenda,' to love in Kisuaheli."

"The devil doubt you. You have learnt that verb in a good many different languages."

"Ah! my dear fellow, I am completely done for this time, regularly bowled over by that beautifnl brunette; don't laugh, you unfeeling brute, she was not *much* darker than a brunette. What are your washed-out Anglo-Indians, what even your red and white English beauties, compared to that little brown angel? There she passes, among the golden oranges; she is looking back, I must kiss my hand, I must wave my handkerchief. Khiva heri! my darling, kiva heri!"

"Kiva heri!" replied a musical riant voice from the orange grove.

"What's that, Jones?"

"Oh! that's good-bye; I only just remembered it. I am quite done for, Hayman; this time it is really a serious business."

Jones, for the remainder of the afternoon, was quite useless as a companion. He could do nothing but rave about his brown beauty, as he called her, and enumerate all the charms his critical eye had enabled him to discern.

Directly we returned on board, he sent for Ali, the interpreter, and when shortly afterwards they both went on shore, I began to be afraid that Jones would really get into some mischief; for your Arab protects his women with a strong arm, and a sharp stroke from a curved dagger has ended many a more harmless flirtation than that on which Jones seemed determined to enter.

It was about a week afterwards that, happening to be walking long after dark through the Zanzibar streets on my way back to the ship, I turned a corner sharply, and ran violently into the arms, and on top of the toes, of an Arab. I did not know the

Digitized by Google

language sufficiently well to curse him, but what was my surprise at hearing a torrent of English more forcible and idiomatic than polite, from the victim of our mutual awkwardness. There was no mistaking the eloquent voice, and I recognised, artistically darkened though they were, the familiar features of Jones, masquerading in Arab attire.

"Mr. Jones!" I exclaimed; but he fled swiftly up a narrow alley.

"Jones old man!"

"Jones, you ineffable ass!" But he turned a deaf ear, although I fancied I heard a faint "d——n it all," as he rounded the corner and disappeared from view.

Over my last pipe that night I meditated what course I should pursue. If Jones was left to himself he would some day be fished up with a hole through him. Remonstrance would be worse than useless, and if I told the Skipper he would confine Jones to the ship, when he would probably break out, and be tried by Court-Martial.

I determined at last to speak seriously to Jones, as an older man to a younger one; to point out the worse than folly of the course he was pursuing; to warn him of its too probable ending, and wash my hands of the whole affair.

There was a guilty look in Jones's eyes as they met mine at breakfast the next morning, and when I said "I am going for a walk this afternoon, Jones, will you come with me?" he eagerly replied, "the very thing I meant to have asked you. I want to have a long talk with you."

An open confession is good for the soul, thought I, and who knows but that my sage advice, and judicious counsel, may arrest him in his downward career, and even convince that arch-lunatic Jones, of the utter absurdity of his present line of conduct.

We went ashore together, in the officers' boat, that afternoon, and, after a glass of vermouth at French Charlie's, strolled out through the town, and across the plain.

Jones was dejected, and I hoped, repentant. He never exchanged even one "Yambo sana" in the streets, but picked his way carefully through the bazaar, without stopping to chaff the occupants of the numerous little shops and stalls.

We crossed the plain, both of us maintaining silence; I pon-

Digitized by Google

dering how I should begin my lecture; my comrade, I hoped, rapidly subsiding into a frame of mind to receive it.

We entered the orange grove, and each plucked one of the luscious fruit, and commenced slowly to peel it. Now is the time, thought I, and, began to clear my throat with all due solemnity, when Jones opened the ball himself.

"Hayman, said he, plucking vivaciously at the orange peel, "Hayman, old fellow, I want you to do me a great service. I want you to accompany me to Daoud-bin-Suliman's shamba, about two miles further on. I promised faithfully that I would bring you this afternoon—"

"The deuce you did," said I; "and if you have no regard for your own worthless carcase, do you think I am going to imperil mine; do you think that, under any circumstances, I would aid you in your designs—your villainous, nefarious designs—on that poor slave girl, whom, in an evil hour, you clapped your wicked eyes on? Go with you, you scoundrel! Now listen to me. I came ashore to talk seriously to you about your behaviour of late. Is it decent conduct on the part of an English officer to go masquerading in the streets of Zanzibar at midnight, making assignations with slave-girls? I tell you what, sir, if you don't give me your word of honour, as a gentleman, to abjure from this pursuit, and to carry your barefaced intrigue no further, I shall report the matter to the Captain, as I now regret that I have not already done. Well might you darken your face, Jones, if only to match your black heart—"

"Jones took this tirade very coolly, skinning his orange, and taking shots with the peel at the lizards; when I stopped from want of breath, and not of will or matter, he said, "Take it coolly, old man, don't force the pace at starting; the weather is hot, you are inclined to be corpulent, and heat-appoplexy is a dangerous thing."

"Jones," I said, "not a step further do I go, until I get to the bottom of this bad business. Sit down on this fallen tree, and tell me all."

"Isn't that just what I want to do? Didn't I begin just now, when you interrupted me, like the hot-headed, warm-hearted old duffer that you are?"

"Jones, I won't speak another word until I am in possession of

Digitized by Google

all the facts. If I have wronged you, as I heartily hope I have, I apologise. Now tell me everything."

Thus entreated, Jones commenced as follows—"You remember the afternoon we met that picturesque procession riding along these very lanes, and I daresay you recollect how much impressed I was with the piquant grace and beauty of the Arab lady's attendant. From the description I gave to Ali, he was able to tell me that the muffled up woman was the first wife of Daoud-bin-Sulieman, an extremely rich and influential Arab, who owns a large property here, and who, by the bye, is said to have made a good deal of his money running slaves. His wife, accompanied by her favourite attendant, a slave girl of course, was on her way to spend a few days in the town house, and with the harem of a great friend of Daoud's. So much it was comparatively easy for me to learn, but when I confided to Ali my intention of trying to make the acquaintance of the pretty slave, he became seriously alarmed, and it required a good deal of persuasion, not unaccompanied by rupees, to induce him to help me in the matter at all. The girl being the personal attendant, and, in fact, the absolute property of, the wife, and not a concubine of Daoud's, Ali had no great difficulty in meeting and talking with her. She perfectly well remembered passing us on the road, and Ali laughingly told her that she had quite won the heart of the younger of the two Englishmen, both of whom he represented as being high in rank and great in riches. The poor little girl was naturally flattered, and her womanly vanity was gratified by this tribute to her personal charms, and after a little shyness and alarm had been talked away by Ali's subtle tongue, she gave a half-consent to an interview with the young English chief, if he would come in native dress.

"Ali procured the necessary apparel, not forgetting to make me pay through the nose for it, and I soon had the pleasure of meeting the pretty Miriam, for that was the name of my brown beauty. At first she was much alarmed, and was very shy and coy; but an absurd mistake I made in my very first speech so amused her, that she burst into a hearty laugh, in which I could not help joining, and she soon became more at her ease with me."

"Sometimes I discovered traces of recent tears in the sweet eyes of pretty Miriam, and at last she confided that she was cruelly and capriciously treated by Daoud's wife, who, old and ugly

Digitized by Google

though she was, was yet an arrant *intriguante*, whose *affaires de cœur* were notorious in Zanzibar, and who was very jealous of Miriam's superior charms.

"We were not, however, sufficiently cautious in our interviews, and one day Daoud's wife taxed Miriam with receiving visits from a dog of an unbeliever, and, when the poor girl took refuge in the only protection of the weak against the strong—deceit—and denied it, the brute flew into such a passion that she then and there caused my poor Miriam to be stripped and flogged, and bade her show the scars to her English lover.

"Miriam at length confessed that she had received visits from me, but assured her mistress that my only object was to induce her to become the means of communication between her mistress and myself. The portentous vanity of this horrible woman induced her to believe this, and Miriam flew in great distress to the interpreter's house, told him of the fiasco, and asked him to entreat me at my next visit to be prepared to make love to Daoud's wife.

"I accordingly went to my usual trysting place, and, after a diplomatically cold reception from Miriam, was ushered into the presence of a closely-veiled woman, who rose up from her seat as I entered, and suddenly throwing off her veil, discovered a sufficiently repulsive face of a sickly yellow complexion. She asked me, with an air of coquetry, why I had sought for an interview; but, notwithstanding the piteous mute appeal of Miriam's eyes, I could say no word of love or endearment. The old woman, for old enough she was to have known better, grew hideous with rage and passion, as a glimmer of the truth seemed to dawn on her: but suddenly a happy thought struck me, and I faltered out a request, in broken Swaheli, that she would cover her face, lest the sight of her beauty should make me betray my trust. I added hastily that I was but the servant of another, that, in fact, I had been commissioned by you, Hayman, to proffer your most ardent love—"

"The deuce you did," interrupted I, with horror.

"And to present her, as a slight token of your admiration, with a handsome silver bangle, with which, in accordance with a suggestion of Ali's, I had taken care to provide myself, and now laid at her feet."

"The Arab woman's anger was at first great; she abused

Digitized by Google

Miriam in unmeasured terms for deceiving her, but I assured her that if there was any deceit I was alone to blame, and after a little while, when she had minutely inspected the really handsome bracelet I had given her, she calmed down, and gave me a gracious permission to present you to-day. She even smiled on Miriam, and told her that if I brought my master to her I might amuse myself with her maid."

"But—" said I.

"Now wait one moment longer, my dear Hayman, hear me patiently to the end; and remember that on your decision depends, in all probability, the life of the unfortunate Miriam, who will certainly fall a victim to the mortified vanity of that ogress if she finds herself deceived again.

"The poor girl is most anxious to leave for ever the household and the service of her tyrannical mistress, and has confided to me her affection for an intelligent young freed slave, who is doing sufficiently well to warrant his taking unto himself a wife, and to whom I have promised to lend half the money necessary to purchase Miriam's freedom. I want you to play the part of a gay Lothario for this afternoon only. I won't leave you for one moment alone with Jezebel, but will stay and interpret for you, and when you have given her a handsome present, which Ali is going to bring out for us, you must tell her that I, your humble friend and follower, have contracted a violent love for Miriam, and ask her to sign the necessary free papers, for which she shall receive the full value of the girl at the market price. Once the papers are signed, and in our possession, we will give them to Hassan for safe custody, he can claim Miriam, and we need never more go near Daoud-bin-Sulieman's shamba."

When Jones had finished his story, or confession, call it which you will, I was far too much astonished to make any immediate reply. I sat on the fallen tree trying to think. His audacity at making such a mad, hare-brained proposal to me of all people in the world, quite took my breath away.

As I sat and pondered, the evening sun slowly descended towards the west. The shadows cast by the tall palm trees lengthened perceptibly. The little green lizards ran in and out through the quaint patterns made by the flickering foliage, and then fled hastily up the nearest tree at an impatient movement of Jones, as he drew out his watch, and exclaimed, "decide one way

Digitized by Google

or the other, Hayman. If you won't come, it is time to turn back, and leave Miriam to her fate, to be flogged or sold into worse captivity, or to be somehow removed from the path of that relentless tigress her mistress."

"Suppose," said I slowly, "that I am lunatic enough to go with you, to run the risk of being discovered, when we may expect but scant mercy at the hands of Daoud-bin-Sulieman; supposing that we succeed in this mad expedition, and procure Miriam's freedom, what guarantee have I that you mean no longer to pester her with your attentions; in a word, how do I know that I am not being made a mere catspaw of by you?"

"I know, Hayman, that I am a terrible ass, but upon my word I am not quite an infernal scoundrel. Besides, do you think I care any longer, in the way you suggest, for a girl who has the bad taste to prefer a confounded nigger; for, after all, Hassan, though a good, steady young fellow, is as black as your hat, and you can wind him a mile off. No, on my honour, Hayman, my only wish is to get the girl out of the scrape into which I have brought her, to obtain her freedom, and," added Jones, in his usual light and airy manner, "to allow her the distinguished honour of washing my clothes, and yours, too, old man, and as many more of the 'Slavecatcher's' as I can get to patronize her."

"Come on, Jones, come on! I see I must give way. I am ready to take part in this, the most idiotic, lunatic, and reprehensible undertaking that ever a middle-aged, married, and respectable navigating-lieutenant was embarked in."

"This way—to the right," said Jones, "a few hundred yards further on, is a small hut, where Ali is to meet us with his native dresses, and the present I spoke of, which I am to carry to the shamba."

On meeting Ali at the hut, my first inclination was to kick him heartily for the share in the transaction, into which his cupidity and desire to please Jones had led him; but, on reflection, I deemed it better to postpone this part of the business until we were safely on board, and our venturesome undertaking accomplished.

Ali was at first rather nervous, being evidently afraid of my grave displeasure, but the business-like manner in which I doffed most of my garments, and donned the Arab dress, re-assured him,

Digitized by Google

and he complimented me highly on my appearance, as he also did Jones on his, and said that in the dim light we should never be taken for foreigners, at least as long as we held our tongues, which he earnestly requested us to do.

Leaving our naval garb behind us, we followed Ali in single file, until we came in sight of Daoud's house. A field of maize grew at the back of it right up to the windows, so skirting round to the rear we struck into a narrow path, leading through the corn, which was high above our heads, and effectually concealed us from observation.

Ali whistled softly, advanced a few paces, and whistled again.

"Miriam was to have met us here," he said, and as he spoke a white robe fluttered in the distance through the green corn.

"There she is; now follow her. I will await your return. Here are the free papers, Mr. Hayman, ready for negotiation. Mr. Jones, sir, you must carry this parcel the rest of the way."

We followed the retreating figure, enveloped in the white robe, through the path up to the house, through a little porch, and into a small room, furnished with a few chairs and a couch. Our guide sunk down on the couch, and laying aside her veil, revealed the hideous yellow face and the cruel eyes of Daoud's wife.

She smiled on me with a smile that made me shudder, then, turning to Jones, she spoke a few words to him in a haughty imperious tone. The language I did not know, but her gestures were easily understood; she was ordering him to withdraw.

"Jones," I exclaimed, clutching at his cinnamon-coloured robe, "if you leave me now I'll never, never, forgive you."

"Show her the present—the bale of silk," said he," whilst I ask her where Miriam is;" and he spoke a sentence in Kisuaheli.

Directly Daoud's wife heard Miriam's name mentioned she sprang up from the couch; her face turned quite livid with rage, and, pouring out a torrent of Arabic and Kisuaheli, she opened an inner door, and rushed out of the room.

"Run for your life, Hayman; she suspects all, and has gone to summon her servants."

Leaving the bale of silk behind us, we bolted through the porch and down the path, at the end of which Ali, joining in the flight, led us by a short cut to the hut where we had left our clothes.

Digitized by Google

We scrambled in, and closing the door, donned our accustomed dress.

For over an hour we waited, until it was pitch dark, and then, creeping out, made our way as quickly as we could by the circuitous routes through which Ali guided us, to Hassan's house in Zanzibar.

We found Hassan impatiently awaiting our arrival, and great was his grief and disappointment when Ali briefly informed him of the utter failure of our enterprise.

We talked long and eagerly as to what steps should be taken to ascertain Miriam's fate; for Daoud's wife had said in her rage, "never more shall you see that lying slave."

All we could do, however, was to leave Ali on shore to cooperate with Hassan in trying to obtain further information, and Jones and I, weary and dejected, returned on board.

The next day, when Ali returned with no news of Miriam, Jones told me that he really could stand it no longer. He should be going ashore, doing something rash, and still further endangering Miriam, if indeed she had not been already made away with; so he asked the Captain to let him go away in the boats which were just being got ready for a cruise to Pemba, a small island a little to the northward of Zanzibar, whose inhabitants were notorious for their slaving propensities.

The Captain readily gave him permission, and with a heavy heart Jones left the ship, and stood away to the mainland.

About a week afterwards, just as I was preparing to go on shore, the signalman of the watch came down to the wardroom and reported to the First Lieutenant that our boats were returning with a large dhow.

We had not made a capture of slaves for a long time, and so there was a good deal of excitement on board directly the news was made known on the lower deck. Instead of going on shore, I determined to see how much prize-money fortune had sent Jones as a recompense for the loss of his Miriam.

As soon as the boats arrived within signalling distance, our Captain asked the question "how many slaves?" and was answered "Numerical pendant, one hundred and fifty; alphabetical, M-I-R-I-A-M."

"A hundred and fifty Miriams! What on earth does he mean?" said the Skipper. "Repeat my signal." This time the

Digitized by Google

answer from Jones was, "Numerical, one hundred and fifty; alphabetical, D-A-O-U-D."

"A hundred and fifty Daouds—a hundred and fifty devils!" exclaimed the Captain angrily. "The man's mad."

"I think I can explain matters, sir," said I, stepping forward, and I told the story of our adventures as briefly as possible, adding, "What I think Jones means is that he has captured a hnndred and fifty slaves of Daoud-bin-Sulieman's, and Miriam is among the number."

My explanation turned out to be correct, for when Jones came on board, no longer dejected, but radiant with delight at his good fortune, he told us that he had received information from a fisherman at Pemba that a cargo of slaves was expected from Zanzibar, and by means of a little judicious bribery, Jones engaged this man as a spy, and, receiving timely information, sallied forth from his hiding place in time to capture the dhow and all the slaves. To his joy he found that Miriam, sadly changed for the worse as regards finery and appearance from the time he had first seen her in the gay Zanzibar parts, had been shipped on board to be sold as a field hand to work in the clove plantation at Pemba.

The case was at once put into the Consular Court, and directly the trial was over, in this flagrant case a merely formal proceeding, Miriam, as were all the other captured slaves, was declared free, and was then and there married by Hassan. A tremendous fine was imposed by the Sultan on Daoud-bin-Sulieman, which crippled him for a long time; and the very next time we returned to Zanzibar from a month's cruise in the Mozambique waters, we heard, through Ali, that Daoud's wife had been at last discovered by her husband in one of her numerous intrigues, and had been straightway strangled by that much-abused Arab.

Miriam was installed as blanchiseuse-in-chief to the 'Slave-catcher's' officers, and seemed to live happily and contentedly with Hassan, who proved an affectionate and hard-working husband.

Talking over this little adventure one night with our Captain, he observed meditatively, and puffing, between the words, at his pipe, "Jones was always a terrible ass; but how you, Hayman, got mixed up in the affair is beyond my comprehension."

"I assure you, sir," said I, "it is quite beyond mine;" and so it always has been ever since.

PHILLIP HAYMAN.

Digitized by Google

The French Field Artillery.

By Lieut. J. M. Grierson, R.A.

No nation has ever produced an artillerist of such fame as France, in the person of the First Napoleon, and this arm of the service has always been a favourite one in that country from the time of Gribeauval downwards. It was in the French Artillery that masses of guns were first used in action, and it was to his gunners that Napoleon I. owed his victories of Friedland and Wagram. Under Napoleon III. the artillery was always much fostered, and the first rifled field guns used in a great European war were those of the French in 1859.

Proceeding as in former papers we shall first sketch the organization of the arm in 1870, and then that of the present day. In 1866 the French Artillery consisted of:—*

Guard—One field regiment of six batteries; one horse regiment of six batteries; one squadron artillery train of two companies.

Line—1st to 5th Regiments each twelve garrison batteries, 6th Regiment Pontooners; 7th to 16th Regiments, each nine field batteries; 17th to 20th Regiments, each seven horse batteries; six squadrons artillery train of four companies.

By the re-organization of 1867 the artillery was formed as follows:

Guard—One field regiment of six batteries; two horse regiments of three batteries (4-pounders); one squadron artillery train of two companies.

Line—1st to 15th Regiments, each eight field and four garrison batteries, 16th Regiment Pontooners; 17th to 20th Regiments, each eight horse batteries (4-pounders); two regiments artillery train of sixteen companies; altogether 164 batteries or 984 guns.

Shortly before the outbreak of the war of 1870 the 25-barrelled mitrailleuse was adopted, and twenty-four batteries were armed with those weapons, of which a great secret was made, and it was expected that they would take the enemy by surprise as the rifled ordnance had done in 1859. But their tactical use was misunderstood and these expectations were wofully disappointed. The hundred and twenty-six field batteries were then made up o seventy-two 4-pounder field, thirty 12-pounder field, and twenty-four mitrailleuse batteries.

* Rüstow—"War for the Rhine Frontier."

Digitized by Google

When the army was mobilized, each division (of thirteen bat-f talions) received two field and one mitrailleuse batteries, while as corps artillery, to the 1st and 3rd Corps were attached each four horse and four field, to the 2nd, 4th, 5th and 7th each two horse and four field, to the 6th Corps, two horse and six field, and to the Guard Corps, four horse batteries. The Guard and 1st Reserve Cavalry Divisions had each two horse batteries, the 2nd and 3rd Divisions each one horse, and one mitrailleuse horse battery, while the Army Artillery Reserve was composed of eight field and eight horse batteries. The cavalry divisions attached to the Army Corps had no special batteries told off to them.

The expected war broke out, the French force was broken like a straw, the two main armies were captured, and France found herself without a field artillery. Pages might be written on the tremendous efforts made by the nation to supply the want of an arm which military writers tell us *cannot* be improvised, but there is not space at our disposal. Suffice it to say that each corps of the Loire and Northern Armies had about the same proportion of guns as the old corps, and how well those improvised gunners stood to their guns is a matter of history.*

After the war the French Army underwent a thorough reorganization, the system of permanently organized army corps, composed almost exactly on the German model, being introduced.

In France nineteen army corps exist.† Each of these has attached to it a brigade of artillery consisting of one regiment of eight field, three foot, and two field depôt batteries, one regiment of eight field, three horse, and two depôt batteries and three companies of artillery train.

The regiments of pontooners and the companies of artillery workmen and artificers, although belonging to the artillery, we omit as foreign to our subject. The total number of batteries is therefore :—

Field	304	=2,166 guns.
Horse	57	
Foot	57	
Depôt	76	

The brigades bear the numbers of the army corps to which they are attached, and are stationed as follows :—

* Chanzy—"La Deuxième Armée de la Loire." Faidherbe—"Campagne de l'Armée du Nord."

† Armed strength of France.

Digitized by Google

Brigade.	Regiments.	Station.	Brigade.	Regiments.	Station.
1st	14th & 27th	Douai	11th	28th & 35th	Vannes
2nd	17th & 29th	La Fère	12th	21st & 34th	Angoulême
3rd	11th & 22nd	Versailles	13th	16th & 36th	Clermont
4th	26th & 31st	Le Mans	14th	2nd	Grenoble
5th	30th & 32nd	Orléans		6th	Valence
6th	8th & 25th	Châlons	15th	19th & 38th	Nîmes
7th	4th & 5th	Besançon	16th	3rd & 9th	Castres
8th	1st & 37th	Bourges	17th	18th & 23rd	Toulouse
9th	20th & 33rd	Poitiers	18th	19th & 24th	Tarbes
10th	7th & 10th	Rennes	19th	12th & 13th	Vincennes

The 19th Brigade is intended to form the artillery of the 19th corps, which would be brought over from Algeria to France in case of war. The batteries in Algeria are foot batteries detached from the different regiments and formed into field or mountain batteries as required.

On mobilization the first regiment of each brigade is broken up, four of its field batteries being attached to each infantry division, while the other regiment forms the corps artillery. The general commanding the brigade becomes artillery commander of the army corps with a staff of five officers.

The colonel of the 1st Regiment commands the artillery of the 1st Division with one aide-de-camp, and the lieutenant-colonel that of the 2nd, also with an aide-de-camp. Each division of batteries is commanded by a *chef-d'escadron*. The Colonel of the 2nd Regiment retains his command, after detaching horse batteries (if necessary) to the independant cavalry divisions. The two depôt batteries of each regiment mobilize between them four artillery ammunition columns (Nos. 1, 3, 5 and 6) and two infantry ammunition columns (Nos. 2 and 4). To the 1st Division are attached the 1st and 2nd Columns, to the 2nd, the 3rd and 4th, and to the corps artillery the 5th and 6th. The following is the war establishment of carriages for each of the various units :—

Description.	Guns.	Ammun. Waggons	Spare Gun Carrgs.	Waggons			Infant. Amm. Carts.
				Forge.	Store.	Forage	
Field or Horse Battery.	6	9*	—	1	1	1	—
Artillery Ammunition Column . .	—	24	4	1	1	1	—
Infantry Ammunition Column . .	—	—	—	1	1	1	27

* Löbell's "Jahresberichte, 1879."

Digitized by Google

All the carriages have six horses, except the infantry ammunition carts, and the forge and store waggons of the infantry ammunition columns, which have four only. It is also to be remarked that horse batteries attached to cavalry divisions have only eight ammunition waggons and a store artillery ammunition cart, and to one of the batteries in each such division is attached a cart for dynamite, &c.* To each army corps is attached a park with 153 carriages, divided into four sections of 39 to 47 carriages, and these are horsed by two of the artillery train companies which, for this purpose, are doubled, so that there is a company to each section. A dismounted section, a detachment of 100 artillery workmen and a section of 15 artificers are attached to each park.

In Algeria six mountain batteries exist. These have each six guns, for each of which five mules are required (one for the gun, one for the carriage and three for ammunition boxes). Each battery has also three spare gun carriages, sixty-four artillery and fifty-two infantry ammunition, and twenty-two other, boxes for tools and supplies, and one forge. Each mule carries two such boxes, and shafts are also carried for shaft draught.

The staff of a regiment of artillery on the peace footing comprises sixteen officers, thirty-eight men and thirty-three horses. The following is the strength of the various units on the peace and war footings:—

		Batteries.			Algerian Batries.		Train Com.
		Field.	Horse.	Depôt.	Field.	Mountain	
Peace Footing.	Officers	4	4	4	4	4	4
	Non-Comm. Officers and men of cadre	33	33	33	37	37	24
	Gunners	70	72	70	95	188	63
	Boys	1	1	1	—	—	1
	Totals	108	110	108	136	229	92
	Horses, Officers'	6	6	6	6	8	6
	" Riding	22	52	22	75	146	19
	" Draught	32	28	32		mules	20
	Totals	60	86	60	81	154	45

* Löbell's "Jahresberichte, 1879."

Digitized by Google

War Footing.*					
Officers	5	5	5		5
Non-Comm. Officers and men of cadre. .	40	40	40	remain	24
Gunners	115	110	(?)	unaltered	(?)
Totals . .	160	155			
Horses, Officers' . . .					
„ Riding . . .	120	170	120		(?)
„ Draught . .					

The field artillery establishments are the nineteen schools (one for each army corps) attached to each brigade, in which are taught drill, administration and the science of artillery. The pupils comprise young officers, non-commissioned officers, and men. The other establishments are more of a technical character. Mention must also be made of the *Ecole Polytechnique* at Paris, from which first commissions may be obtained, and of the *Ecole d'Application de l'Artillerie et du Génie* at Fontainebleau, to which officers on appointment are sent for two years.

In 1878 a new field artillery material† was introduced, consisting of 90 and 95 milm. B. L. guns (systems Lahitte and Lahitolle) for the field batteries, and 80 milm. guns (Lahitte) for the horse artillery. The 95 milm. gun was to be served out to two batteries of each corps artillery regiment, but in 1879 it was ordered to be classed as a siege artillery gun, and at the same time mitrailleuses were struck out of the list of field pieces. The 5 and 7 kilogrammes guns (system Reffye) were handed over to the Territorial Artillery. The following are the principal data;—

Calibre of gun . .		80 milm.	90 milm.
Number of grooves . .		24	28
Weight of gun . .		425 kg.	530 kg.
„ shell . .		5·5 kg.	8 kg.
Powder charge . .		1·5 kg.	1·9 kg.
No. of rounds in gun limber	Common	28	19
	Shrapnel		7
	Case	2	2
No. of rounds in wagon limber	Common	30	21
	Shrapnel		7
	Case	0	0

* No tables of war strengths of the French artillery have been published, except for the cadres. Those figures are taken from the "Journal of the Royal United Service Institution." Vol. 21.

† Löbell's Jahresberichte, 1878."

Digitized by Google

No. of rounds in waggon body	Common	60	42
	Shrapnel		14
	Case	0	0
Total rounds per gun .		165	154

The breech-screw is on the interrupted thread system. The shell has a copper ring at the base to make it take the rifling, and an iron ring at the bottom of the head to centre it. Percussion fuzes are used for common, and time, with shrapnel shell. The carriage is of iron with a steel axle and wooden wheels with bronze pipe-boxes. In course of time the territorial artillery will also be provided with those guns.

The artillery of the territorial army has never yet, so far as we know, been called out, although officers and cadres have been appointed. Each army corps is to furnish a regiment of eight field and three foot batteries.

The uniform of the artillery consists of dark blue dolmans cut loose, with black hussar lace, scarlet cuffs and collars with the regimental number, and yellow buttons, dark blue trousers with scarlet stripes, and blue cloth shakos with scarlet braid, crossed guns in front, and scarlet *pompons*. In full dress a scarlet horse-hair plume is worn, The *képi* (undress cap) is dark blue with scarlet piping. The belts are black and great-coats blue-grey.

The train companies have blue cuffs and white buttons, but their dress is otherwise the same. Gunners carry carbines slung across their backs, and sword bayonets; non-commissioned officers and horse artillery gunners have swords and pistols. The artillery train drivers and gunners have also carbines, their non-commissioned officers swords and revolvers.

The French artillery is not well horsed, and complaints are frequently made of the inability of the horse batteries to keep up with cavalry. The prices for remounts are £50 for officers' horses (all are mounted by the State), £40 for riding, and £36 for draught horses. Its greatest admirer could not call the French artillery smart. The men are wretched riders and their clothing, though very practical, is not well fitted. The harness is frequently in a filthy state and also badly fitted. As in most continental armies, it is blacked.

In the above organization it will be seen how closely the French have copied the German system. They had even improved on it, by giving the corps artillery eight field batteries, but, by the

Digitized by Google

new German law, their corps artillery is also raised to this strength. In one important particular, however, they differ. In France the field and garrison artillery form one corps, to their mutual disadvantage, the field batteries suffering in a slight measure from the clog of the garrison batteries, and these, in their turn, being seriously damaged in efficiency by being supplied with officers who may, or may not (and usually do not), know anything of their duty. But in France the common sense party are getting the upper hand, and soon we may expect to see this absurd and obsolete system destroyed.

Digitized by Google

Raimund.

The system of selecting for important commands on active service, officers who have spent nearly all their lives at a desk, is a very mischevious one. Such men are always great pen-and-ink disciplinarians. They have a sufficient knowledge of the force of language to be aware that "discipline" is an impressive, and to outsiders a somewhat mysterious term to conjure with; they are aware that in the estimates of most people "discipline" embraces more than the unlearned in such mysteries venture to describe; that the term when employed in association with embroidered scarlet, surmounted by a cocked hat, has a terrible significance; that, whether in view of these associations a communication embodying a dissertation on "discipline," is conveyed personally, or through the medium of official foolscap, bearing a departmental impress, the effect is the same. A cocked hat and official foolscap in association with the word "discipline," are terribly awe-inspiring instruments. Great, however, as these men are, theoretically, in military questions, their minds after a few years become so contracted by office associations, that they virtually degenerate into military clerks. They continue, it is true, to descant impressively on their favourite topic "discipline;" they adopt numerous official crotchets, deal in platitudes, cant discursively and learnedly in office-acquired technical language on organization, drills, tactics, and strategy, whilst some of them are so utterly ignorant practically of the elementary essentials of their profession, as to be unable to teach a squad or company even the rudiments of evolution, much less to manœuvre efficiently a battalion, a brigade, or a division, in front of an enemy, and still, in cases of emergency, we not infrequently find men of this stamp suddenly transferred from their desks and easy chairs, to important posts in the field; posts in the efficient discharge of the duties of which the honour and even safety of the British Empire are involved. It is no secret that a large number of the

Digitized by Google

Staff Officers find themselves on the Staff, not because they have exhibited superior zeal and efficiency, or been in any way distinguished by professional usefulness, but in virtue of their family connections, a lucky friendship, or some mysterious influence in Pall Mall. It has become a good deal the practice, too, of late years when an officer once gets on the Staff, to give him a life-long tenure of Staff employment. To shuffle him from the round hole to the square hole, and from the square hole back again to the round hole, and so on, *ad infinitum*. Surely this is a grave mistake! Men of this class ought not, in our estimation, to be permitted to command troops on active service; as all experience goes to show that officers fresh from regiments, or who have passed to the command of brigades, and thence to the command of divisions, direct from regimental duty, are the best men for the command of a force in the field. The latter may not be great clerks, or great tailors, but they, in the large majority of cases, possess the qualifications of energy and self-reliance on service. They are, as a rule, practically conversant, technically and strategically, with the mechanism of masses, and the objects of military formations, and last, not least, they are practically acquainted with human nature, or at least as much of it as is to be found in association with the national livery. Whilst we concede that occasional short terms of Staff employment materially add to the capabilities, for after usefulness, of good regimental officers who have been accustomed to do their own work; we maintain that even these when employed for a lengthy period at duties which are purely clerical, rapidly deteriorate. Indeed, all practical experience goes to show that in order to the efficient discharge of strategical and tactical duties in the field, it is necessary that those holding superior commands should have been much in actual contact with the practical realities of military life, or to be plainer, they should be efficient alike in a regimental orderly-room, in front of a company, a battalion, a brigade, or a division. These are the men who possess that confidence in themselves, which, under all circumstances, inspires confidence in those under their command, and qualifies them for important positions on service. A good regimental officer, who has, on regimental parades and in regimental offices, carefully studied his profession, theoretically and practically, not only soon acquires a capacity for diplomacy, and is already possessed of a good eye for

Digitized by Google

country, and a quick perception in the selection of a position, but he can with comparative ease to himself effect necessary changes of formation and locality under fire. He can not only do this, but his knowledge of minutiæ; of practical details, and of the mechanism of masses, will enable him promptly and accurately to guage the offensive and defensive capabilities of his enemy, and quickly to adopt the best means of lessening both the one and the other; and should the unexpected development of an overwhelming force, or any other unlooked-for circumstance, render retirement in presence of, or even in contact with, an enemy necessary, the fact of his having been habituated day after day for many years to manœuvre soldiers, will enable him, not only to withdraw with comparatively little if any loss, but to conduct his retreat in such a manner as will even damp the pursuing ardour of his enemy. We cannot divest ourselves of the opinion that when, at Maiwand, the crushing superiority of Ayoub's artillery became unmistakeably apparent, an officer gifted with military instincts, who had a practical eye, and was habituated to manœuvre troops, could not only promptly have made such dispositions as would have enabled him to retire the whole force to a more favourable position, but could also have adopted such a formation as would, with Blackwood's Battery, and the 66th alone, have enabled him to check the enemy's advance, and to block the road to Kandahar, until reliable reinforcements arrived; or until an opportunity presented itself for assuming the offensive with a fair prospect of success. The testimony borne to the unyielding devotion of the European portion of the force engaged, leaves but little doubt on the minds of experienced men that an officer of ordinary talents, trained in a practical school, could at least have succeeded in effecting an orderly retreat. Not only, however, was this not effected, but the oldest amongst us has no recollection of a battle that has left so many unfavourable impressions as that of Maiwand. When in our last number we dealt, according to our then lights, with that humiliating episode in our national history, our information was far from being so complete as we could have wished. Then, we were ignorant of the circumstance of a Court of Inquiry having assembled to trace, if possible, the cause of such an unexpected calamity, and even now, although that Court is some months old, there is much room for conjecture as to the degree of responsibility, and consequent

Digitized by Google

blame, that justly attaches, not only to the principal actors in the disaster, but also to the principal actors in the policy and arrangements which led to it. A careful review, however, of such facts as have come to our knowledge, induces the belief in our mind that, faulty as may have been the *personnel* of the rank and file of some of the regiments complained of, their chances of success were not improved by effective leading. For our own part, wherever we have found a regiment behave badly, either in quarters or in the field, we have also found it difficult to disassociate the officers from the disgrace, or to exonerate them from all blame. From the outset we were of opinion that a force such as that at the disposal of General Primrose in July last, was, in competent hands, ample, if not for its purpose of making our supremacy felt over every hill and valley in Southern Afghanistan, at least for the purpose of dispersing, if not altogether preventing hostile tribal gatherings, and guarding the conntry against such a "tagrag and bobtail" array as Ayoub Khan led across the Helmund in July last; and the further facts which have only very recently transpired, not only support the correctness of this view, but make it unmistakeably apparent that the force entrusted to General Burrows was sacrificed to an incapacity to which the military history of the present generation affords no parallel. Not only was the position at Maiwand ill-chosen, but the enemy was permitted, with but little molestation, to select the best site for his batteries, and to pound away at our cavalry and infantry until both became utterly demoralized, and when the irregular but impetuous onset of the Ghazis afforded a splendid opportunity for the action of cavalry, that arm was paralysed, and rendered inoperative by the circumstance of Brigadier Nuttall having, while it was in the act of charging, ordered it to halt, and that within pistol-range of the enemy. A fatal order, which not only damped the ardour of those under his immediate command, but seriously contributed to the rout and utter confusion which immediately followed. From the outset a vague impression prevailed that Brigadier Nuttall had not acquitted himself brilliantly at the head of the cavalry, but until the appearance of Major Hogg's narrative no one ever supposed that he had committed the grave error now charged against him by the latter officer. Major Hogg not only states that such an order was given by Brigadier Nuttall, but he also describes the results. He

Digitized by Google

says:—"Before the infantry finally gave way and the crash came, a charge against a party of Ghazis had been begun by a detachment of the cavalry, but when about 150 yards from the enemy, just as the charge was going to be delivered, the halt was ordered by General Nuttall, and the result was that the enemy's courage went up, and the spirits of the men fell in a corresponding ratio. They were of course heavily rented by the enemy's fire, and had to retire all in confusion some 200 or 300 yards." As Major Hogg's statement is authenticated by his signature, and as the natural inference is that he confines himself to what came under his own observation, we are, in the absence of any evidence to the contrary, bound to accept what he says as correct; and if correct, we submit that however amiable Brigadier Nuttall may be in private life, he is not gifted with military instincts, and should never again be entrusted with a command in the field. If what Major Hogg says is correct, the misbehaviour of the Bombay Cavalry is not only in some degree extenuated, but it has become lamentably plain that Brigadier Nuttall's incapacity has been a main cause of one of the most inglorious disasters that has overtaken a British army within the recollection of men now living. Prior to the arrival of General Roberts at Kandahar, we had heard a good deal of the superior generalship and strategic ability of Ayoub and his advisers; but we fail to perceive in what either the superior generalship or the strategic ability consisted. Ayoub's success is traceable not to either the one or the other, but to the utter incapacity of the leaders opposed to him.

Digitized by Google

The Duke at the Mansion House.

By a Retired Field Officer.

It must be refreshing, not only to the Duke of Cambridge, but to his audience, when His Royal Highness succeeds in discovering something out of the usual course on which to descant, on any of the many public occasions when he is called on to respond to the toast of the Army.

There are numerous lucky men who, at such times, are privileged to enjoy their good dinner, and to wash it down with copious draughts of their favourite beverages, with the consciousness that should they happen to indulge a little too much, they have only to keep quiet in order to escape observation; but this is a privilege not enjoyed by the Royal Duke at the head of the Army. He is never privileged to dine quietly in public. On such occasions he is not only called on to speak, but to speak with the consciousness that every word he utters will be reproduced next morning for the information, if not delectation, of that fastidious and exacting agglomeration, the British public; and not only this, but that every word will be subjected to a searching and, possibly, ill-natured criticism. The Duke, however, not only speaks fluently, but his speeches are sensible and well-informed. They are speeches that will bear the test, not only of rhetorical, but of professional criticism even where the critics are disposed to be ill-natured.

We believe that our readers will do us the justice to say, that we have never pandered to what we believed to be either errors or vices on the part of the Horse Guards, and whilst we concede, not only that the Duke is not infallible, but that during the incumbency of a late Pall Mall official, some sad things were done in his name, we deem it but fair to His Royal Highness to say, that not only have we never known him to be personally guilty of an unkind or discourteous act to anyone, but we believe—some appearances to the contrary notwithstanding—that he has never knowingly countenanced, on the part of any of those for whose acts he is responsible,

Digitized by Google

any of the discourtesies or wants of consideration of which, since the death of the lamented Sir James Lindsay, we have heard so many complaints.

We have always found much to admire in the public utterances of the Duke of Cambridge; but on no occasion has His Royal Highness acquitted himself better, in our estimation, than in his response to the toast of the Army at the Mansion House on the 3rd November.

On that occasion, after contrasting the duties performed by the British officer and soldier at home and abroad, with the duties required of continental armies, and after doing justice to the recent services of Sir Donald Stewart and Sir Frederick Roberts, he is reported to have added:—"There is a great feeling in this country in favour of raising the condition of the Army. I have constantly seen it urged by all means to raise the condition of the soldier. Now I cordially accept and endorse that wish, and no one, I assure you, is more anxious than I am, that this alteration should take place. But if that is desired, surely every possible aid should be given to the military authorities to carry out so good a work. Yet what do we see? It is a positive fact, though it seems almost incredible, that the uniform coat of any ordinary soldier is regarded as a bar to his admission to many public assemblies. Is that the way to elevate and make the soldier respectable? Why, in my own opinion, a well-conducted soldier is as respectable a citizen of this great country, as any of us here to-night. I cannot see, therefore, why you should debar a man simply because he is in the uniform of his sovereign; that uniform in which he is ready to go at a moment's notice to any part of the globe, and fight his country's battles, from freely entering any public assembly. Now that is a matter in which every one I am addressing, and every one circulating in this great city can be of great assistance in improving the condition of the Army. Let the self-respecting soldier be respected by his fellow citizens of every rank of life. If that feeling of equality of citizenship as between soldiers and civilians were more disseminated, I believe that more, and better men would be willing to enter the service, who are now keep away from us; and that many bad characters would be kept out of the service who now are unfortunately in it. I am sure that a great deal of good may be done on this point, and you, my Lord Mayor, your fellow citizens, and every one who has the opportunity, may do good work in assisting the

Digitized by Google

Commander-in-chief and the heads of the Army in keeping the Army efficient, I endeavour to do so in regard to its discipline; but in regard to its position or general status in society, I repeat that great good may be done in the way I have suggested, and I feel assured I may count on the cordial support of those whom I now have the honour of addressing."

These are utterances which we would commend not only to the consideration of those to whom they were addressed, but also to the consideration of some who are in the habit, unthinkingly, or for talk sake it may be, of disparaging the humbler grades of the Army, and also some who talk disparagingly of those grades not unthinkingly, but in order to have their own superior excellence, social and otherwise, inferred from the contrast. As we have repeatedly asserted in these pages, we have never yet known a good officer who was not willing, not only at all times to encourage self-respect on the part of our soldiers, to add to their comforts, and to improve their social status; but also anxious to do them a substantial kindness whenever opportunity presented itself, whether they happened to be serving with their regiments, or after their return to civil life; and we may add that those whom we have ever found most zealous in the exercise of good offices of this sort, were the sons of our titled aristocracy; of our landed gentry; of our merchant princes, or of our eminent professional men. We are free to confess, and we regret to confess it, that in these degenerate days some officers are to be found who are not only willing but zealous in the pursuit of an opposite cause; some who think anything too good, or at least good enough, for a non-commissioned officer or soldier. But those men do not reflect the officers of the Army. Fortunately they are the exception; and more fortunately still, they possess but little influence either in or out of their regiments; added to which, when traced to their source, it has been found that they were originally but little, if at all, superior to the classes from which many of the non-commissioned officers and soldiers are drawn; that they occupied superior positions neither in virtue of family connections, or of superlative abilities; but in virtue of the easy access to commissions latterly afforded to men who some years back would have had to make the ranks their starting point if they cared to serve their Sovereign in a military capacity. Those whose recollection carries them back thirty years or so, will remember that then soldiers used to look on their officers as little, if at all, short of demi-gods; nor will it be forgotten that

Digitized by Google

the officers of those days, not only nicely discriminated between the good and the bad, but although most of them were exacting disciplinarians, nearly all were proverbially kind and considerate to well-behaved, respectable soldiers, but especially to respectable non-commissioned officers. Now-a-days, however, from what we can learn, there is a good deal of a disposition on the part of some to place all non-commissioned officers and soldiers on the same dead level, and the impression prevails that the opinions and action of those who would do so, are a good deal countenanced by some of the prominent officials in Pall Mall. One thing is very certain, and that is, that the non-commissioned officers and soldiers who have distinguished themselves in our late wars, and who have been brought specially to notice by the general officers under whom they have served, have experienced less of the national gratitude than has been the case at any former period of our history; certainly at any period since the termination of the Peninsular War.

We are not of those who think that soldiers who commit acts of devotion to duty, or of distinguised gallantry should be rewarded by commissions. On the contrary we are of opinion that there can be no greater mistake than that of rewarding an uneducated man in this way, but we do think that some expedient might be devised of making patriotic non-commissioned officers and soldiers feel that those they serve are not insensible to their devotion, or to the value of their services; and we submit that this is especially incumbent on the authorities when non-commissioned officers and men are specially mentioned in the despatches of general officers commanding in the field. If the early training and association of any of these men has been such as will not only enable them to personate the educated, accomplished gentleman on the parade, and in the office, but also in the drawing-room, a commission, we would submit, ought not to be considered too greate reward for their services; but should they not possess qualifications, which ought, in our estimation, to be a *sine qua non* for so distinguished a mark of their sovereign's approbation, as a commission, then, as we have already said, some other sort of reward should be devised for them. We feel that our opinion is supported by those of the best officers of the Army, when we say that in no instance should either an officer, non-commissioned officer, or soldier who has been brought specially to notice for distinguished conduct in the field, be treated as if no such notice had been taken of him, and we submit that if

Digitized by Google

it is ungenerous to officers to treat them with neglect, that it is especially so to non-commissioned officers and privates, inasmuch as it is well known that the latter are not likely to be mentioned in despatches, unless they have been *very exceptionally* distinguished.

The question of natural gratitude reminds us of a story told us many years ago by a Peninsular veteran, then holding an important Government appointment in one of our distant colonies. After some preliminary observations the narrator went on to say:—"I was served a trick once which has quite shaken my faith in national gratitude. It was this. Sir John Moore had just found a last resting-place at Corunna, and the men of his expedition, of whom I was one had returned to England. On our arrival we were quartered at Canterbury, where with volunteers and recruits we again rapidly filled up to the war establishment. This effected, we were ordered to Deal for embarkation for Portugal, where Wellington—then Sir Arthur Wellesley—was beginning to give the French generals lessons in strategy. Although still in my teens, and still a full private, I had already seen more service than most of my comrades. One or two little episodes in my short career had afforded opportunities for distinction of which I availed myself. This coupled with the advantages of a fair education, active habits, and a soldier-like appearance made me a favourite with my captain, and elicited from him a promise of promotion as soon as I was old enough.* I found I was not only in the good graces of my captain, but that I was also a favourite with my comrades, and with most of the civilians with whom I came in contact. Whilst awaiting embarkation we were billeted all over Deal. I was quartered on a Mr. Maltman at the sign of 'The Admiral Barlow.' At this time Napoleon ruled supreme on the continent, and the nervously constituted on the southern coast, of whom Mr. Maltman was one, had the fear of him always before their eyes. The Berlin decrees had been promulgated. England was isolated, and dependent for her very existence on her own efforts and resources. She was not, however, discouraged. What with regulars, militia, and volunteers the country was in a blaze of scarlet. Patriotism was at a premium, and soldiers were made much of. During our short stay at Deal awaiting the arrival of transports the officers were fêted all over the place, and the non-commissioned officers and men had a pleasant time of it. Mr. Maltman and his wife were gushingly kind to me, and when the

* They did not promote boys in those days.

Digitized by Google

morning of departure came they made me sundry little presents, including a souvenir of His gracious Majesty in the shape of a guinea. Whilst I accepted the other things gratefully and without hesitation, I declined the money, urging as my reason that I did not require it; but Mr. Maltman insisted.

"'You must take it, my good sir. It is little to what I would give you if I could afford it. You are a brave young fellow whose services already entitle you to the gratitude of your country. Take the money, my boy, and if you live to come back, I will give you my daughter Sophy for a wife, and something more than a guinea for a dowry. I look on every man wearing your livery, whether peer or peasant, as one of the pillars of the nation, and worthy of the nation's gratitude.'

Mr. Maltman during this address became quite excited, and I not less so. I felt his kindness so acutely that speech was denied me. Fortunately at this stage an asthmatic bugle set up close by; it was the warning for parade. I quitted the scene hurriedly. I hurriedly put on my accoutrements, seized my musket, bid my host and hostess and Sophy an affectionate good-bye, started to join my company, and a few hours afterwards had quitted the shores of England, not to return after many eventful years. Sophy at this time was a good-looking, well-grown girl of about twelve. Eight long years had passed since I quitted Deal. The battles of the Peninsular and of Waterloo had been fought, in nearly all of which I had taken a part. Napoleon had been twice hurled from his throne. My regiment had marched from Waterloo to Paris, and for a time formed part of the army of occupation. It at length returned to England, and by a strange coincidence landed at Deal. I was then twenty-seven years of age; a sergeant in the light company of my regiment, decorated with a Waterloo medal, and with the parting eulogium of Mr. Maltman fresh in my memory rather disposed to think well of myself. As I neared the shore, I recalled the parting scene with my kind host and hostess, and was in hopes that Mr. Maltman at least would be on the beach to receive me, but in this I was disappointed. However, as soon as duty admitted of my quitting the barracks, I made my way to 'The Admiral Barlow.' There I found Mr. Maltman, but no one else whom I remembered. He had altered a good deal since we last met. He had developed a double chin, a bow-window, and a beery aspect. I approached him without hesitation, and offered my right hand; but there was

Digitized by Google

no reciprocation of friendship, no evidence even of recognition. I remarked, 'Surely, Mr. Maltman, you remember me?'

"'No, I don't,' was the curt response.

"'Don't you remember Bland of the — Regiment, who was billeted on you just before the battle of Talevera?'

"'No; I have no acquaintance of the name of Bland.'

"'Don't you remember making a young soldier named Bland some presents, including a guinea, the morning he embarked for the Peninsula?'

"'No, I don't; but guineas were easily made in those days.'

"'You not only made me presents on that occasion, but you characterised me as one of the pillars of the nation, and said if I returned you would give me your daughter Sophy for a wife.'

"'Humph! Sophy is married.'

"I was not much put out about this, as I was doubtful of the wisdom of taking a wife from a public-house, and quietly remarked, 'Then you do remember something of the circumstance?'

"'Well, yes, now that I think of it, but that was in war time. The war is now over, and the army ought to be disbanded! In time of peace I look on every man wearing a red coat, whether peer or peasant, as one of the caterpillars of the nation.'"

England has made gigantic strides in progress since then, but we fear that she has not yet learned to remember the services of those who have so materially contributed to her prosperity, and who in all quarters of the world still protect her in the enjoyment of it. The bloated representatives of Mr. Maltman are still to be found amongst us.

The Duke of Cambridge's speech at the Mansion House, and the recent action of General Brownrigg at the Middlesex quarter sessions, afford an example worthy the imitation of the officers of the Army generally, an example that we trust will not be lost on those, whether in or not of the service, who would treat soldiers as if they were a special creation.

Digitized by Google

Editorial Notes.

From all quarters we hear of the difficulties experienced by commanding and staff officers in their endeavours to discover what is the existing War Office regulation on any one subject. Some of those who have been accustomed to office duties all their lives find it difficult, not only to see an inch beyond an office, but they also forget that there are other offices besides those in Pall Mall. They forget, too, that commanding officers, adjutants, and officers of the general staff, are charged with such duties as elementary drill, company drill, battalion drill, brigade and divisional drill, route marching, outpost duty, tactics, strategy, and the thousand and one other duties in connection with regiments, brigades, and divisions, about which those with only office experience know nothing. They also lose sight of the fact that, in order to prevent these officers degenerating into regimental and departmental clerks, to the entire neglect of their legitimate duties, it is necessary that the regulation on every subject should be so simple, and so condensed, that the sense of it could be grasped in an instant. As an illustration of some of the difficulties experienced, we may mention that a short time since a communication, marked "pressing," was received by a commanding officer from the Local Division Office. It had reference to a claim made by a discharged soldier. The regiment is due for a divisional parade an hour after its receipt. The commanding officer reads it hurriedly, hands it to the adjutant, and says, "pray turn up the regulation and let me see what it says." The adjutant lays hold of the Warrant of 1878, the index is referred to, the regulation is produced, and handed to the commanding officer, who reads it aloud, when the adjutant remarks, "Yes, sir; but now that I think of it, that paragraph has been cancelled by a subsequent Warrant." After a search in a voluminous guard-book, the subsequent Warrant is discovered and read, when the orderly-room clerk interposes, and informs the adjutant that the instructions contained in it have also been modified by a still

Digitized by Google

more recent War Office circular or Warrant. A search is made for the still more recent circular, which after a time is found. Thus the commanding officer and the adjutant's whole morning, until the fall in for parade goes, is wasted in a futile attempt to deal with a paltry question that could have been disposed of in two or three minutes if the regulations were what they used to be, and what they ought to be. And this is not all. The moment the parade is dismissed, the adjutant and commanding officer, instead of being privileged to attend to their more important out-door duties, have to rush back to the orderly-room in order to try and gather from the numerous sources referred to, what really is the regulation on this "pressing" question; but their efforts to do so prove unavailing. As a *dernier resort* a major is called in to the aid of their deliberations, and if there are any old adjutants among the officers, they are hurriedly summoned, but the concentrated wisdom of the lot is unequal to the solution of the puzzle. They give it up! The unanimous verdict is that "no fellar can understand it," and ultimately a reference to the War Office has to be made. This, we think, is not as it should be. On service, and in some very exceptional cases at home, circumstances may arise that cannot in every feature be provided for by regulation; but in such cases one would think that the senior officer, if fit for his position, ought to be privileged to be a law unto himself. There are, however, but few cases likely to arise on home service, or even abroad, unless when at war, that could not be intelligibly provided for by regulation; *provided* the framers of the regulation are aided by men with regimental and general army experience at home and abroad. A man may be the best clerk in the world and be unable intelligibly to provide for military requirements, without the aid of military experience. We never hear of clerks undertaking to instruct doctors or engineers in their specific duties, and why should they instruct military men. Some years ago we heard a good deal about "red tape" and its contemplated abolition; but we never have had such a waste-paper age as the present. The case we have adduced is a sample of numbers that turn up in garrison towns and permanent camps almost every day. As we urged some time since, a revised Warrant, embracing instructions on every subject likely to entail a reference to other offices, should be issued annually. Surely there are some about the War Office capable of framing such a Warrant. We would

Digitized by Google

again commend the subject to the consideration of the Secretary of State for War.

Since the article in our present Number, entitled "The Duke at the Mansion House," was written, we have learned from various sources that the speech of His Royal Highness on that occasion has added much to his popularity with the Army. We wish that the Duke, when he periodically visits Sandhurst, would take occasion to impress his views on one of the minor pedagogues there, who is reputed to inculcate principles and opinions the very reverse of those entertained by His Royal Highness. Some young gentlemen who, from the parental roof, entered Sandhurst with very correct notions, have left it with a very mean opinion of soldiers; and, when taken to task for some of their opinions, have tried to justify them by quoting the sayings of a learned preceptor of that establishment, whose knowledge of the Army is derived, not from practical experience, or a lengthened contact with its *personnel*, but from converse with musty bookshelves, and abstract statistical details. If these principles are inculcated at Sandhurst we submit that they cannot fail to be productive of much mischief. When Parliament reassembles we shall not be surprised to find that a question is asked on the subject.

Major-General Taylor Mapherson, C.B., V.C., who accompanied Sir Frederick Roberts to England, has a varied list of distinguished services, embracing the Crimea, the Indian Mutiny, the Loushi expedition, and the Afghan campaigns of 1878-9 and 1879-80. General Macpherson was Adjutant of the 78th Highlanders at the relief of Lucknow, where he earned a Victoria Cross. He was nominated a Companion of the Bath, for his services in the Loushai expedition. For many years he commanded the 2nd Ghourkas, and, as senior officer, the beautiful little station of Dehra Dhoon, at the foot of the Mussourie Hills. In both capacities his courtesy, hospitality, and kindness of disposition, made him a very general favourite, not only with those who were privileged to serve under him, but with all who came in contact with him either in his official or private capacity. With the Afghan Expeditionary Force he was an especial favourite. His nomination to the command of a Division in Bengal cannot fail to be very gratifying to his numerous friends. His recent services in

Digitized by Google

Afghanistan entitle him to some mark of Royal approbation, which we trust will not be withheld from him.

The appointment of Major-General Howe, C.B., to the command of the Forces in Kandahar and Southern Afghanistan in succession to Major-General Phayre, has created lively satisfaction, not only among the troops in that province, but all over India. Major-General Howe, although the acmé of amiability, and courtesy in private life, belongs to a fighting family, who have never spared themselves in the field. He joined the 55th as an ensign by purchase in April, 1847, and in eleven years from that time—at an exceptionally early age—found himself its lieutenant-colonel. He fought with his regiment all through the Crimean War, where he was severely wounded, and where he was commended in despatches, and commanded it in the Bhootan campaign. For his Crimean services he received a medal with three clasps, and the Turkish and Sardinian medals. For his Bhootan services he received a medal and one clasp. He is a Companion of the Bath, a Knight of the Legion of Honour, and a 5th class of the Medjidie. He was one of those who sought the attainment of military ends by moral means, and was eminently successful. During the seventeen years he commanded the 55th Regiment, the only complaint ever uttered against him was, that he had entirely stopped promotion, inasmuch as he had made the regiment such a comfortable home to officers and men that no one cared to leave it. On becoming the senior colonel in Bengal, he was in the ordinary routine placed on the staff as a Brigadier-General, and appointed to the command of the Saugor district, and subsequently to that of the Allahabad division. On relinquishing the command of the 55th he was succeeded by his brother Major (now Major-General) John Howe. Both brothers are still, and will for many years to come, be affectionately remembered in that good old regiment.

These never-ending charges in patterns of uniform are not only fertile sources of expense, but fertile sources of annoyance. Nor does the permission given to officers to wear out their old uniforms much mitigate the evil. What officer of any experience has not heard Colonel Purseproud or Major O'Blarney say:—

"Yes, gentlemen, it is quite true that you are privileged by the General order to which you refer to wear out your old clothes, some of you wear an old coat a precious long time. I think that you, Mr. President, might

Digitized by Google

see the propriety of renewing your uniform even had the pattern remained unchanged. I wish you to understand, gentlemen, that I am no advocate for unnecessary expense, but I am free to confess that I *am* an advocate for uniformity, I *do* like to see officers dress becomingly, and I may add that I think it quite time that some of us got rid of our old clothes."

A speech of this sort is a contingency not provided for by general order, but it is one of occasional, if not frequent, occurence notwithstanding. These continual and frequently senseless changes are not only a serious, but a very unnecessary tax on officers of limited means. A really useful change no one will object to, but most of our changes latterly have been changes for the worse.

Much anxiety we find prevails on the subject of the rumoured forthcoming Army changes on which Mr. Childers is said to be engaged with untiring assiduity. Some say they will embrace the total abolition of full colonelcies of regiments; a modification of the Royal Warrant of August, 1877, in as far as the compulsory retirement of officers below the grade of field officer is concerned; an improvement in the position of quartermasters, riding-masters, and veterinary surgeons; a modification of the localization and linked battalion system; the inauguration of a system of promotion by selection; and an improvement in the position of the senior non-commissioned officers of regiments. This is a liberal programme in the most extended application of the term, and if carried out with justice and discrimination, a programme that cannot fail to be conducive to contentment, and productive of much good to the service. In connection with full colonelcies there are some we are aware who would sweep away that position regardless of vested interests, but we feel assured that with the opinions of such people Mr. Childers does not sympathise.

The proposed introduction of a system by selection is a change on which some look with feelings of grave apprehension. If it were possible for the Commander-in-Chief or the *present* Military Secretery to go *personally* into every case of supersession, or of compulsory retirement, the good officers of the Army would hail the introduction of a system of selection not only with confidence, but with great satisfaction, inasmuch as they would feel assured that the interest of the service, and those interests alone would be consulted. But for the Duke to go into every case personally, would be a physical impossibility; and whilst we admit the anxiety

Digitized by Google

of the two officers who constitute the present Staff of the patronage department to do their very best, we feel, looking at their numbers in connection with the labour that a system of selection would entail on them, that the task—if conscientiously executed—would prove such a tax on their physical and mental powers, as must inevitably result in exhaustion, and the consequent delegation of a portion of their patronage labours to irresponsible subordinates, and from such a calamity we would say, God save the Army! Far better that the worst of the evils of the present routine system should be perpetuated *ad infinitum*, than that the power of degrading not only the officers who are superseded, or compulsorarily retired, but also the officers who are selected should be handed over to people—or at least one of them—of this sort.

It must not be inferred from what we have said in the foregoing paragraph that we are averse to the introduction of a system of selection. On the contrary, we are in favour of selection; provided it be carried out conscientiously, and with the necessary safeguards. We feel, however, that if adopted with the present machinery, much evil must arise; we not only feel this, but we are anxious that even now one of the non-professionals in one of the departments, should be a little more restricted in his use of the personal pronouns "I" and "my" in his intercourse with a certain class of officers. We are not only anxious that this should be so, but if privileged to have any voice at all in questions of patronage, that he should be carefully supervised in his every act, but especially in his every act in connection with supercession, compulsory retirement, or selections for pecuniary rewards. We are anxious that only the Military Secretary, or his military assistant, should be privileged to interview, or commuicate with officers on questions of patronage, or to use the name of the Royal Duke at the head of the Army, or verbally to convey his views or decisions on such subjects; but above all we are anxious that no communications should be permitted between aspiring officers and non-professionals in patronage departments; and in connection with this subject we would add that in our estimation any officer discovered communicating with a patronage department *employé*, on questions of supercession, retirement, promotion, or pecuniary rewards, unless through the recognised legitimate channels, should be summarily dismissed Her Majesty's service.

Digitized by Google

The most inexperienced of them must be aware that the practice is at least irregular. For our own part we look on it not only as irregular. but dishonourable. It is a practice that no gentleman with officer-like notions would ever think of adopting, and in the interest of the latter we trust that such steps may be taken as will prevent the possibility of the unscrupulous indulging in or profiting by it.

In connection with the hoped-for changes for the better in the positions of the senior non-commissioned officers, we find that some are of opinion that the improvement should be confined to sergeant-majors, quartermaster-sergeants, and Staff non-commissioned officers, ranking as such. A boon, even to this extent, would, we feel assured, be hailed with great satisfaction by all thinking officers, but especially by all commanding officers. Looking, however, at the great importance of the duties devolving on colour and pay-sergeants, we cannot help feeling that the improvement should be extended to those non-commissioned officers and Staff-sergeants, ranking as such. Of the latter it certainly should embrace musketry, orderly-room, paymaster, and hospital-sergeants. Those who from their experience of the practical working of our military system, ought to be the best judges, are unanimously of opinion that the pay of the superior non-commissioned officers of the Army is not only too small, and altogether disproportionate to the extent of their responsibilities and the importance of their duties, but that if they possess the necessary qualifications for the efficient discharge of their duties, that it contrasts most unfavourably with the remuneration that would have rewarded their labours in other walks of life, had they only given their occupations that attention which they must have given to their military duties to enable them to retain the situations of sergeant-major, quartermaster-sergeant, or colour-sergeant, or equivalent regimental Staff-sergeant appointments.

It is very evident that those who frame warrants in Pall Mall have never attached sufficient importance to the influence for good or for evil of the superior non-commissioned officers on the efficiency of regiments. When one looks at the importance of the duties discharged by sergeant-majors, quartermaster-sergeants, musketry-sergeants, troop sergeant-majors, and colour-

Digitized by Google

sergeants, it is lamentable to find that at this period of the nineteenth century even a sergeant-major is worse paid than a messenger in Pall Mall, or than a superior domestic servant of a Pall Mall official. Judging from the speeches of the Commander-in-Chief, and his evidence before Royal Commissions and Parliamentary Committees, it is very evident he attaches a becoming value to the services of non-commissioned officers, but the opinions so frequently expressed by His Royal Highness in this particular, would not appear to have enlisted the sympathies of some of those who have hitherto practised high life below stairs, in one of the administrative departments. Such trifles have hitherto been quite beneath their notice. But even administrative departments must, in the long run, go with the times. We hope for a better state of things by-and-bye. We, in common with His Royal Highness, and commanding officers throughout the army, hope yet to see the positions of the senior non-commissioned officers made worth the acceptance and retention of respectable, efficient men. We submit that the subject is one well worthy the personal consideration of the Secretary of State.

In dealing with the question of compulsory retirement, we trust that not only the captains who have purchased, but also those who held that position before the issue of the Warrant of August, 1877, will be considerately dealt with. They all, but especially the purchase ones, are the victims not only of circumstances, but of unforeseen circumstances. Some of them have been subjected to a large outlay. Most of them have long service, and some will be found to have strong claims to consideration.

Our versatile and ably conducted contemporary, *The Broad Arrow*, in a justly eulogistic article on General Roberts, says:

"England has had her hours of misfortune in the field when her reason suffered a momentary eclipse under some blundering reverse. But take her performances all round and even amid the vaticinations of croakers she may point proudly to eminent soldiers whom the need of the hour has called into useful existence. No doubt others have shared with General Roberts the perils of the war in Afghanistan and like him have contributed to the success of our arms. We should not be doing justice at all if this fact were forgotten. Yet it has happened, that the attention of the country was first drawn—in the war in Afghanistan—to the officer who first came to the front in the bloody spurs of the Peiwar Kubul. The campaign began well, and it ended brilliantly. On both occasions the same soldier led the troops to victory. First to meet the enemy in force, General Roberts was the first to reach Kabul, the first to avenge the murder of the British Mission."

Digitized by Google

This expression of opinion reminds us that some time since a stump-orator, when addressing an admiring audience, said—we use his own expressive, though rather inelegant, language—

"Notwithstanding that huge expenditure, my friends, we have not a general worth a button, and our soldiers physically and socially are of a very low type."

We feel that the best reply to such an assertion as this is supplied by the fact, that although in the early stages of some of our conflicts we have experienced unimportant reverses, still that in the long run, our bad generals, and inferior *personnel*, have between them succeeded in scoring the odd trick. With the exception of the American War of Independence, a hundred years ago, they have in the end brought us successfully out of every war, great or small, in which we have been engaged from that time to the present. It is now admitted that we have *a few* reliable generals, and we doubt not that more could be discovered if required. We entirely concur in the well-earned eulogy passed by our contemporary on the services of General Roberts, and trust that these services will be commensurately rewarded. Whatever such mouthy discriminating patriots as the one we have quoted may say, or whatever his admirers may think, we are quite satisfied both with our generals and soldiers.

———

Some time since we drew attention to the brilliant services of Major White, of the 92nd Highlanders; since then that officer marched with his regiment from Kabul to Kandahar, and played a most important part in the Battle of Mazra. In reference to Major White, and the services of the 92nd in that conflict, General Roberts says:

"It became necessary to take this entrenched camp at once by storm. Recognising this with true soldierly instinct, Major G. S. White who was leading the advance companies of the 92nd Highlanders, called upon his men for just one charge more to finish the business. The gallant and ever foremost Major White, was the first to reach the enemy's guns, being closely followed by Sepoy Inderbir Jama of the 2nd Gourkhas.

Other officers are also highly spoken of. Lieutenant-Colonel Parker, Captains Singleton, Darvall, Hon. L. Scott Napier, and Douglas, and Lieutenant Dick-Cunningham; Private John Dennis and Drummer James Ruddick, are all brought to notice for distinguished gallantry, so also are Corporal William McGillvray, Privates Peter Griere, John McIntosh, and G. Grey. Captain Alexander D. McGregor, Deputy-Assistant Quartermaster-General,

Digitized by Google

is also commended for intelligence and untiring energy. We are thus particular in drawing attention to the services of Major White, and those of his gallant regiment associated with him in the Battle of Mazra, simply because that most of them happen to be personally known to us. Major White well earned a Lieutenant-Colonelcy and Companionship of the Bath in December last, since then he has been particularly distinguished in the Battle of Mazra, but he is a Major still, and without a Bath decoration. Most of the other officers have also been previously distinguished and mentioned in despatches, certainly the Hon. J. Scott Napier, Captain Douglas, and Lieutenant Dick-Cunningham.

We understand that the dispute existing now some time about the proprietary of the Junior Army and Navy Club, having been determined by a decree of the Court in favour of the late Secretary, Captain Bayley, he is now the sole proprietor. Captain Bayley is supported by a substantial Committee, and we therefore predict that this comfortable little Club will receive that support to which it is entitled. It is the only Service Club which admits, without entrance fee, officers of the Army, Navy, Militia, Yeomanry, and those retired from these forces.

Lord Kimberly, who is universally credited with the possession of a good deal of common-sense, never displayed this very *uncommon* characteristic more appropriately, than when he threw cold water on the gushing eloquence of the deputation presented to him the other day in favour of the Basutos. The question of their disarmament by the Cape Government is one certainly open to argument, and especially as to the opportuneness of its application; but no good can be done by embarrassing the colonists in their gallant struggle to maintain the law against overwhelming numbers. To attribute any motive to the war to the local government, beyond what they believe to be for the safety and good of the whole community, including the Basutos themselves, is most unjust. Earth-hunger, as it is called, to the prejudice of the Basutos, cannot exist in a colony where plenty of fertile, accessible, and unoccupied land exists far nearer to markets. It would seem, according to some folks, who sit at home at ease, that the moment Europeans emigrate, unless they are missionaries, that they leave all sense of justice and mercy behind them,

Digitized by Google

and take every occasion they can to slaughter innocent and unoffending black men.

The Cape Town (Duke of Edinburgh's Own) Rifle Volunteers seem to have distinguished themselves greatly against the Basutos. They have been on service before in Kaffraria, keeping things quiet during the Zulu war, but have now been under fire for the first time. We remember seeing this fine force, which contains nine or ten strong companies, a couple of years ago, and their soldierlike appearance and discipline was certainly equal to any volunteer regiment at home, and far superior to many.

We have received Professor Soley's valuable book on "Foreign Systems of Naval Education." This work is too important to be dealt with cursorily, and we shall therefore reserve our notice of it until next month, as our space this month is fully taken up.

The submarine torpedo of the 'Destroyer' has had its trial in New York harbour, and the description of its results in the American scientific journals will be looked forward to with great interest. The torpedo-boat presents some very novel features, and more extended experiments are in view so as to fully test efficiency in every way.

Digitized by Google

Critical Notices.

The Invasion of the Crimea; its origin, and an account of its progress down to the death of Lord Raglan. By A. W. Kinglake, Vol. VI., William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh, and London.

In our last number we noticed the receipt of Mr. Kinglake's sixth volume of "The Invasion of the Crimea." Since then we have given the book an attentive perusal. Whilst we admit that at times Mr. Kinglake enters, and that perhaps a little tiresomely, into matter quite extraneous to the subject with which he professes to deal, we must nevertheless do him the justice to say that the scenes he so graphically, so feelingly, and so copiously describes cannot fail to possess even at this distance of time an absorbing interest not only to the survivors of those who participated in the hardships of that terrible winter in the Crimea, but to all who are capable of appreciating heroic efforts, untiring energy and passive endurance. The sufferings which Mr. Kinglake describes, the patience with which the sufferings were endured, and the innate heroism which enabled Lord Raglan and his little band of patriots to surmount them, are we believe without a parallel in the history of any other campaign of which we have read, and had its author confined himself to a simple detail of those sufferings, and the causes which immediately led to them, we feel—valuable as we conceive his book to be—that to the students of military history, and to all who are capable of judging, it would possess even a greater interest than it now possesses.

Into the history of the "personal king," and the "state king," and their relative powers for good or for evil—with which Mr. Kinglake deals at such length—we are unwilling to enter, for the simple reason that after a careful perusal we fail to understand it; nor can we help thinking that its omission would have added to the interest of Mr. Kinglake's otherwise intensely interesting book.

The machinery of the French and English war administrations,

Digitized by Google

the means adopted by both countries for forming, moving, fighting and supplying their armies, and the results of their respective systems, are described with a lucidity, and minuteness that cannot fail to be useful to those charged with administrative military duties, and requirements at the present day.

Mr. Kinglake does full justice to the foresight of Doctor Andrew Smith the then Director General of the Army Medical Department, and lays at the door of the Horse Guards—and as we think justly —much of the blame of the suffering, and death which in the first year of the war resulted from the utter neglect of that officer's suggestions and recommendations. Whilst however we admit the justice of the severity with which not only this shortcoming, but the other home shortcomings in connection with the Commissariat and Transport arrangements are dealt with, we fear the impartial reader must also admit that in dealing with Horse Guards delinquencies, or shortcomings, real, or imaginary, Mr. Kinglake does not exhibit an overflow of the milk of human kindness.

In dealing with the question of forage, and the non-compliance of the Treasury officials with Mr. Commissary General Filder's requisitions, Mr. Kinglake says,

"By reason of the woes which it occasioned this want of forage unhappily was not a trivial circumstance, and one of the two distinct causes to which it has been traced was obstruction encountered in England."

Which doubtless means obstruction encountered from the officials at the Treasury, on which department the requisitions were made, In connection with this subject it may not be irrelevant to say that a few military men at the Treasury, especially during war time, would be of immense service. We cannot help thinking that Commissary-General Filder's requisition should under the circumstance have been couched in more urgent terms, but we at the same time feel that any experienced military officer of ordinary intelligence, would not have failed to perceive that a non-compliance with it, in whatever terms expressed, might result in serious hardships, if not in serious calamities, and in serious calamities it did result; as the death of his cavalry horses, and transport animals, through want of food, added immensely to the embarrassments of Lord Raglan, and led to the loss of many valuable lives. In connection with the want of warm clothing, and in describing the consequent sufferings from cold, Mr. Kinglake says,

"So far as concerns the warm clothing with which to brave a winter, the condition of things was this: Before the 1st October, there had been

Digitized by Google

accumulated in the port of Balaclava a great quantity—and indeed it would seem an abundance of not only blankets, but watch-coats, and flannels, and woollen fabrics already made into jackets, waistcoats, drawers, stockings, socks, into all shapes judged to be the best for enabling the soldier to keep himself warm during his term of duty, and whilst reposing in camp. But to exert the transport power required for bringing up the treasures thus imported from our harbour to our camp, this was more than the hampered commissariat could for the moment achieve; and it consequently resulted that the power of the regiments to get full possession of the blessings prepared for them, became dependant upon their will, and their power to fetch the gift awaiting them at a distance of several miles. When it happened that a regiment was under a vigourous commander, and had with it a fair number of horses belonging to officers, the acquisition of the needed blankets and warm clothing was soon effected. Thus, for instance, the 7th Fusiliers was one of the regiments encamped at Sebastopol at the distance of seven or eight miles from Balaclava; but Colonel Yeo was a man of great energy, and took good care that the crippled state of the transport service provided by the commissariat, should not prevent his regiment from having the blankets and coats which awaited it in the neighbouring fort. He made his requisition; he had it approved; he collected the best horses of the regiment; he laid an embargo upon the horses of his officers, and finally, out of that remnant of the corps which was not for the moment engaged in outpost duty, he drew men enough for his purpose. By these means he formed a transport force, which moved no doubt with infinite trial and difficulty, but still with ultimate success, through miles of tenacious clay, and at length brought up the needed supplies of warm clothing.

There were however regiments not blessed with commanders so energetic and zealous for the comfort of their men as Colonel Yeo; some who looked for the impossible from the commissariat—if the question troubled them at all—and took but little pains to procure the warm clothing which by an effort was within their reach. It appears that not only had Colonel Yeo the difficulty of procuring transport to encounter, but that when procured he was obstructed by the vexatious interference of a staff officer, who preferred seeing men die of cold to subjecting them, or rather privileging them to indulge in a little labour for the preservation of their lives. But Yeo was not to be obstructed, and the result was that he had the satisfaction of commanding for the short remainder of his life, and the honour ultimately of dying at the head of, a regiment still fairly efficient. All the foresight of which officials in Pall Mall and the other public offices are capable, must fail to provide for the efficiency, or safety of regiments if they are not well commanded.

After the hurricane of the 14th November, Lord Raglan's efforts in connection with supplies of all sorts were herculean, but in consequence of his scant numbers, the absence of non-combatant labour, and the death of transport animals, those efforts resulted in but

Digitized by Google

partial success. But amid all the misery which a perusal of a narrative of the operations of the allied armies in the Crimea discloses, it is gratifying to look back on the heroic endurance of those who constituted the British contingent. After detailing the rapid diminution in strength occasioned by unceasing desultory combat, by sickness, and by death, Mr. Kinglake goes on to say,

"Thus what seemed to be threatened was, not simply the weakening, but the virtual extinction of the Army. In proportion to numbers, the English Army was undergoing at one time a fiercer havoc than that which ravaged London in the days of the great plague; but no awe, like the awe of a city that is silenced by plague, possessed the English camp. The camp, it is true, was quiet, but the silence maintained by our soldiery was the silence of weariness; the silence of men bearing cold and hardships of all kinds with obstinate pride. The time would seem one when, if ever, the strains of martial music might have had an unspeakable worth; but—unless when now and then wafted towards them by a breeze from the lines of the French—it was long since any such sound had cheered the hearts of our people. Without extraneous aid men found strength, it would seem, in their own heroic qualities, found strength in that soldierly pride which forbids outward signs disclosing self-pity or despair; and it is not indeed even certain that such of them as remained for the moment awe-stricken by illness were at all in a mournful humour. They imagined that the siege going on portended a not distant result; and, according to the judgment of one who well understood them, their spirit was sustained by a belief that they would soon be breaking into Sebastopol. All their hardships—hardships too often fatal—our officers and men endured with a heroism—as the Sebastopol Committee declared—unsurpassed in the annals of war; and, in truth, the contented devotion of the men under these cruel trials, was such as to appear almost preternatural in the eyes of one who measures self-sacrifice by a merely civilian standard. Incredible as the statement may seem, there is yet ground for saying, though of course in only general terms, that the men did not chose to complain of the privations and hardships under which they were suffering. It is remembered, indeed, that once they showed indignant displeasure, but the feeling in this instance sprung from what was a purely unselfish, nay, even delicate sentiment. An order had been issued directing that the blanket, in which a dead soldier lay wrapped when carried to the edge of his grave, should be removed from his body before consigning it to earth, and that measure our men disapproved. In the midst of their own bodily sufferings, they condemned what they thought a slight to the remains of their departed comrades.

"The true soldier, or 'paid man,' as distinguished from the one raised by conscription, is indeed a man governed by feelings and convictions which at first sight appear strangely different from those of other human beings. Upon the humble rights that he has acquired by entering the Army, he insists with a curious tenacity; but as regards the other side of his wild, romantic bargain, he performs it with unstinting readiness, paying down his vast stake, his freedom, his ease, his strength, his health, his life, as though it were nothing worth. Lord Raglan, when visiting the field hospitals, used to ask, when entering each tent, whether any of the men there collected had any complaints to make; and then it commonly happened that one of the sufferers answered by firmly alleging a grievance; but a grievance, strange to say, unconnected with the privations then threatening his very life, a grievance based in general upon some question of "stop-

Digitized by Google

pages," and always concerning money. Thereupon Lord Raglan would promise that the question raised should be considered, and his attendant aide-de-camp (who on these occasions was generally Colonel Nigel Kingscote) used then to make a careful note of the complaint. This process was repeated until all complaints had been heard; but invariably they related to money questions.

"No man ever used to say: 'My lord, you see how I am lying wet and cold, with only this one blanket to serve me for bed and covering. The doctors are wonderfully kind, but they have not the medicines, nor the wine, nor any of the comforting things they would like to be giving me. If only I had another blanket, I think perhaps I might live.' Such words would have been true to the letter, and also, I imagine, appropriate in the judgment of almost any civilian; but the soldier was not the man who would deign to utter them. He would hold the State fast to its bargain, in respect to those pence that were promised him through the lips of the recruiting sergeant; but on the other hand, he seemed to acknowledge that he had committed his bodily welfare, no less than his life, to the chances of war, and would let the Queen have what he owed her without a grudging word. Sometimes the brave men—I speak now of men under arms—would do more than acquiesce in their sufferings, and (detecting perhaps a shadow of care in the face of their honoured chief, when he rode past their camp) would seize any occasion that offered for showing him that they were content. Thus, for instance, when asked by Lord Raglan whether his regiment had obtained its warm clothing, a soldier would not merely say, 'yes,' but gratefully and cheerily add that, 'that was all they wanted.'

"Yet from such indications as these, it would be a mistake to infer that the hardships our people endured might perhaps have been less after all than this narrative would make them appear. What such instances really show is that, great as were the sufferings of the men, their spirits proved greater still."

Mr. Kinglake is severe on the *Times*, and on some of those who were responsible for its trenchently adverse criticisms on Lord Raglan, his staff and, the conduct of the war generally; but in reference to this part of Mr. Kinglake's narrative, the space at our disposal will admit the quotation of but one paragraph only. At page 243 Mr. Kinglake says,

"The common soldier had a better understanding of the cause of his sufferings, and it is not paradoxical to say that he knew better, because he thought less; from a scrutiny so minute as to make a man study a subject under a wrongly chosen angle of vision, is a poorer guide for man's judgment than even the more rapid glance which sees things in their right proportions. The soldier's manifold theory was that his hardships in the main resulted from stress of war, and that belief was the very truth; for although our Army had gone into duress of its own accord, with a set will to carry Sebastopal, that same duress, whence once in full force, was as much stress of war as if it had been caused by defeat."

The whole of the chapter on "The Demeanour of England" will well repay an attentive perusal. The correspondence between the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Panmure, and Lord Raglan on the subject of the winter disasters are very interesting. The letters of Raglan in reply to the strictures of the two former are intensely so.

Digitized by Google

As the two concluding chapters deal but little with warlike operations they may appear tame to the general reader. To us however they are but little, if at all less attractive than the remainder. There are we find some who can perceive nothing to admire in Mr. Kinglake's sixth volume, It might savour of impertinence did we say that we were sorry for them. We are, however, free to confess that we are not of their number ; we can see much to admire in it. The volume is not unconscionably large. It is beautifully printed, and as the subject is one of permanent interest we would recommend our readers to disregard favourable and unfavourable criticisms alike, and to judge for themselves. We have sufficient faith in the good sense and discrimination of the readers of the *United Service Magazine* to feel assured that if they commence the book they will not only finish, but not regret the time spent in its perusal.

SWORD AND SURPLICE; OR, THIRTY YEARS' REMINISCENCES OF THE ARMY AND THE CHURCH: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By H. J. Wale, M.A. David Bogue: London, 1880.

The change in profession from Army to Church does not appear to us so incongruous as it does to some people, including our author; in fact, if more of the clergy had the worldly training of another calling to pass through previously, they would possess one of the great essentials in their armoury, a knowledge of their enemies—the world, the flesh, and the devil; and there would be less of that sort of ecclesiastic going about whom Sydney Smith had in his mind, when he spoke of the three sexes, men, women, and parsons. The book under notice is well worth reading, especially the military part, in which the author relates his experiences, in the easy colloquial style suited to his subject, of foreign service with the 15th Hussars, principally in India. His account of Madras life is especially vivid as we can vouch, knowing personally every spot he describes, and his praise of that excellent establishment the Madras Club is thoroughly well-deserved. A good many old stories turn up, and of course there is the irrepressible tiger; and the rev. author's Hindustani is hazy, or rather his rendering of it in English characters—who, for instance, would recognise "Ducera jute burt" as "that is another lie!" But these are small blemishes in a book that is thoroughly readable, not only by military men, but by the general public.

Digitized by Google

LIFE OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL OF FRANCE. Compiled by Ellen Barlee. (Griffin & Farren, London, 1880.)

It is not easy to construct an interesting book out of the materials afforded by the life of a youth who met his death at twenty-three, and we can hardly say Miss Barlee has succeeded. The book is fulsome to a degree, and if, among the weighty incidents of childhood, we had it recorded that the usually amiable Prince had kicked his nurse while suffering from the mumps, or shied his marbles through the palace windows, it would have been a relief from the monotonous eulogy employed. The lives of Aristides, King Arthur, and others of that kind, always seem to us as if they would gain much if a trifle less faultless, and if the Prince Imperial had lived to bear out the promise of this book, we think his annals would have been equally unbearable. Everybody bearing the name of Napoleon in this book is equally a subject of eulogium, and this takes greatly away from a great deal of that which was fairly the young Prince's due.

We are rather inclined to think that the gallant youth was more natural and attractive than the austere perfection here set forth as his attributes would lead us to believe, and we should rather remember him as the naturally rash, but high-spirited and generous lad, who died so nobly with his face to the savage foe.

THE RETENTION OF KANDAHAR, by Captain James Bryans. Edward Standford, 55, Charing Cross, London, S.W.

We have read Captain Bryans' pamphlet with great interest. The author, who is a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, is a strenuous advocate for our retention of Kandahar, and his fifteen closely reserved pages supply cogent reasons why his recommendations should be acted on. To us, Captain Bryans' arguments appear to be incontrovertible. Indeed, in their most important features, they reflect views repeatedly urged by ourselves before the Kandahar question had attained its present importance. The key to many, if not the whole of Captain Bryans' arguments, will be found in the following extracts.

"Our tenure of India must, under all circumstances, be a military tenure. If we do not hold it by the exercise of our arms, at least we hold it by the impression of them. If ever we are thought to have lost our military supremacy, I am afraid no other will remain to us. By our Army we must either stand or fall.

"The retention, therefore, of Kandahar, an invaluable military posi-

Digitized by Google

tion, as one of the keys—I venture to say the chief one—of India and Central Asia, becomes of paramount importance and all-absorbing interest. Every one, be he soldier or civilian, who comes and goes either from India, towards Central Asia, or *vice versâ*, must pass along the elbow, so to speak, of the Desert, on the right bank of the Dori river, and, rounding its corner, reach Kandahar.

"Let us complete the railway to Kandahar; let us remain there for two or three years at least. If we do no more after the railway has been completed, let us give the inhabitants full experience of the nature and character of British rule, and let us give them the further experience of the development of their trade under it, and of the blessings which will follow. Let them decide, for they will only then be in a position to form a true opinion whether they will continue to form a portion of the British Empire, or whether they will place themselves once more under the sway of Kabul, and of those who may be fighting there among themselves for supremacy in Afghanisan."

These extracts speak for themselves, and are, we submit, well worthy the consideration, not only of the Secretary of State for India, but of the Cabinet. To all who are interested in the preservence of our rule in India, we would recommend a perusal of Captain Bryan's little brochure.

The American "*United Service*," for December will contain among other articles the following:—One from Rear-Admiral J. H. Preble, U.S. Navy, on the "Mariner's Compass;" a very excellent article on the subject of "Marine Signalling;" the "French Field Artillery," by Lieutenant Grierson, R.A., which article also appears in this *Magazine*; and a poem by Lieutenant U. S. Stephens, entitled the 'Meadow Lark's Colours."

Digitized by Google

Obituary.

On the 3rd November, at Morpeth, Northumberland, Charles Richard Ilderton, Esq., late Captain 98th Regiment, fourth son of the late Sanderson Ilderton, Esq., of Ilderton, Northumberland.

On the 4th November, at Orde House, Northumberland, General Tatton Brown Grieve, C.B., aged 85 years.

On the 5th November, at Harrowgate, of pneumonia, Major-General Twysden, late Indian Army, aged 60.

On the evening of the 5th November, Rodber William Staplyton Burnet, late 83rd Regiment, eldest son of Peter Burnet, of Elrick, Aberdeenshire, aged thirty years.

On the 4th November, at 13. Mansion Place, Queen's Gate, General Thomas Brooke, Colonel 28th Regiment, second son of the late Sir Richard Brooke, Baronet, of Norton Priory, Cheshire, aged 64.

On the 24th October, at sea, on his way home from Kandahar, Colonel G. B. Crispin, Bombay Staff Corps, son of the late General Crispin, Bombay Army.

On the 11th October, at his residence, Grass Field, Barbados, P. H. Delamere, late Police Magistrate for Bridge Town, and formerly Captain in the 21st R.W.B. Fusiliers.

On the 3rd November, very suddenly, at 2, Derby Terrace, Isle of Man, William Aitkin, M.D., Deputy-Surgeon-General, Madras Army (Retired).

On the 4th November, at St. Catharine's, Dinard, Ille et Villaine, France, William Home Brydon, Esq., formerly Lieutenant Bombay Artillery, H.E I.C.S., aged 45.

On the 7th Oct., at Baroda, India, of fever, Edward Andrew Williamson, Lieutenant 29th Regiment, aged 21 years. only son of the late George Williamson, M.D., Surgeon-Major 64th Regiment.

On the 7th November, at Royal Barracks, Dublin, of typhoid fever, James Campbell Hamilton, of Dalsey, Lanarkshire, Lieutenant Royal Scots Greys. aged 24.

On the 7th November, at Percy House, Twickenham Park, Lieutenant-General Charles James Dalton, Colonel-Commandant Royal Artillery, youngest son of the late Rev. James Dalton, Rector of Croft, Yorkshire.

3-

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google